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No.





POEMS OF IRELAND.







SAMUEL LOVER.

POEMS OF IRELAND.

SELECTED, EDITED, AND ANNOTATED

BY

SAMUEL LOVER,

Author of "Handy Andy," "Rory O'More," &c.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

LOVER'S

"METRICAL TALES"

With Illustrations.

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P R E F A C E.

A GENERAL collection of Irish Lyrics, carefully selected, affording the best specimens of various authors, and in various styles, has been a long-existing want in the library, and that it *has* been so, is presumptive evidence of the task of producing such a work being difficult.

I felt this when first invited to become Editor of such a collection, and it was only repeated requests, after some lapse of time, and arguments which my love of country could not resist, that overcame my reluctance to engage in editorial duty—a duty quite new to me—and if I have failed in it, I can plead in extenuation that I did not rush into the difficulty presumptuously ; and I can add, with equal truth, and having undertaken what the judgment of others intrusted me with, I have made every endeavour to discharge the onerous duties of my post becomingly. Having said thus much in mitigation of any editorial errors whereof I may be guilty, I will offer a few remarks upon the subject-matter of this book.

Two volumes of national songs have, at short intervals, preceded this—a book of English and a book of Scotch songs ; and with these this volume must come into immediate comparison. That comparison, I think, must prove singularly honourable to Ireland, if the disadvantageous circumstances be considered under which she appears in literary competition with the other portions of the united kingdom. To those whose judgment may not award her a high place, the consideration I solicit will afford sufficient cause for the supposed inferiority ; while, if the judgment be on the other hand, it will conduce the more to her

honour. I will ask it, then, to be remembered, going no further back than the time of Elizabeth, that England, in the fulness of prosperity, had her Shakspeare, Spenser, Sidney, Bacon, and many others, great in letters ; while in Ireland, at the same time, the English language was a stranger-tongue outside the pale, the country yet unconquered, and undergoing the horrors of war. At this very period, Spenser, an eye-witness of those horrors, deprecating the charge of inefficiency made against the English clergy in Ireland, uses these memorable words—
“It is ill time to preach among swords.” If it was an ill time to preach, it was also an ill time for literary culture, and a sufficient reason why Ireland cannot be expected to compete with England in literary honours. So far from expecting this, we may rather wonder that Ireland, in an interim far from peaceful, should have done so much, more particularly in a language which she had yet to learn.

With respect to Scotland, her literature, in general, has done her the highest honour. As for her songs, a large amount are of the first mark ; but Scotland has been more favourably circumstanced for literary pursuits than Ireland. She has not suffered the penalties of political strife so heavily, nor so recently ; she has not been shaken by internal convulsion for the last century ; while in Ireland, within about half the period, raged a rebellion that drenched her in blood, since which she has had many a political throe—in fact, it is not quite thirty years since that large question, Catholic Emancipation, which kept her so long disturbed, was settled. Such a state of things made fiery orators, and produced the fierce outpouring of political invective in prose and verse, mingled with the wild wail of national grief, or the sudden burst of pent-up gall that sense of wrong and hope deferred engender ; but, for the *sweeter* flowers of poesy, there was small chance of their springing in so uncongenial a soil ; and even in the vindictive verse of that time of strife there was not much merit. The shafts that flew fast and thick, from both sides, were unpolished—

but that mattered not ;—they were meant less to dazzle than to wound.

It was not until 1807 that the lyric muse of Ireland might spread her wing in a somewhat calmer atmosphere, and sing of gentler themes ; and then appeared that work, not only the crowning wreath of its author, but among the glories of the land that gave him birth—I need scarcely say I mean “Moore’s Irish Melodies.” To the finest national music in the world he wrote the finest lyrics ; and if Ireland never produced, nor should ever produce, another lyric poet, sufficient for her glory is the name of Thomas Moore.

Why, then, fear to meet any poetic rivals in the field ? Why the deprecatory tone in which I commence my preface ? Because the songs of Moore are not at my command. If they were, such a book of the collected lyrics of Ireland might be made as could scarcely be matched—certainly not excelled ; but the strictness with which the proprietors of Moore’s works guard the copyright—a strictness that cannot in the least be blamed however much it may be lamented in the present case—forbids me the use of those exquisite lyrics ; and yet, even without these, I hope this volume will be considered honourable to the lyric genius of Ireland. How much would not a collection of Scottish Songs suffer, wanting the lays of Burns ! what, then, must not an Irish collection lose in wanting Moore’s ? Ireland thus competes with England and Scotland at the greatest disadvantage : her battle is like that of the Greeks without Achilles.

As to the arrangement of the following collection, I felt bound to follow that of the two preceding volumes in the series, which classes the songs under different heads ; and this created a difficulty in my editorial task, though no such difficulty existed in compiling the former volumes, with ample stores to select from. But even this difficulty in my “labour of love” (for such the editing of this book became, after my being some time engaged in it) had its reward ; for, in dis-

tributing the contents into sections, I found a remarkable and rather interesting coincidence between the Scottish Songs and the Irish, in three particulars—namely, that while in the Book of English Songs there are distinct sections for pastoral and rural, sea, and sporting songs, there are no such sections in the Book of Scottish Songs; nor in this did such a section become necessary. So remarkable a coincidence suggested some mental inquiry as to the cause; for Scotland and Ireland, being both pastoral countries, why this absence of pastoral songs? I then found that many of the pastoral songs of England arose out of a fashion that sprung up, at one period in that country, in Literature and in the Fine Arts, to *affect* the rural;—when city gallants made love under the names of Corydon and Amintor to their Sylvias and Daphnes; kings and queens were represented on canvas as Endymions and Dianas; while dukes and duchesses took the humbler forms of shepherds and shepherdesses. *This* was unreal ruralism, whereas the pastoral feeling of both Scotland and Ireland was genuine, and is manifested not ostentatiously, but accidentally and naturally, as may befit or illustrate the subject of the lyric; and as regards the Songs of Ireland, it may be observed that mere *allusion* is often made to pastoral pursuits, and that images derived from nature are more frequent in the songs translated from the native tongue.

Why Sporting Songs do not so much abound in Scottish and Irish composition was not so easily accounted for, as the Celts of old passionately loved the chase—a love as passionately inherited by their descendants; and yet we do not find the chase specially treated as a theme by the Celtic lyrist. Like the pastoral lays before alluded to, songs of the chase have been cultivated, in England, as a peculiar style of composition, while in the lyrics of Scotland and Ireland the love of the chase only appears incidentally. Again, I asked myself, “Why is this?” And memory gave me the answer, by calling up before me that charming scene in the *Lady of the Lake*, where

Douglas on meeting his daughter, who had been anxiously awaiting his return, accounts for his absence by saying—

“ My child, the chase I followed far ;—
‘Tis mimicry of noble war.”

And this, I think, is the answer to the question. The Celt looked upon the chase as but the *mimicry* of war—and as he had the *real* article but too often on his hands, he did not care much about the bardic celebration of the mimicry.

With respect to Sea-Songs, the solution is sufficiently easy. That England, the Mistress of the Seas, should be great in maritime ode and song—that she should revel, as it were, in such a subject, and leave little to be done by any other portion of the United Kingdom, is quite natural. But though the bulk of English maritime lyrics has proceeded from English pens, the few that have been produced by Scotch and Irish are of the highest class. It will scarcely be questioned that Scotland may claim the first place, in right of Campbell’s “Battle of the Baltic,” and “Ye Mariners of England,” and though “Rule Britannia” is not a sea-song, it is worthy of remark that this finest and most exultant national ode of Britain is by a Scotchman. Ireland contributes to the lyric celebration of England’s naval glory in the music of “The Arethusa,” that noble air, by Carolan, being very shabbily purloined by W. Shield. “The Mid Watch,” by Sheridan, is of the first mark; Cherry’s “Bay of Biscay, O!” achieved great popularity; “The Boatman’s Hymn” (a translation from the Irish), is full of spirit and originality; and last, and greatest, is “The Forging of the Anchor,” by Mr. Samuel Ferguson—an ode of surpassing power and beauty.

Under the head of Patriotic and Military Songs, the three books are pretty equal in quantity; in quality I think Ireland has rather the advantage. The class entitled Jacobite Songs, in the Scottish collection, has its counterpart in this, under the head of Historical and Political Songs; and this section might have been much larger, but that the nature of the subject ren-

dered the most condensed form the best. Some would, perhaps, say, "Why introduce such songs at all?" But I think, in a book purporting to be a comprehensive national collection of lyrics, exemplifying national character and incident, such a section could not be omitted. Such songs, odes, and ballads are historically interesting. The specimens are not confined to the lyric effusions of one party; those of both are given, arranged in succession, according to their date, or, at least, according to the succession of the times they illustrate. The editorial notice given to some of these may appear long, at first sight, but the notes are no longer than is necessary for the perfect understanding of the text.

I considered it a duty to insert in this volume many songs that have appeared in English collections from the pens of Irish writers. After having stated the unfavourable nature of our start in the race of literature, we cannot afford to have some favourites "scratched" out of our list. The works of Goldsmith, Sheridan, O'Keefe, Cherry (and not unfrequently Moore), have been placed to the credit side of the account of England's lyric literature. This is a mistake which should be rectified. The lyric works of all who are Irish should appear in a book of Irish Songs; and I am supported in this opinion by the precedent afforded me in the Book of Scottish Songs, where numerous lyrics are given without any distinctive Scotticism to mark their nationality, but merely because they are the works of Scottish writers.

It is not requisite that the Shannon, or the Liffey, or some other topographical mark, or Hibernian epithet or idiom, should appear in a song to give Ireland a right to claim it. Human affections, passions, sentiments, are expressed in Ireland without allusion to the Shamrock, or an appeal to St. Patrick; why then should some national emblem or idiom be insisted upon to constitute a right in Ireland to claim some admirable production of the lyric muse to add to her garland? No one would venture to dispute that Moore's songs, "The Meeting

of the Waters," "The Last Rose of Summer," and scores of others, stand to the credit of Irish literature, though there is not one word in any of them to identify them as Hibernian. In this collection, the very first song is that of a lady of the illustrious race of Sheridan—"Terence's Farewell," by Lady Dufferin ;—that song describes the parting of an Irishman from his sweetheart. No one will dispute that Ireland fairly lays claim to literary honour in that song. Well, close beside this is a lyric by that lady's sister—the exquisite song, "Love Not," by the Honourable Mrs. Norton. Who can say that Ireland is not as well entitled to the honour of that? What nicety of argument can divide her claim between two sisters? If the genius of the one do her honour, she is equally entitled to honour from the genius of the other.

Some few songs are given whose authors are not Irish ; but the lyrics being thoroughly Hibernian in subject, cannot be omitted here. Such songs, however, are few—indeed, there are but two of any celebrity, and they are adapted to Irish music : Colman's "Savourneen Deelish," and Campbell's far-famed lyric, "The Exile of Erin." Numberless songs of a comic character have been written by stranger-hands which have not been inserted, utterly deficient as they are in true Irish character. Indeed, our native comic song writers, at one period, were too prone to compose their songs on this foreign, false, and exaggerated model, copying all the gross absurdities that were once supposed to constitute an Irish comic song ; among the fancied characteristics of this class were expletive oaths, "Whack fol de rolls," "hurroos," pigs, pratees, brogues, shillelahs, jewels, and joys ; and coarseness and vulgarity were the offensive substitutes for wit. Happily those songs, too long a disgrace to the literature of Ireland, are being banished by degrees from our literary currency, to give place to others bearing the true stamp of nationality. Nevertheless, some few will be found among the comic songs in this collection not quite free from alloy, but the greater number are of pure metal ; and

where they are not so, their presence here has been deemed indispensable, from their having been very popular. And yet some, of great popularity, I have omitted; for example, "O'Rourke's Noble Feast," a paraphrase from the Irish by Dean Swift, which Sir Walter Scott mentions in his edition of the works of the Dean with great praise, but which I think long, even to tediousness, and what is worse, very coarse in parts, and its absence, therefore, need not be regretted by any person of refinement. There is another of great celebrity, called "The Night before Larry was Stretched," which has been attributed to a clergyman, whose name I forbear to mention; but any one who values the character of a churchman will hope a churchman never wrote it. As the work of a divine (if it be so), it may be looked upon as a literary curiosity; but the hanging of a felon who plays cards on his coffin before his execution, described in barbarous slang, is, in my opinion, far more disgusting than comic, and therefore it has not been admitted.

Respecting the notes that are scattered through this volume, I am under some apprehension that a desire to make them more interesting than notes under similar circumstances generally are, may have rendered them sometimes diffuse, but, I trust, not tiresome. Giving the mere date of a song, or the birth and death of its author, is but dry information, partaking too much of the parish register; and I had rather be gossiping than dull. Besides, as a collection of lyrics may be considered as contributing to the lighter pleasures of literature—looked into rather for relaxation than study—a severe, or sober tone of annotation, if not out of place, may at least be dispensed with, except in some rare cases; and, therefore, I have indulged in an occasional pleasantry of tone in my annotations, rather unusual, I believe, but I hope not unbecoming or misplaced; and wherever a point was worthy of serious explanation, I trust I may be found to have taken pains to be accurate.

In the course of this work I have had occasion to notice certain trespasses committed by Scottish publishers, not only

on the music, but the words of Irish songs. The complaint, as far as the music goes, has been often made before ; Moore, for instance, in the third number of the "Irish Melodies," says, "The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our Saints ; and the learned Dempster was, for this offence, called 'The Saint Stealer.'" But so far from remonstrance producing any beneficial result, the publishers and editors of recent days transgress still more than their antecessors. I wish it to be noticed that it is of Scottish publishers and editors I complain, rather than of the Scottish people ; for it is only natural that any people will be prone to believe that a beautiful melody had its birth among them, if editors and publishers *will* go on telling them so. What makes this more inexcusable is, that Scotland has enough of beautiful songs of her own without wronging other lands by appropriating theirs ; and having already in this preface paid the tribute of my highest admiration to the lyric genius of Scotland, I feel myself the more free to expose any false claims of hers on this subject, and in doing so I have been most scrupulous that the proofs I advance should be irrefragable.

In conclusion, I would say that I have endeavoured to make this collection, both in text and annotation, as national as possible. Now, I think the true meaning of the word "National" has, of late, been sometimes misunderstood in Ireland. The word has sometimes been used there in a sense which seems to me rather sectional than national. Several volumes of Irish Songs have been published in Ireland, of late years, far from being general in their character ; they tend rather to minister to the predilections of a portion of Ireland than to enlist the sympathies of all. The introductions to those volumes, and many of their notes, savour so much of the partisan as to limit their circulation—to isolate Ireland, rather than introduce her to an enlarged community of social sym-

pathy. The use of the Celtic alphabetical character mingled in the text with the Roman letter, which has been adopted in some of these volumes, as it embarrasses the English reader, I think a mistake tending to that isolation which I lament, and, therefore, the Celtic alphabetical character has been avoided in this volume. There can be no objection to give an original Irish poem in the old Celtic character, and the translation opposite, or following, as in "Hardiman's Minstrelsy;" but to give every Irish name and Irish word in the Celtic character, mixed with the Roman letter, seems to me a mere literary poppery.

While I say this, I beg at the same time to disclaim the smallest disrespect to Irish scholarship. All honour to the translators of Irish works, be it to those who live, or to the memories of those who have passed away—all honour to them, I say! I honour them as the emancipators of their country's literature from the "chain of silence," that that literature might be free to go abroad into the world and raise friends to the land of its birth, by touching the chords of human sympathy: and, in the spirit of thorough emancipation, I say, let no particle of the fetter from which it has been freed obstruct its way to the English reader.

But, while I express my deepest respect for Irish scholarship, I beg to say that a man may have a sincere love of Ireland, and employ his pen effectively in her cause, without that accomplishment. It is not an ancient alphabetic character ostentatiously appended to a *very* green ribbon that constitutes the highest Irish "order of merit:" the "trappings and the suits" of patriotism are as little to be depended upon as those of "woe." And sure am I that the springs from which the purest love of country flows must be sought for in nobler sources than a fount of Celtic type.

SAMUEL LOVER.

BARNES, LONDON,
January, 1858.

P.S.—I beg to return thanks to all friends who afforded me assistance in the compilation of the following pages, either in granting me permission to use their works, or in forwarding to me, from distant places, extracts from records I pointed out. To name them all is needless, but I must particularise one, W. Chappell, Esq., F.S.A., who, from his extensive knowledge in ballad literature, was enabled to offer me some useful suggestions, and to him I am indebted for pointing out Duffett's song, "Since Cœlia's my Foe,"* which clears up, definitively, a disputed musical claim between Ireland and Scotland.

* Page 38.





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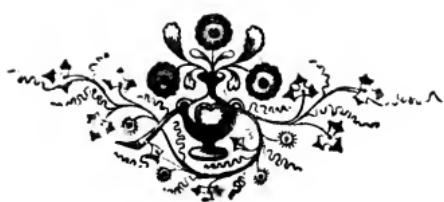
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“ A search

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SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS



LOVERS are given to Poetry."—So says Shakspeare, with that truthfulness that pervades all his representations of human thought or action, and with that pithiness and conciseness that make his sayings so well remembered and so often quoted.

Much of what can be said in an introduction of songs of the affections is expressed in this one short sentence: "Lovers are given to poetry." Nowonder then in the abundance of love songs, seeing that all mankind must love—must

pass through that fever of the heart incidental to their existence, and

in that fever rave in rhyme ; no wonder such songs have had a favourable acceptance, seeing that all womankind catch the sweet infection, and, in the fever state, would listen to the wildest ravings of the lover with more delight than to the sublimest sentences of the sage.

Nor is it only then that the love-song holds its influence over us ; it partakes of the quality (pardon the comparison, ladies) of that scourge, the small-pox—it leaves its mark behind it. That fever infuses a life-long influence into our blood. In after years we look back with tender recollection on the time when our hearts first beat to the measure of some amatory rhymes ; and the pulsations of “sober sixty,” under the spell of memory, sympathise with those of boyhood.

Who ever forgot that indescribable sensation which pervades our whole being when the heart is first conscious of love ? It is as if the ripened bud of existence had but just burst, and the flower of life had opened. As the egg contains a hidden life, to be revealed only by the fond wings that enfold it, so the heart has a dormant existence within it that we know not of, till the brooding wing of love awakes it.

And what a waking !—

“ Oh, who would not welcome that moment’s returning,
When passion first waked a new life thro’ his frame ;
And his soul, like the wood, that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love’s exquisite flame ? ”

But other love than that which so potently affects our nature is graciously granted to us—love which, if less dominant and entrancing in its nature, is purer and more enduring—the love of the parent for the child, and the child for the parent ; and such love has not been silent in the region of song. But this love, after all, is but secondary, and depends for its existence on the master-passion first alluded to ; for without that there would be neither parents nor children. Hence, love is not only the agency ordained by Heaven to carry out its creative will, but also the prolific source of poetry. Let the humblest rhymer say, what first moved him to “lisp in numbers”—or, perhaps, to stammer?—we venture to answer for him, “love.”

Even the poet, who may in after life have achieved high things and won the laurel crown, looks back with a tenderness, that still moves him, to his first address to the “girl of his soul.” Let Moore speak in eloquent evidence.

“ Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's past ;
 Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
 To smile at last ;
 He'll never meet
 A joy so sweet,
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame ;
 And, at ev'ry close, she blush'd to hear
 The one-lov'd name.”

Even among the dullest there is hardly one who has not, some time or other, inscribed

“ A woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow.”

And amongst the greatest, there is abundant proof that the consciousness of possessing the “ spark divine ” never imparts so much pleasure to the gifted possessor, as when he pours out the treasure of his thought in passionate profusion at the feet of his mistress, and enjoys a delight beyond the present in the conviction that he can grasp the future, that his spirit shall rule over generations yet unborn, and that she who awoke and rewarded his lays shall share in his immortality.

Many of the greatest names might be called in proof of this ; but let the “ divine Spenser ” answer for all, and with prophetic passion :—

“ One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
 But came the waves, and wash'd it away :
 Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand ;
 But came the tyde, and made my paynes his prey.
 Vayne man, say'd she, that doest in vain assay
 A mortall thing so to immortalize ;
 For I my selve shall like to this decay,
 And eke my name bee wip'd out likewise.
 Not so, quod I ; let baser things devize
 To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame :
 My verse your vertues rare shall éternize,
 And in the heavens wryte your glorious name.
 Where, when as death shall all the world subdew,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew.”

I shall not attempt a dissertation upon the peculiar qualities of these Irish love-songs. I have no desire to coax the reader, by a pathway of preliminary praise, into one of those laudatory labyrinths in which both readers and editors so often lose their way, or, at least, get confused. I believe the following songs are good enough

not to need any editorial encomium, and I leave the reader to discover and enjoy their beauties, uninfluenced and undisturbed by any remark of mine. It is only where a note is required in explanation of an Irish word or idiom, in each song, or where some requisite or interesting information, or current remark properly belonging to it is given, that I put myself in the reader's way, and then, I hope, not intrusively.





TERENCE'S FAREWELL.

LADY DUFFERIN.

Seldom runs the tide of talent so strongly through successive generations as it has done in the distinguished family of Sheridan. First springing into literary notice in the days of Swift, we see, in the witty Dean's lively correspondent, the grandfather of the illustrious Richard Brinsley Sheridan, commemorated by Thomas Moore, in his matchless monody as—

“ The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran
Thro' each mode of the lyre, and was master of all.”

Through him is descended (in the sixth generation) the authoress of the two following songs. She has written many (though only two are selected here), all of great excellence, but none can evoke their mirth or their tenderness with such point or pathos as the fair and noble lady herself. One might suppose *she* was the original Moore had in his eye when he wrote—

“ Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But Love from the lip his true archery wings;
And she, who but feathers the shaft when she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.”

So, my Kathleen, you're going to leave me
All alone by myself in this place,
But I'm sure you will never deceive me,
Oh no, if there's truth in that face.

Though England's a beautiful city,
 Full of illigant boys, oh what then—
 You wouldn't forget your poor Terence,
 You'll come back to ould Ireland again.

Och, those English! deceivers by nature,
 Though maybe you'd think them sincere,
 They'll say you're a sweet charming creature,
 But don't you believe them my dear.
 No, Kathleen, *agra!** don't be minding
 The flattering speeches they'll make,
 Just tell them a poor boy in Ireland
 Is breaking his heart for your sake.

It's a folly to keep you from going,
 Though, faith, it's a mighty hard case—
 For, Kathleen, you know, there's no knowing
 When next I shall see your sweet face.
 And when you come back to me, Kathleen,
 None the better will I be off, then—
 You'll be spaking such beautiful English,
 Sure, I won't know my Kathleen again.

Eh, now, where's the need of this hurry—
 Don't flutter me so in this way—
 I've forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,
 Every word I was maning to say ;
 Now just wait a minute, I bid ye,—
 Can I talk if ye bother me so ?
 Oh, Kathleen, my blessing go wid ye,
 Ev'ry inch of the way that you go.



LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

LADY DUFFERIN.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side
 On a bright May mornin' long ago,
 When first you were my bride ;
 The corn was springin' fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high—
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,
 And the love-light in your eye.

* My love.

The *place* is little changed, Mary,
 The day is bright as then,
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again ;
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And your breath, warm on my cheek,
 And I still keep list'ning for the words
 You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near,
 The church where we were wed, Mary,
 I see the spire from here.
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
 And my step might break your rest—
 For I've laid you, darling ! down to sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends,
 But, oh ! they love the better still,
 The few our Father sends !
 And you were all *I* had, Mary,
 My blessin' and my pride :
 There's nothin' left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
 That still kept hoping on,
 When the trust in God had left my soul,
 And my arm's young strength was gone ;
 There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
 And the kind look on your brow—
 I bless you, Mary, for that same,
 Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
 When your heart was fit to break,
 When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
 And you hid it, for *my* sake !
 I bless you for the pleasant word,
 When your heart was sad and sore—
 Oh ! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
 Where grief can't reach you more !

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
 My Mary—kind and true !
 But I'll not forget *you*, darling !
 In the land I'm goin' to ;

They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there—
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
 I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
 And my heart will travel back again
 To the place where Mary lies ;
 And I'll think I see the little stile
 Where we sat side by side :
 And the springin' corn, and the bright may morn,
 When first you were my bride.



LOVE NOT.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

Here we find another gifted daughter of the house of Sheridan upholding the hereditary honours of her race in this exquisite lyric.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay !
 Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flow'rs—
 Things that are made to fade and fall away,
 When they have blossomed but a few short hours.
 Love not, love not !

Love not, love not ! The thing you love may die—
 May perish from the gay and gladsome earth ;
 The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
 Beam on its grave as once upon its birth.
 Love not, love not !

Love not, love not ! The thing you love may change ;
 The rosy lip may cease to smile on you ;
 The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange ;
 The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
 Love not, love not !

Love not, love not !—Oh, warning vainly said
 In present years, as in the years gone by :
 Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
 Faultless, immortal—till they change or die.
 Love not, love not !



FAREWELL, BESSY.

THOMAS MOORE. Born, 1779. Died, 1852.

In making the record in the line above, I have noted a birth and death the most brilliant and the most lamented of all the lyric poets that have done honour to that land, emphatically called, "The Land of Song." I have alluded already, in the preface to this volume, to the want of a selection from Moore's best songs in a work like this, which the strict guardianship kept over them by the proprietors of the copyright renders impossible. A few of his early songs, however, young firstlings of fancy, strayed away into the world and were forgotten, or not thought worthy, perhaps, of being gathered into the fold of the "gentle shepherds" of Paternoster-row, and some of them I have caught; and though they will not bear a comparison with those that climbed higher up Parnassus in later years, yet, as of the same stock that became so famous, there is interest in looking at them, however much the breed was afterwards improved. But, imagery apart, we like to see the first attempts of genius; and the early specimens of the muse of Moore that follow, will not be unacceptable when looked upon in the light they are presented. The song that follows derives an additional interest from the name that it celebrates, as we may infer it was addressed to that lovely and amiable woman who awaked the rapturous adoration of his youth, and was the solace of his age.

SWEETEST love, I'll ne'er forget thee,
Time shall only teach my heart
Fonder, warmer, to regret thee,
Lovely, gentle, as thou art !
Farewell, Bessy !
We may meet again.

Yes, oh ! yes, again we'll meet, love,
 And repose our hearts at last ;
 Oh ! sure 'twill then be sweet, love,
 Calm to think on sorrow past.
 Farewell, Bessy !
 We may meet again.

Yet I feel my heart is breaking,
 When I think I stray from thee,
 Round the world that quiet seeking
 Which I fear is not for me !
 Farewell, Bessy !
 We may meet again.

Calm to peace thy lover's bosom—
 Can it, dearest, must it be,
 Thou within an hour wilt lose him,—
 He for ever loses thee ?
 Farewell, Bessy !
 Yet, oh ! not for ever.

MILD MABLE KELLY.*

CAROLAN. Born, 1670. Died, 1733. Translated by SAMUEL FERGUSON.

Turlogh O'Carolan, born at Nobber in the county of Westmeath, may be looked upon as the last of the race of the ancient bards of Ireland. When we consider that he lost his sight at the age of eighteen, from smallpox, which bereft him of the use of books, it is surprising what an air of literary accomplishment, and how much refinement pervade his compositions. When we remember the country he lived in had been recently devastated by civil war, it is evident the mingled mirthfulness and tenderness of his effusions sprang from innate inspiration, not from the "form and pressure" of the time. Though he is more generally known by his music than by his poetry, the latter was of such a high standard, in the opinion of Goldsmith, who in his boyhood saw Carolan, and in later life wrote about him, that he said "his songs may be compared to those of Pindar, they having the same flight of imagination." The works of Carolan, taken altogether, display a wonderful fertility of invention, and, being the last of the bards, we may well apply to him the often-quoted

"Tho' last not least."

Limited space forbids saying more about one of whom so much might be said; so, without further preface, we give one of his songs, which fully sustains his own reputation and that of his country.

* There are three versions of this famous song: one by Miss Brooke, in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry," and another in "Hardiman's Minstrelsy :" but, as in many other instances, Mr. Ferguson's translation is far the best.

WHOEVER the youth who, by heaven's decree,
 Has his happy right hand 'neath that bright head of thine,
 'Tis certain that he
 From all sorrow is free,
 Till the day of his death—if a life so divine
 Should not raise him in bliss above mortal degree.
 Mild Mable Ni Kelly, bright *coolun** of curls !
 All stately and pure as the swan on the lake,
 Her mouth of white teeth is a palace of pearls,
 And the youth of the land are love-sick for her sake.

No strain of the sweetest e'er heard in the land
 That she knows not to sing in a voice so enchanting,
 That the cranes on the sand
 Fall asleep where they stand ;
 Oh ! for her blooms the rose, and the lily ne'er wanting
 To shed its mild lustre on bosom or hand.
 The dewy blue blossom that hangs on the spray,
 More blue than her eyes human eye never saw ;
 Deceit never lurked in its beautiful ray—
 Dear lady, I drink to you, *slainte go bragh* ! †

To gaze on her beauty the young hunter lies
 'Mong the branches that shadow her path in the grove ;
 But, alas ! if her eyes
 The rash gazer surprise,
 All eyesight departs from the victim of love,
 And the blind youth steals home with his heart full of sighs.
 Oh, pride of the Gael, of the lily-white palm !
 Oh, *coolun* of curls to the grass at your feet !
 At the goal of delight and of honour I am,
 To boast such a theme for a song so unmeet.

The lady, thus celebrated, was of the family of Castle Kelly in the county of Galway. What a charming touch of poetry, is that of the young hunter hiding to get a glance at this radiant beauty ! and the consequence that follows—he is dazzled even to the loss of vision,

“ And the blind youth steals home with his heart full of sighs.”

This is the more touching, when we remember it was a blind poet who wrote it : how often did he himself steal home with his heart full of sighs ? Carolan thus makes a direct allusion to his blindness in a passage translated by Miss Brooke :

“ Ev'n he whose hapless eyes no ray
 Admit from beauty's cheering day,
 Yet, though he cannot *see* the light,
 He feels it warm, and knows it bright.”

* *Coolun*, or *cuilin*—head of hair.

† Pronounced softly, *Slawn-tha' go bra*, meaning “ Save you, or health to you for ever.”

O, JUDITH, MY DEAR !

From Hardiman's Minstrelsy. Translated from the Irish by EDWARD WALSH.

O, JUDITH, my dear, 'tis thou that has left me for dead ;
 O, Judith, my dear, thou'st stolen all the brain in my head ;
 O, Judith, my dear, thou'st cross'd between Heaven and me,
 And 'twere better be blind than ever thy beauty to see !

Thy person is peerless—a jewel full fashioned with care,
 Thou art the mild maiden so modest at market and fair ;
 With cheek like the rose, and kiss like the store o' the bee,
 And musical tones that call'd me from death unto thee !



GO ! FORGET ME.

Rev. CHARLES WOLFE. Born, 1791. Died, 1823.

Go, forget me—why should sorrow
 O'er that brow a shadow fling ?
 Go, forget me—and to-morrow
 Brightly smile, and sweetly sing.
 Smile—though I shall not be near thee :
 Sing—though I shall never hear thee :
 May thy soul with pleasure shine,
 Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,
 Clothes the meanest things in light,
 And when thou, like him, art going,
 Loveliest objects fade in night.
 All things looked so bright about thee,
 That they nothing seem without thee,
 By that pure and lucid mind
 Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,
 Softly on my soul that fell ;
 Go, for me no longer beaming—
 Hope and Beauty ! fare ye well !
 Go, and all that once delighted
 Take, and leave me all benighted ;
 Glory's burning—generous swell,
 Fancy and the Poet's shell.



A PLACE IN THY MEMORY, DEAREST.

GERALD GRIFFIN. Born, 1803. Died, 1840.

Though the following song has not such striking marks of nationality as many of Griffin's, yet we place it first amongst his, in this collection, as an extract from "The Collegians"—that story of surpassing power which places him, we think, first among the novelists of Ireland, and in the foremost rank of the novelists of the world. Of Gerald Griffin, Ireland may well be proud; for he was not only a great novelist, but a good dramatist. His "Gisippus" is one of the best plays of modern times, and derives an additional, though saddening, interest from the fact that it was not produced on the stage until after his death; but though he tasted not the triumph of that success, his country must not forget it. His songs, too, are charming; and the one that follows, though not Irish in *phrase*, is peculiarly Irish in feeling: there is in it depth and devotedness of affection, delicacy, unselfishness—in short, a chivalrous adoration.

A PLACE in thy memory, dearest,
Is all that I claim;
To pause, and look back, when thou hearest
The sound of my name.
Another may woo thee, nearer,
Another may win and wear;
I care not though he be dearer,
If I am remembered there.

Remember me—not as a lover
 Whose hope was cross'd ;
 Whose bosom can never recover
 The light it hath lost :
 As the young bride remembers the mother
 She loves, though she never may see ;
 As a sister remembers a brother,
 Oh, dearest ! remember me.

Could I be thy true lover, dearest,
 Could'st thou smile on me,
 I would be the fondest and nearest
 That ever loved thee !
 But a cloud on my pathway is glooming,
 That never must burst upon thine ;
 And heaven, that made thee all blooming,
 Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

Remember me then—O remember
 My calm, light love :
 Though bleak as the blasts of November
 My life may prove,
 That life will, though lonely, be sweet,
 If its brightest enjoyment should be
 A smile and kind word when we meet,
 And a place in thy memory.

MY MOTHER DEAR.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THERE was a place in childhood that I remember well,
 And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy tales did tell,
 And gentle words and fond embrace were giv'n with joy to me,
 When I was in that happy place—upon my mother's knee.

When fairy tales were ended, "Good night," she softly said,
 And kiss'd and laid me down to sleep, within my tiny bed ;
 And holy words she taught me there—methinks I yet can see
 Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's knee.

In the sickness of my childhood, the perils of my prime,
 The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of ev'ry time,
 When doubt and danger weigh'd me down,—then pleading, all for me,
 It was a fervent pray'r to Heaven that bent my mother's knee.

SLEEP ON.

JOHN O'KEEFFE. Born, 1746.

Dublin was the birthplace of O'Keeffe. The O'Keeffes, an ancient and honourable family, lost their estates in the civil wars of James and William. Our author was reared for the priesthood; objected to go into orders; became very nearly a professional painter; turned actor next, and, finally, dramatist of prolific pen, he having produced forty-nine pieces. He lost his sight in 1800. Many of his songs are graceful, though never rising to any great excellence; they were never intended, however, to be more than incidental to his dramas. The following is from the "Poor Soldier." The air to which it was written is a beautiful old Irish melody, entitled *Ulican dubh oh!* given in Bunting's "Ancient Music of Ireland." To the same air Moore wrote "Weep on, weep on!"

SLEEP on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,
 May peace possess thy breast ;
 Yet dost thou dream thy true love's here,
 Deprived of peace and rest ?

The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
 These joys are none to me ;
 Though sleep is fled, poor Dermot wakes
 To none but love and thee.

THE MOUNTAIN DEW.

SAMUEL LOVER.

By yon mountain tipp'd with cloud,
 By the torrent foaming loud,
 By the dingle where the purple bells of heather grew,
 Where the Alpine flow'rs are hid,
 And where bounds the nimble kid,
 There we wandered both together through the mountain dew !
 With what delight in summer's night we trod the twilight gloom,
 The air so full of fragrance from the flowers so full of bloom,
 And our hearts so full of joy—for aught else there was no room,
 As we wandered both together through the mountain dew.

Those sparkling gems that rest
 On the mountain's flow'ry breast
 Are like the joys we number—they are bright and few—
 For a while to earth are given,
 And are called again to heaven,
 When the spirit of the morning steals the mountain dew :
 But memory, angelic, makes a heaven on earth for men,
 Her rosy light recalleth bright the dew-drops back again,
 The warmth of love exhales them from that well-remembered
 glen,
 Where we wandered both together through the mountain dew !



I LOVE MY LOVE IN THE MORNING.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

I LOVE my love in the morning,
For she like morn is fair—
Her blushing cheek, its crimson streak,
Its clouds, her golden hair.
Her glance, its beam, so soft and kind ;
Her tears, its dewy showers ;
And her voice, the tender whispering wind
That stirs the early bowers.

I love my love in the morning,
I love my love at noon,
For she is bright, as the lord of light,
Yet mild as autumn's noon :
Her beauty is my bosom's sun,
Her faith my fostering shade,
And I will love my darling one,
Till even the sun shall fade.

I love my love in the morning,
 I love my love at even ;
 Her smile's soft play is like the ray
 That lights the western heaven :
 I loved her when the sun was high,
 I loved her when he rose ;
 But best of all when evening's sigh
 Was murmuring at its close.



FORGIVE, BUT DON'T FORGET.

From "Songs and Ballads," by SAMUEL LOVER.

I'm going, Jessie, far from thee,
 To distant lands beyond the sea ;
 I would not, Jessie, leave thee now,
 With anger's cloud upon thy brow.
 Remember that thy mirthful friend
 Might sometimes *teaze*—but ne'er *offend* ;
 That mirthful friend is sad the while :
 Oh, Jessie ! give a parting smile.

Ah ! why should friendship harshly chide
 Our little faults on either side ?
 From friends we love, we bear with those,
 As thorns are pardon'd for the rose.
 The honey bee, on busy wing,
 Producing sweets, yet bears a sting ;
 The purest gold most needs alloy ;
 And sorrow is the nurse of joy.

Then, oh, forgive me, ere I part ;
 And if some corner in thy heart
 For absent friend a place might be—
 Ah, keep that little place for me !
 "Forgive—Forget," we're wisely told,
 Is held a maxim, good and old ;
 But half the maxim's better yet,—
 Then, oh, *forgive*, but *don't forget* !

This song was written as a musical illustration to a portion of a lecture, where a passage occurred setting forth that the heart is particularly open to gentle impressions at the parting hour. The lecturer then glanced at the various ways in which the same natural sensations will influence different people, and how different classes of society have their peculiar phases of thought and feeling; and as the foregoing song represented the sentiment of the drawing-room, I sought, in the following one, the contrast of the cottage.

MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY.

SAM LOVER.

Mother.

Now what are you crying for, Nelly?
 Don't be blubberin' there, like a fool—
 With the weight o' the grief, 'faith I tell you,
 You'll break down the three-legged stool.
 I suppose, now, you're crying for Barney,
 'But don't b'lieve a word that he'd say,
 He tells nothin' but big lies and blarney—
 Sure you know how he sav'd poor Kate Kearney.

Daughter.

But, mother—

Mother.

Oh, bother!

Daughter.

But, mother, he's going away;
 And I dreamt th' other night,
 Of his ghost all in white—
 Oh, mother, he's going away!

Mother.

If he's goin' away, all the betther—
 Blessed hour when he's out of your sight!
 There's one comfort—you can't get a letther,
 For yiz neither can read or can write.
 Sure, 'twas only last week you protested,
 Since he coorted fat Jinny M'Cray,
 That the sight of the scamp you detested—
 With abuse, sure, your tongue never rested—

Daughter.

But, mother—

Mother.

Oh, bother!

Daughter.

But, mother, he's going away;
 And I dream of his ghost,
 Walking round my bedpost—
 Oh, mother, he's going away!

HOURS LIKE THOSE.

CALLANAN. Born, 1795. Died, 1829.

James Joseph Callanan was born in the county, if not in the city, of Cork. Being destined for the priesthood, he was sent to Maynooth College; but feeling little sympathy for the clerical vocation, he quitted that establishment in 1816. He pursued his classical studies, afterwards, in Trinity College, Dublin, and gained there two poetic prizes. One may suppose he was of that dreamy nature which so often unfit the possessor for the active pursuits of life, for Callanan seems never to have settled down to any. He is described, too, as of a procrastinating disposition, acting on the system of that noble lord who would "never do anything to-day he could possibly put off till to-morrow." He was a great favourite in society, and this helped to idle him also, the call of social pleasure having for him a siren voice. Only one thing could draw him from that fascination, and that was his deeper love for the beauties of nature; and it is quite touching to find in his memoirs how he was wont to rush back, time after time, to the mountain region of South Munster, and wander alone through its wild scenery, on which his poetic fancy feasted, and which he has so beautifully described in his ode to "Gougane Barra," given in this volume. He left Ireland in 1827 in a bad state of health, and resided in Lisbon for two years; but his health still declined, and in 1829 he embarked to return to Ireland, wishing to breathe his last in his native land. But the wish was not gratified. Symptoms of dissolution set in before the vessel sailed, and he was put on shore, and died at Lisbon in his thirty-fourth year.

HOURS like those I spent with you,
So bright, so passing, and so few,
May never bless me more—farewell!
My heart can feel, but dare not tell,
The rapture of those hours of light
Thus snatched from sorrow's cheerless night.

'Tis not thy cheek's soft blended hue ;
'Tis not thine eye of heavenly blue ;
'Tis not the radiance of thy brow,
That thus would win or charm me now ;
It is thy heart's warm light, that glows
Like sunbeams on December snows.

It is thy wit, that flashes bright
As lightning on a stormy night,
Illuming e'en the clouds that roll
Along the darkness of my soul,
And bidding, with an angel's voice,
The heart, that knew no joy—rejoice.*

* I cannot, even at the risk of being considered intrusive, resist noticing the great beauty of this exquisitely musical couplet :—

*And bidding, with an angel's voice,
The heart, that knew no joy—rejoice."*

Too late we met—too soon we part ;
 Yet dearer to my soul thou art
 Than some whose love has grown with years,
 Smiled with my smile, and wept my tears.
 Farewell ! but, absent, thou shalt seem
 The vision of some heavenly dream,
 Too bright on child of earth to dwell :
 It must be so—my friend, farewell !

—
KATHLEEN O'MORE.* .

GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS.

My love, still I think that I see her once more,
 But, alas ! she has left me her loss to deplore—
 My own little Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
 Her colour still changing, her smiles ever new—
 So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

She milk'd the dun cow, that ne'er offered to stir,
 Though wicked to all, it was gentle to her—
 So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,
 To hear the wind blow, and to gaze on the moon—
 So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

Cold was the night-breeze that sigh'd round her bow'r,
 It chill'd my poor Kathleen, she droop'd from that hour ;
 And I lost my poor Kathleen, my own little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

The bird of all birds that I love the best
 Is the robin, that in the churchyard builds his nest—
 For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly o'er Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

* The air to which this is sung is singularly sweet and plaintive. This song is still popular, I believe, in Ireland. It was once extremely so.

PEGGY BROWNE.*

CAROLAN. Translated by THOMAS FURLONG.

OH, dark, sweetest girl, are my days doomed to be,
 While my heart bleeds in silence and sorrow for thee :
 In the green spring of life, to the grave I go down,
 Oh ! shield me, and save me, my lov'd Peggy Browne.

I dreamt that at evening my footsteps were bound
 To yon deep spreading wood where the shades fall around,
 I sought, 'midst new scenes, all my sorrows to drown,
 But the cure of my grief rests with thee Peggy Browne.

'Tis soothing, sweet maiden, thy accents to hear,
 For, like wild fairy music, they melt on the ear,
 Thy breast is as fair as the swan's clothed in down ;
 Oh, peerless, and perfect's my own Peggy Browne.

Dear, dear is the bark to its own cherished tree,
 But dearer, far dearer, is my lov'd one to me :†
 In my dreams I draw near her, uncheck'd by a frown,
 But my arms spread in vain to embrace Peggy Browne.

—
'BE N-EIRINN I.‡

From the Irish.

IN Druid vale alone I lay,
 Oppressed with care, to weep the day—
 My death I ow'd one sylph-like she,
 Of witchery rare, 'be n-Eirinn i !

* Daughter of George Browne, of Brownestown, County of Mayo. The noble houses of Sligo and Kilmain, and the families of Castlemagarat and Brownestown, in Mayo, are now among the principal of the name.—*Note from Hardiman's Minstrelsy.*

† Carolan anticipates Burns in this image; and how forcible the image is, for the bark is not only closely attached to, but is essential to the very life of the tree. The image is employed by Burns in his admirable song, "My Tocher's the jewel," but not so pleasantly nor so happily as by Carolan.

"Ye're like the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like the bark o' yon rotten tree."

The tautology weakens the effect.

‡ Meaning " Whoe'er she be in Ireland."

The spouse of Naisi,* Erin's woe—
 The dame that laid proud Ilium low,
 Their charms would fade, their fame would flee,
 Match'd with my fair, 'be *n-Eirinn i!*'

Behold her tresses unconfin'd,
 In wanton ringlets woo the wind,†
 Or sweep the sparkling dew-drops free,
 My heart's dear maid, 'be *n-Eirinn i!*'

Fierce passion's slave, from hope exil'd,
 Weak, wounded, weary, woful, wild—
 Some magic spell she wove for me,
 That peerless maid, 'be *n-Eirinn i!*'

But O ! one noon I clomb a hill,
 To sigh alone—to weep my fill,
 And there Heaven's mercy brought to me
 My treasure rare, 'be *n-Eirinn i!*'

ANNIE DEAR.

THOMAS DAVIS. Born, 1814. Died, 1845.

Mr. Davis's verses are always imbued with the spirit befitting the subject he treats of. Appreciation of beauty, and depth of tenderness, are in his love songs, and a passionate enthusiasm in his patriotic, sometimes bordering on fierceness, which many thought marred their usefulness, and which often precludes their quotation.

OUR mountain brooks were rushing,
 Annie, dear,
 The Autumn eve was flushing,
 Annie, dear ;
 But brighter was your blushing,
 When first, your murmurs hushing,
 I told my love outgushing,
 Annie, dear.

Ah ! but our hopes were splendid,
 Annie, dear,
 How sadly they have ended,
 Annie, dear ;
 The ring betwixt us broken,
 When our vows of love were spoken,
 Of your poor heart was a token,
 Annie, dear.

* Deirdre.

† Reminding us of Byron's couplet in his address to the "Maid of Athens :" "By those tresses unconfin'd Woo'd by the Aegean wind."

The primrose flowers were shining,
Annie, dear,
When, on my breast reclining,
Annie, dear,
Began our *mi na meala*.*
And many a month did follow
Of joy—but life is hollow,
Annie, dear.
For once, when home returning,
Annie, dear,
I found our cottage burning,
Annie, dear :
Around it were the yeomen,†
Of every ill an omen—
The country's bitter foemen,
Annie, dear.
But why arose a morrow,
Annie, dear,
Upon that night of sorrow,
Annie, dear ?
Far better, by thee lying,
Their bayonets defying,
Than live an exile sighing,
Annie, dear.

CAN I AGAIN THAT LOOK RECALL,

MOORE

Can I again that look recall
Which once could make me die for thee?
No, no, the eye that burns on all
Shall never more be prized by me.

Can I again that form caress,
Or on that lip in joy recline?
No, no, the lip that all may press
Shall never more be press'd by mine.

* Honeymoon. The rhyme will indicate that the sound of the letter *e* is nearly lost in the word "*meala*." Be it observed, also, the first letter of the Irish alphabet has a broad sound.

† This alludes to the year 1798, when the yeomanry were held in great detestation by the people; indeed, except for external defence, yeomanry is now considered a bad military enginery. In civil embroilment they carry party passion instead of duty into the office of the soldier, and serve rather to increase than suppress commotion. This is the feeling in England as well as in Ireland. Witness the affair of "Peterloo" (or St. Peter's Field), at Manchester, A.D. 1819.



THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

From "Songs and Ballads" of SAMUEL LOVER.

A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that, when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with the angels."

A BABY was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh ! come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smil'd in her face, as she bended her knee ;
" Oh ! bless'd be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

And while they are keeping
 Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
 Oh, pray to them softly my baby, with me,
 And say thou would'st rather
 They'd watch o'er thy father !
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

The dawn of the morning
 Saw Dermot returning,
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
 And closely caressing
 Her child, with a blessing,
 Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

I have abstained from inserting many of my own songs in this collection, to avoid the suspicion of parental preference. I give only those (with *very few exceptions*) which, having attained popularity, are thus guaranteed by the highest seal that can substantiate their right to appear in a collection of Irish songs. The song given above was written to an old Irish air (one of the few Moore left untouched) entitled, "Mary do you fancy me?" Words had been written to it in "Holden's Periodical Irish Melodies," but they were ineffective, and left the air still in oblivion, while mine had better fortune, and made this charming melody widely known; and I think it may be allowed to be pardonably pleasing to an author that it is now known by the name of "The Angel's Whisper." The works of Moore have shown how much the musician may be indebted to the poet, and I have entered more extensively into that question, in a note to "The Boys of Kilkenny," to which I beg to refer the reader.

YOUNG KATE OF KILCUMMER.

THERE are flowers in the valley,
 And fruit on the hill,
 Sweet-scented and smiling,
 Resort where you will ;
 But the sweetest and brightest
 In spring-time or summer,
 Is the girl of my heart,
 The young Kate of Kilcummer.

Oh ! I'd wander from daybreak
 Till night's gloomy fall,
 Full sure such another
 I'd ne'er meet at all—
 As the rose to the bee,
 As the sunshine to summer,
 So welcome to me
 Is young Kate of Kilcummer.

Kilcummer is in the County of Cork, on the east side of the river Awbeg. It has been asserted this song is a translation from the Irish, but I agree with T. C. Croker in doubting it.

THE NIGHT WAS STILL.

CALLANAN.

The night was still, the air was balm,
 Soft dews around were weeping ;
 No whisper rose o'er ocean's calm,
 Its waves in light were sleeping ;
 With Mary on the beach I strayed,
 The stars beam'd joys above me ;
 I press'd her hand, and said, " Sweet mail,
 Oh ! tell me, do you love me ? "

With modest air she drooped her head,
 Her cheek of beauty veiling ;
 Her bosom heav'd—no word she said ;
 I mark'd her strife of feeling ;
 " Oh, speak my doom, dear maid," I cried,
 " By yon bright heaven above thee ; "
 She gently raised her eyes, and sighed,
 " Too well you know I love thee."

The sentiment reminds us, but without suggesting, in the least, a plagiarism, of those sweet lines of the Scottish muse—

" Dinna ask me gin I luve thee,
 Deed I darena tell ;
 Dinna ask me gin I luve thee,
 Ask it o' yourself."

Buchan's *Minstrelsy of the North of Scotland*.

THE MAID OF BALLYHAUNIS.

From the Irish.

Mr. Hardiman, in the "Minstrelsy," says this song was composed by a friar of the Monastery of Ballyhaunis, who fell in love with a beautiful girl of that place; but the late Mr. Edward Walshe, the translator, says—"With every respect for the superior information of Mr. Hardiman, I beg to say that this lyric, so creditable to the poetic genius of Connaught, and which stands forth among the happiest efforts of the pastoral muse of Ireland, was, in all likelihood, written by a youthful student of the monastery, as the second stanza bears clear proof that the lover is one not arrived at manhood, and who is subject to his father's control."

My Mary, dear ! for thee I die—
 O ! place thy hand in mine, love ;
 My fathers here were chieftains high,
 Then to my plaints incline, love.
 O, plaited-hair ! that now we were
 In wedlock's band united,
 For, maiden mine, in grief I'll pine,
 Until our vows are plighted !

Thou, Rowan-bloom, since thus I rove,
 All worn and faint to greet thee,
 Come to these arms, my constant love,
 With love as true to meet me !
 Alas ! my head—its wits are fled,
 I've failed in filial duty—
 My sire did say, “ Shun, shun, for aye
 That Ballyhaunis beauty ! ”

But thy *cúilín bán** I mark'd one day,
 Where the blooms of the bean-field cluster,
 Thy bosom white like ocean's spray,
 Thy cheek like rowan-fruit's lustre,
 Thy tones that shame the wild birds' fame,
 Which sing in the summer weather—
 And O ! I sigh that thou, love, and I
 Steal not from this world together !

If with thy lover thou depart
 To the Land of Ships,† my fair love,
 No weary pain of head or heart,
 Shall haunt our slumbers there, love.
 O ! haste away, ere cold death's prey,
 My soul from thee withdrawn is ;
 And my hope's reward, the churchyard sward
 In the town of Ballyhaunis !

CEASE, OH, CEASE TO TEMPT.

MOORE.

CEASE, oh ! cease to tempt my tender heart to love—
 It never, never can, so wild a flame approve ;
 All its joys and pains
 To others I resign ;
 But be the vacant heart,
 The careless bosom, mine.
 Then cease, oh ! cease, &c.

Say, oh ! say no more that lovers' pains are sweet—
 I never, never can, believe the fond deceit.
 Thou lov'st the wounded heart,
 I love to wander free ;
 So keep thou Cupid's dart,
 And leave his wings for me.

* *Cuileán Bán*, fair flowing hair.

† Neither Mr. Hardiman nor Mr. Walshe make any observation on the phrase “ Land of Ships,” and it cannot with certainty now be said what place was originally indicated by it. The term would eminently apply to England ; but Spain would have been a more likely place of refuge to the Irish Roman Catholic fugitives ; and Spain of old was a great maritime power. Besides, there was a constant communication between the West of Ireland and Spain.

GILLE MA CHREE.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

*Gille ma chree,**

Sit down by me,

We now are join'd, and ne'er shall sever,

This hearth's our own,

Our hearts are one,

And peace is ours for ever !

When I was poor,

Your father's door

Was closed against your constant lover ;

With care and pain,

I tried in vain

My fortunes to recover.

I said, " To other lands I'll roam,

Where fate may smile on me, love ; "

I said, " Farewell, my own old home ! "

And I said, " Farewell to thee, love ! "

Sing *Gille ma chree, &c.*

I might have said,

My mountain maid,

Come live with me, your own true lover ;

I know a spot,

A silent cot,

Your friends can ne'er discover,

Where gently flows the waveless tide

By one small garden only ;

Where the heron waves his wings so wide,

And the linnet sings so lonely !

Sing *Gille ma chree, &c.*

I might have said,

My mountain maid,

A father's right was never given

True hearts to curse

With tyrant force

That have been blest in heaven.

But then, I said, " In after years,

When thoughts of home shall find her !

My love may mourn with secret tears

Her friends, thus left behind her."

Sing *Gille ma chree, &c.*

* Brightener of my heart.

“Oh, no,” I said,
 “My own dear maid,
 For me, though all forlorn for ever,
 That heart of thine
 Shall ne’er repine
 O’er slighted duty—never.
 From home and thee though, wandering far,
 A dreary fate be mine, love ;
 I’d rather live in endless war,
 Than buy my peace with thine, love.”
 Sing *Gille ma chree*, &c.

Far, far away,
 By night and day,
 I toil’d to win a golden treasure ;
 And golden gains
 Repaid my pains
 In fair and shining measure.
 I sought again my native land,
 Thy father welcomed me, love ;
 I poured my gold into his hand,
 And my guerdon found in thee, love.
 Sing *Gille ma chree*,
 Sit down by me,
 We now are joined, and ne’er shall sever,
 This hearth’s our own,
 Our hearts are one,
 And peace is ours for ever !



FROM THE COLD SOD THAT’S O’ER YOU.

From the Irish. Translated by EDWARD WALSHE.

FROM the cold sod that’s o’er you
 I never shall sever—
 Were my hands twin’d in yours, love,
 I’d hold them for ever—
 My fondest, my fairest,
 We may now sleep together,
 I’ve the cold earth’s damp odour,
 And I’m worn from the weather !

This heart, fill’d with fondness,
 Is wounded and weary ;
 A dark gulf beneath it
 Yawns jet-black and dreary—

When death comes, a victor,
 In mercy to greet me,
 On the wings of the whirlwind,
 In the wild wastes you'll meet me !

When the folk of my household
 Suppose I am sleeping,
 On your cold grave, till morning,
 The lone watch I'm keeping ;
 My grief to the night wind,
 For the mild maid to render,
 Who was my betrothed
 Since infancy tender !

Remember the lone night
 I last spent with you, love,
 Beneath the dark sloe-tree,
 When the icy wind blew, love—
 High praise to the Saviour
 No sin-stain had found you,
 That your virginal glory
 Shines brightly around you !

The priests and the friars
 Are ceaselessly chiding,
 That I love a young maiden,
 In life not abiding—
 O ! I'd shelter and shield you,
 If wild storms were swelling,
 And O ! my wrecked hope,
 That the cold earth's your dwelling !

Alas, for your father,
 And also your mother,
 And all your relations,
 Your sister and brother,
 Who gave you to sorrow,
 And the grave 'neath the willow,
 While I crav'd as your portion
 But to share your chaste pillow !



THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

My darling, my darling, while silence is on the moor,
 And lone in the sunshine, I sit by our cabin door ;
 When evening falls quiet and calm over land and sea,
 My darling, my darling, I think of past times and thee !

Here, while on this cold shore, I wear out my lonely hours,
 My child in the heavens is spreading my bed with flowers,*
 All weary my bosom is grown of this friendless clime,
 But I long not to leave it, for that were a shame and crime.

They bear to the churchyard the youth in their health away,
 I know where a fruit hangs more ripe for the grave than they ;
 But I wish not for death, for my spirit is all resigned,
 And the hope that stays with me gives peace to my aged mind.

My darling, my darling, God gave to my feeble age,
 A prop for my faint heart, a stay in my pilgrimage ;
 My darling, my darling, God takes back his gift again—
 And my heart may be broken, but ne'er shall my will complain.

The expression of parental love and Christian resignation in this song is most touching. How any man who was not a father, and did not experience all that is expressed in the last verse, could so truly describe what many a parent has felt, is only to be accounted for by the presence within him of the poetic spirit that “*o'er-informs* the tenement of clay,” and can imagine reality.

—————
 OH ! DON'T YOU REMEMBER ?

SAMUEL LOVER.

OH ! don't you remember the beautiful glade,
 Where in childhood together we playfully stray'd,
 Where wreaths of wild-flowers so often I made,
 Thy tresses so brightly adorning ?
 Oh ! light of foot and heart were then
 The happy children of the glen—
 The cares that shade the brows of men
 Ne'er darken childhood's morning.

Oh ! who can forget the young innocent hours
 That were pass'd in the shade of our home's happy bow'rs,
 When the wealth that we sought for was only wild-flow'r's.
 And we thought ourselves rich when we found them ?
 Oh ! where's the tie that friends e'er knew,
 So free from stain, so firm, so true,
 As links that with the wild-flowers grew,
 And in sweet fetters bound them ?

* This is but repeating a beautiful saying common among the Irish peasantry.



DRY BE THAT TEAR.

Rt. Hon. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. Born, 1751. Died, 1816.

The name of Sheridan was distinguished in Ireland before the birth of Richard Brinsley, first by his grandfather, Doctor Sheridan, the friend and correspondent of Swift ; next by his father, Mr. Thomas Sheridan, the competitor of Garrick ; but the glory of the name culminated in Richard Brinsley. A dramatist of the highest order—a charming lyric writer—a first-rate orator—his name sheds triple honour on Ireland. Mr. Hazlitt (that astute critic) says, “Mr. Sheridan has been justly called a dramatic star of the first magnitude ; and, indeed, among the comic writers of the last century, he shines like Hesperus among the lesser lights. He has left four several dramas behind him, all different, or of different kinds, and all excellent in their way.” He proceeds to a minute criticism on the various plays, too long for quotation in a note, but it may be remarked that he calls “The Duenna” “a perfect work of art ;” afterwards, in noticing other qualifications he possesses, he says, “Sheridan was not only an excellent dramatic writer, but a first-rate parliamentary speaker. His characteristics as an orator were manly unperverted good sense, and keen irony. * * * * * No one was equal to him in replying, on the spur of the moment, to pompous absurdity, and unravelling the web of flimsy sophistry. He was the last accomplished debater of the House of Commons.”—*Lectures on the Comic Writers*, p. 334.

DRY be that tear, my gentlest love,
Be hushed that struggling sigh ;
Nor seasons, day, nor fate shall prove,
More fixed, more true, than I :
Hushed be that sigh, be dry that tear,
Cease boding doubt, cease anxious fear—
Dry be that tear.

Ask'st thou how long my love shall stay,
 When all that's new is past ?
 How long, ah ! Delia, can I say,
 How long my life shall last ?
 Dry be that tear, be hushed that sigh,
 At least I'll love thee till I die—
 Hushed be that sigh.

And does that thought effect thee, too,
 The thought of Sylvio's death,
 That he, who only breathed for you,
 Must yield that faithful breath ?
 Hushed be that sigh, be dry that tear,
 Nor let us lose our heaven here—
 Dry be that tear.

Moore, in his Life of Sheridan, enters into one of his subtle researches after the source of an idea ; and he says, speaking of the lines above, "There is in the second stanza here a close resemblance to one of the madrigals of Montreuil, a French poet, to whom Sir John Moore was indebted for the point of his well-known verses, "If in that breast so good so pure."

" The grief that on my quiet preys,
 That rends my heart and checks my tongue,
 I fear will last me all my days,
 And feel it will not last me long."

It is thus in Montreuil—

" *C'est un mal que j'aurai tout le tems de ma vie;*
Mais je ne l'aurai pas long-tems."

Moore thus proceeds—"Mr. Sheridan, however, knew nothing of French, and neglected every opportunity of learning it, till, by a very natural process, his ignorance of the language grew into a hatred of it. Besides, we have the immediate source from which he derived the thought of this stanza, in one of the essays of Hume, who being a reader of foreign literature, most probably found it in Montreuil—or in an Italian song of Menage, from which Montreuil, who was accustomed to such thefts, probably stole it."

What an amusing literary "*detective*" we have here ! what an *exposé* of picking and stealing ! Sir John Moore and Hume suspected of filching from Montreuil ; Montreuil from Menage ; and, finally, Sheridan from Hume—as thus, according to his biographer, the passage in Hume (which Sheridan has done little more than versify) is as follows :— "Why so often ask me, *How long my love shall yet endure ? Alas my Celia, can I resolve the question ? Do I know how long my life shall yet endure ?*"—*Moore's Life of Sheridan*, vol. i. p. 52, 2nd Ed. 8vo.



AH ! CRUEL MAID.

SHERIDAN.

Ah, cruel maid, how hast thou chang'd
 The temper of my mind !
 My heart, by thee from love estrang'd,
 Becomes, like thee, unkind.

By fortune favoured, clear in fame,
 I once ambitious was ;
 And friends I had, who fanned the flame,
 And gave my youth applause.

But now, my weakness all accuse,
 Yet vain their taunts on me ;
 Friends, fortune, fame itself I'd lose,
 To gain one smile from thee.

And only thou should not despise
 My weakness, or my woe ;
 If I am mad in others eyes,
 'Tis thou hast made me so.

But days, like this, with doubting cusrt,
 I will not long endure—
 Am I disdained—I know the worst,
 And likewise know my cure.

If false, her vows she dare renounce,
 That instant ends my pain ;
 For, oh ! the heart must break at once,
 That cannot hate again.

Moore, in his *Life of Sheridan*, says this song, "for deep impassioned feeling and natural eloquence, has not, perhaps, its rival through the whole range of lyric poetry."

Now, as Moore in several places notices Sheridan's plagiarisms, as in the foregoing song, "Dry be that tear," for example, and as the Muses delight in retributive justice, it is only fair to show that Moore himself was sometimes indebted to Sheridan for an idea, as in the following song, for instance :—

JOYS THAT PASS AWAY.

MOORE.

Joys that pass away like this,
 Alas ! are purchas'd dear,
 If every beam of bliss
 Is followed by a tear !

Fare thee well, oh ! fare thee well !
 Soon, too soon, thou'st broke the spell ;
 Oh ! I ne'er can love again
 The girl whose faithless art
 Could break so dear a chain,
 And with it break my heart.

Once when truth was in those eyes,
 How beautiful they shone ;
 But now that lustre flies,
 For truth alas ! is gone !
 Fare thee well ! oh ! fare thee well !
 How I've lov'd, my hate shall tell ;
 Oh ! how lorn, how lost would prove
 Thy wretched victim's fate,
 If, when deceiv'd in love,
 He could not fly to hate.

The four last lines of this song are clearly a plagiarism from the concluding verse of the song above, "Ah, Cruel Maid;"—the only difference being that Sheridan's idea which overflows with love, Moore has disfigured by bitterness.



AILLEEN.

JOHN BANIM.

'Tis not for love of gold I go,
 'Tis not for love of fame ;
 Tho' fortune should her smile bestow,
 And I may win a name,
 Ailleen,
 And I may win a name.

And yet it is for gold I go,
 And yet it is for fame,
 That they may deck another brow,
 And bless another name,
 Ailleen,
 And bless another name.

For this,—*but* this, I go ; for this
 I lose thy love awhile,
 And all the soft and quiet bliss
 Of thy young, faithful smile,
 Ailleen,
 Of thy young, faithful smile.

I go to brave a world I hate,
 And woo it o'er and o'er,
 And tempt a wave, and try a fate
 Upon a stranger shore,
 Ailleen,
 Upon a stranger shore.

Oh ! when the bays are all my own,
 I know a heart will care !
 Oh ! when the gold is wooed and won,
 I know a brow shall wear,
 Ailleen,
 I know a brow shall wear !

And when, with both returned again,
 My native land I see,
 I know a smile will meet me there,
 And a hand will welcome me,
 Ailleen,
 And a hand will welcome me.

SAVOURNEEN DEELISH.

GEORGE COLMAN, the younger. Born, 1762. Died 1836.

All ! the moment was sad when my love and I parted—
*Savourneen deelish Eileen oge !**
 As I kissed off her tears, I was nigh broken-hearted !—
Savourneen deelish Eileen oge !
 Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoulder—
 Damp was her hand, no marble was colder,
 I felt that again I should never behold her.
Savourneen deelish Eileen oge !

When the word of command put our men into motion,
Savourneen deelish Eileen oge !
 I buckled on my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,
Savourneen deelish Eileen oge !
 Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
 Pleased with the voyage, impatient for plunder,
 My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder,
Savourneen deelish Eileen oge !

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,
Savourneen deelish Eileen oge !
 All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you love,
Savourneen deelish Eileen oge !

* Darling dear Young Ellen.

Peace was proclaimed, escaped from the slaughter,—
 Landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her ;
 But sorrow, alas ! to the cold grave had brought her ;
Savourneen deelish Eileen oge !

This very touching song is part of a musical drama entitled "The Surrender of Calais," and though written by an Englishman, finds an appropriate place here, as being a song sung by an Irish character (O'Carrol) to one of the finest of the Irish melodies, entitled "Savourneen Deelish," and Colman adopted the title as part of the burden of his song, thus following a practice of some antiquity in England, as I take occasion to show elsewhere in this volume. (See "Woods of Caillino.")

HOW OFT, LOUISA.

From "The Duenna." SHERIDAN.

How oft, Louisa, hast thou said—
 Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown—
 Thou would'st not lose Antonio's love
 To reign the partner of a throne ?
 And by those lips that spoke so kind,
 And by this hand I press'd to mine,
 To gain a subject nation's love
 I swear I would not part with thine.

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
 Who own what kingdoms could not buy ?
 Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
 And serving thee—a monarch I.
 And thus controll'd in mutual bliss,
 And rich in love's exhaustless mine—
 Do thou snatch treasures from my lip,
 And I'll take kingdoms back from thine !

SWEET SEDUCER.

MOORE.

SWEET seducer, ever smiling !
 Charming still and still beguiling !
 Oft I swore to love thee never—
 But I love thee more than ever.

Oh ! be less, be less enchanting,
 Let some little grace be wanting ;
 Let my eyes, when I'm expiring,
 Gaze awhile without admiring !

SINCE CŒLIA'S MY FOE.

THOMAS DUFFETT. 1676.

A singular interest attaches to this old song, as it establishes beyond a doubt that the beautiful air which the Scotch claim under the title of "Lochaber" is Irish.

In the British Museum is a book entitled "New Poems, Songs, Prologues and Epilogues, never before printed, by Thomas Duffett, and set by the most Eminent Musicians about the Town, London, 1676." In this volume is the song which follows, but instead of having the name of any of these "Eminent Musicians about the Town" attached to it, as is the case with other songs in the volume, the lines are headed

"Song to the Irish Tune."

The use of the definite article, in this title, is worthy of remark;—it is not

"Song to *an* Irish tune,"—but "Song to *the* Irish tune;"—

rendering the inference almost inevitable that it was a melody which had lately been introduced from Ireland, of which the name was not known, and it was therefore recognised, for want of a better title, as "*The Irish Tune*."

The anonymous quality which prevents the discovery of authorship in other cases, is the very quality which establishes the source of the production in this. Had it been called by any name, the country of its birth might have been dubious, or, at least, open to question; but being called *The Irish Tune*, is proof positive whence it came.

The Scotch claim the air of *Lochaber* because it is given in "The Tea-table Miscellany" of Allan Ramsay, who wrote words to it ("Farewell to *Lochaber*, farewell to my Jean,"—to the tune of "*Lochaber no more*"); but Allan Ramsay was not born until 1696, twenty years after the publication of Duffett's song to *The Irish Tune*; and the first edition of "The Tea-table Miscellany" was not published until 1724—half a century after Duffett's song;—besides which, "The Tea-table Miscellany" can never be reckoned an authority for the establishment of Scottish authorship, inasmuch as quantities of English songs are set down in that work without any acknowledgment whatever; and in the third volume of the later editions, twenty-one songs are given as from the "*Beggar's Opera*"—the only acknowledgment made in the book—and as the songs were in the very bloom of their popularity at the time, every one would have known whence they were taken had there been no acknowledgment.

In the "Book of Scottish Songs" (an antecedent volume in this series), it is stated that the *original* name of the melody of *Lochaber* was "*King James's March to Ireland*"; but as the melody, known as *The Irish Tune*, was popular in the reign of Charles the Second, *before James was king*, that very title damages the Scotch claim;—besides, James did not go to Ireland until 1688, while the tune was already admired in London as *The Irish Tune*, twelve years before that, and the popularity of the air, which was afterwards called by the leading line of Duffett's song, is made evident by the numerous publications of it, as well as answers to it.—I give the proofs—they may be seen in

OLD BALADES. Oblong 4to.

Rawlinson Collection, Bodleian Library.

AMINTOR's lamentation for Celia's
Unkindness, to a delicate new tune: cr

Since Celia's my foe. Printed for Philip Brooksby at the Golden Ball near the Hospital gate West Smithfield. (One large Wood Cut and three small)

CELIAS ANSWER to Amintor's lamentation. To the tune of *Celia's my foe*, with allowance, 5 small wood cuts, in Two parts.

(it begins

“Tis better then so

Tho' you force me to go”

Printed by Phillip Brooksby, &c.

A.D. 1582. In “Wit and Drollery,” it is Entitled ‘The Resolve.’ p. 327.

Another copy in the Roxburgh Collection. Vol. 2. p. 9. Printed by Phillip Brooksby, &c.

A.D. 1684. The air is used to “A Song Entitled ‘The deceived Virgin or the treacherous Young Lover's Cruelty,’ &c.;” and

In 1727, to “A Song on the Confession and dying words of William Stevenson, Merchant, &c;” both of which may be seen in the Cheetham Library, Manchester, in Halliwell's Collection, pp. 279, 258.

Here we find, in 1729, contemporaneously with Allan Ramsay's publication, the song called “Since Cœlia's my foe,”—but not a word about “Lochaber,” or “King James's March.” The air was introduced into various entertainments and even into operas, which became so much the vogue after the success of Gay's “Beggar's Opera;” for, three years later than the foregoing date, the air is given in

“THE LOVER'S OPERA, as it is performed at the Theatre Royal by His Majesty's servants, By Mr. Chetwood, London. Printed for John Watts at the printing office in Wild Court, near Lincoln's Inn fields, M.DCC.XXX.”

And here, in 1730, is the air still called “Since Cœlia's my foe.” I have been thus elaborate in tracing the air from 1676, when Duffett published his song, up to 1730, to show that for half a century the air was known by that name only, and not until half a century after Duffett's song is there any published notice of “Lochaber.”

Singularly coinciding with this circumstantial evidence is a passage in Bunting's “Ancient Music of Ireland.” Dublin, 1840. “Another eminent harper of this period was Miles Reilly of Killincarra, in the County of Cavan, born about 1635. He was universally referred to by the harpers at Belfast, as the composer of the original of ‘Lochaber.’ The air is supposed to have been carried into Scotland by Thomas Connallon, born five years later at Cloonmahoon, in the County of Sligo. O'Neill calls him ‘the great harper,’ and states that he attained to city honours (‘they made him, as I heard, a Bailie, or kind of Burgomaster’) in Edinburgh, where he died.”

Here is the name of the composer of the air given, transmitted through a succession of harpers. He was born in 1635. The air, composed by him, was popular in London

some thirty years after—a period probable enough, and its passage into Scotland accounted for by Connallan having gone to that country and died there. Bunting made his assertion in 1840, without any knowledge of the existence of this song of "Since Cœlia's my foe;" and all that belongs to the history of that song, as detailed in this note, is singularly corroborative of the fact Bunting records. Such a coincidence of evidence establishes, beyond all cavil, the right of Ireland to the beautiful melody in question, which was emphatically called in England, nearly two centuries ago, THE IRISH TUNE.

Here is the song strictly copied, with its odd spelling and misuse of capitals, from the original in the British Museum.

—♦—
SONG TO THE "IRISH" TUNE.*

Since Cœlia's my foe,
To a Desart I'll go,
 Where some river
 For ever
Shall Echo my woe :

The Trees shall appear
More relenting than her ;
 In the morning
 Adorning
Each leaf with a tear.

When I make my sad mone
To the Rocks all alone,
 From each hollow
 Will follow
Some pitiful grone.

But with silent Disdain
She requites all my pain,
 To my mourning
 Returning
No answer again.

Ah Cœlia adieu,
When I cease to pursue,
 You'll discover
 No Lover
Was ever so true.

Your sad Shepherd flies
From those dear cruel eyes,
 Which not seeing
 His being
Decaies, and he dies.

* For the musical notation of the tune, see Appendix.

Yet tis better to run
 To the fate we can't shun
 Than for ever
 To strive, for
 What cannot be won.

What ye Gods have I done
 That *Amyntor* alone
 Is so treated
 And hated
 For Loving but one ?

Moore, in the seventh number of the Irish Melodies, makes a note to his song of "When cold in the earth," written to this beautiful "Irish Tune;" "Our right to this fine air (the 'Lochaber' of the Scotch) will, I fear, be disputed; but as it has been long connected with Irish words, and is confidently claimed for us by Mr. Bunting and others, I thought I should not be authorised in leaving it out of this collection." How pleased Moore would have been could he have seen the proof, given in the note above, establishing beyond all doubt that the air *is* Irish. I confess it is a great pleasure to *me*—not that I ever doubted the air was Irish, for its own internal evidence is quite enough for any musician conversant with the character of the music of the two countries; but it is a pleasure to me, I say, to give so conclusive a proof to others, that this exquisite melody is an "IRISH TUNE."

In the fly-leaf of the volume whence the above song is taken, there is written, in a firm hand, "Nar Luttrell. His Book. 1679—80." So that, most likely, it belonged to that Narcissus Luttrell whose copious diary has lately issued from the Oxford University press.



COME ALL YOU PALE LOVERS.

THOMAS DUFFETT, 1676.

Here is another song by Duffett. He was of sufficient note to have his name recorded in Lempriere's Universal Biography; but there is little information given about him except that he "flourished in the 17th century." That he was Irish, his name vouches for, and the rapid recurrence of rhymes in the foregoing song is also characteristic of his country; it may be remarked, also, that the rhyme "hated" is given to answer "treated"—which implies an Irish pronunciation (*trated*) on the part of the writer. There is a good deal of vivacity in many of Duffett's songs; but they are tainted with the licentious spirit of the age in which he wrote, making them, like many better ones of the same date, unfit for selection. The following, however, is unexceptionable; and the 'take-it-easy' style in which he satisfies himself with his imaginary fair one is very Irish in its humour. It has not any head line, for title, but is given as under; and in this, as in the foregoing song, the typographical peculiarities are copied.

Song set by Mr. MARSH junior.

Come all you pale Lovers that sigh and complain,
 While your beautiful Tyrants but laugh at your pain,
 Come practice with me
 To be happy and free,
 In spite of Inconstancy, Pride or Disdain.
 I see and I Love, and the Bliss I enjoy,
 No Rival can lessen, nor envy destroy.

My Mistress so fair is, no Language or Art,
 Can describe her Perfection in every part,
 Her meen's so Gentile,
 With such ease she can kill :
 Each look with new passion she captives my heart.
 I see, &c.,
 No rival, &c.

Her smiles, the kind message of Love from her eyes,
 When she frowns 'tis from others her Flame to disguise,
 Thus her scorn or her Spight
 I convert to delight,
 As the Bee gathers Honey where ever he flies.
 I see, &c.,
 No rival, &c.

My vows she receives from her Lover unknown,
 And I fancy kind answers although I have none,
 How Blest should I be
 If our Hearts did agree
 Since already I find so much Pleasure alone.
 I see, and I love, and the Bliss I enjoy,
 No Rival can lesson nor envy destroy.



ODE TO THE MINSTREL O'CONNELLAN. BORN, 1640.

Translated from the Irish, by SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

Having occasion to mention the name of O'Connellan in the leading note to "Since Cœlia's my foe," wherein it is stated he was called "The Great Harper," I think this is a fitting place to insert the following ode in his honour; for though the ode does not properly come within the range of this section, yet, in connection with the note alluded to, the place is not inappropriate, and it may be inferred with what a charm his execution invested the lovely Irish air he introduced into Scotland.

ENCHANTER, who reignest
 Supreme o'er the North,
 And hast wiled the coy spirit
 Of true music forth ;
 In vain Europe's minstrels
 To honour aspire,
 When thy swift, slender fingers
 Go forth on the wire.

There is no heart's desire
 Can be felt by a king
 That thy hand cannot snatch
 From the soul of the string,
 By the sovereign virtue
 And might of its sway ;
 Enchanter, who steal from
 The fairies your lay !

Enchanter, I say,
 For thy magical skill
 Can soothe every sorrow,
 And heal every ill ;
 Who hear thee, they praise thee,
 And weep while they praise,
 For, charmer, thou stealest
 Thy strain from the fays !

There are three versions of this beautiful ode.



MOLLY ASTORE.

Rt. Hon. GEORGE OGLE. Born, 1730. Died, 1814.

Esteemed both in private and public, Mr. Ogle represented the city of Dublin in 1790, and voted against the Union. And here a little anecdote on the subject of voting for the Union may not be inappropriate. It is well known that bribery to an enormous amount was employed to secure a majority on that occasion. Places and pensions, and "ready money down," too, were given so freely, that some greedy jobbers opened their mouths very wide indeed, and, knowing how narrow the majority must be, one gentleman, towards the close of the negotiation (not Mr. Ogle), put such an enormous price on his adhesion to the Government that his terms could not be complied with. Consequently, he voted in the minority with the opposition, though it was well known he had been trafficking with the other side; and when, the next day, he was seen walking about with a very melancholy expression of countenance, one of the uncom-

promising Hibernian members said to another, "What do you think of our patriotic friend there?" as he pointed him out. "I think he's a *sorry* patriot," was the answer.

And now, *revenons à nos moutons*. This charming pastoral was addressed, it is supposed, to a certain Miss Moore, whom the author afterwards married. Lucky dog! Would to heaven all plaintive poets had a similar reward—though it is not quite certain that they'd never complain after.

"Marriage from love, like vinegar from wine—
A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time
Is sharpened from its high celestial flavour
Down to a very homely household savour."

But I think I hear the ladies say, "Oh, fie!" so I'll "leave my damnable faces" (after the vinegar) and let the song begin.

As down by Banna's banks I strayed,
One evening in May,
The little birds, in blithest notes,
Made vocal ev'ry spray ;
They sung their little notes of love,
They sung them o'er and o'er.
Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge,
My Molly astore.*

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
The dawn of Nature yields—
The primrose pale, and vi'let blue,
Lay scattered o'er the fields ;
Such fragrance in the bosom lics
Of her whom I adore.
Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge,
My Molly astore.

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my sad fate,
That doomed me thus the slave of love,
And cruel Molly's hate ;
How can she break the honest heart
That wears her in its core ?
Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge,
My Molly astore.

You said you loved me, Molly dear !
Ah ! why did I believe !
Yet who could think such tender words
Were meant but to deceive ?

* Which may be translated thus:—"Love of my heart—my young girl, Molly my treasure!"

That love was all I asked on earth—
 Nay, Heaven could give no more.
Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge.
 My Molly astore.

Oh ! had I all the flocks that graze
 On yonder yellow hill ;
 Or lowed for me the numerous herds
 That yon green pasture fill ;
 With her I love, I'd gladly share
 My kine, and fleecy store.
Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge.
 My Molly astore.

Two turtle doves, above my head
 Sat courting on a bough,
 I envied them their happiness,
 To see them bill and coo.
 Such fondness once for me was shown,
 But now, alas ! 'tis o'er.
Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge.
 My Molly astore.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear !
 Thy loss I e'er shall moan,
 Whilst life remains in this fond heart,
 'Twill beat for thee alone ;
 Though thou art false, may Heaven on thee
 Its choicest blessings pour.
Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge.
 My Molly astore.

This song had a great popularity, a popularity increased by the great beauty of the music—one of the finest of our Irish airs—and it is still popular in Ireland. But a dangerous rival to it appeared, from the pen of Sheridan, a song in "The Duenna," under the title, "Had I a heart for falsehood framed,"—and that most charming song divided the sway in Ireland with its predecessor, and seized the crown altogether in England. But a lyrical Alexander afterwards appeared, who deposed all the old kings of song, and the beautiful air of "Molly Astore," which already inspired the writing of two admirable lyrics, had a triple glory added in the noble song of "The harp that once thro' Tara's hall," by Moore, and I will venture on a prediction in a parody—

The force of conquest can no further go !



HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED.

SHERIDAN. Air, "Molly Astore."

After the foregoing song and commentary, Sheridan's song naturally takes its place here.

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,
 I ne'er could injure you,
 For, tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
 Your charms would make me true ;
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong,
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

But when they find that you have bless'd
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part.
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong,
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

In speaking of the lyrics in the Opera of "The Duenna," Moore says—"By far the greater number of the songs are full of beauty, and some of them may rank among the best models of lyric writing. The verses 'Had I a heart for falsehood framed,' notwithstanding the stiffness of this word 'framed,' and one or two slight blemishes, are not unworthy of living in recollection with the matchless air to which they are adapted."

—*Moore's Life of Sheridan*, vol. i. p. 174 (8vo. 2nd Ed.).

BRIDGET CRUISE.

CAROLAN. Translated by THOMAS FURLONG.

OH ! turn thee to me, my only love,
 Let not despair confound me ;
 Turn, and may blessings from above
 In life and death surround thee.
 This fond heart throbs for thee alone—
 Oh ! leave me not to languish,
 Look on these eyes, whence sleep hath flown,
 Bethink thee of my anguish :
 My hopes, my thoughts, my destiny—
 All dwell, all rest, sweet girl, on thee.

Young bud of beauty, for ever bright,
 The proudest must bow before thee ;
 Source of my sorrow and my delight—
 Oh ! must I in vain adore thee ?
 Where, where, through earth's extended round,
 Where may such loveliness be found ?
 Talk not of fair ones known of yore ;
 Speak not of Deirdre the renowned—
 She whose gay glance each minstrel hail'd ;
 Nor she whom the daring Dardan bore
 From her fond husband's longing arms ;
 Name not the dame whose fatal charms,
 When weighed against a world, prevail'd ;
 To each might blooming beauty fall,
 Lovely, thrice lovely, might they be ;
 But the gifts and graces of each and all
 Are mingled, sweet maid, in thee !

How the entranc'd ear fondly lingers
 On the turns of thy thrilling song ;
 How brightens each eye as thy fair white fingers
 O'er the chords fly gently along ;
 The noble, the learn'd, the ag'd, the vain,
 Gaze on the songstress, and bless the strain.
 How winning, dear girl, is thine air,
 How glossy thy golden hair !
 Oh ! loved one, come back again,
 With thy train of adorers about thee—
 Oh ! come, for in grief and in gloom we remain—
 Life is not life without thee.

My memory wanders—my thoughts have stray'd—
 My gathering sorrows oppress me—
 Oh ! look on thy victim, bright peerless maid,
 Say one kind word to bless me.
 Why, why on thy beauty must I dwell
 When each tortured heart knows its power too well ?
 Or why need I say that favour'd and bless'd
 Must be the proud land that bore thee ?
 Oh ! dull is the eye and cold the breast
 That remains unmov'd before thee.

The venerable Charles O'Connor records the effects produced by the performance of this ode, by the bard in the presence of the object of its inspiration. But "the course of true love" ran no smoother in Carolan's days than in the time of Shakespeare; there were family objections to the union, though it is surmised the lady herself was not insensible to the lyre, for

" Woman's heart was made
 For minstrels' hand alone—
 By other fingers play'd
 It yields not half the tone."

But in this instance, the minstrel was obliged to "keep his hands off;" there was a father in the way.

"Fathers have flinty hearts!"

says Jaffier, while Don Jerome cries,

"Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!"

but Bridget Cruise was not obstinate; and it is believed that the lines which follow are a translation from some stanzas of her own, in which, while she confesses her love, she bids her lover a hopeless farewell.



BRIDGET CRUISE TO CAROLAN.

From the Irish.

OH ! tempt not my feet from the straight path of duty,
 Love lights a meteor but to betray !
 And soon would'st thou tire of the odourless beauty,
 If grew not esteem upon passion's decay.
 Then cease thee—ah, cease thee to urge and to 'plain !
 I may not, I cannot—thy suit is in vain ;
 For filial affections a daughter restrain,
 And worthless were she who had slighted their sway.

Oh, how could'st thou trust for connubial affection
 The bosom untrue to its earliest ties ?
 Or where were thy bliss, when, on sad recollection,
 I'd sink, self-condemn'd, self-abash'd from thine eyes ?
 Then cease thee—ah, cease thee !—tis fated we part !
 Yet, if sympathy soften the pang of thy heart,
 I will own to this bosom far dearer thou art
 Than all that earth's treasure, earth's pleasure supplies.

But where am I urged by impetuous feeling ?
 Thy tears win the secret long hid in my breast.
 Farewell ! and may time fling the balsam of healing
 O'er wounds that have rankled, and robbed thee of rest.
 Yet lose not—ah ! lose not, each lingering thought
 Of her who in early affection you sought,
 And whose bosom to cheer thee would sacrifice aught
 But love to a parent, the kindest and best.

But the love of Carolan for Bridget Cruise had sunk too deeply in his heart to be ever banished from it. Twenty years afterwards, when on a pilgrimage at Loch Derg, the blind bard recognized the object of his youthful affection by the touch of her hand, in assisting her out of the ferry boat. The incident, with some slight variation of the circumstances, more conducive to poetic effect, I have recorded in a ballad of my own, which being so apposite to the subject I venture to insert.



TRUE LOVE CAN NE'ER FORGET.

SAMUEL LOVER.

"It is related of Carolan, the Irish bard, that when deprived of sight, and after the lapse of twenty years, he recognised his first love by the touch of her hand. The lady's name was Bridget Cruise, and though not a pretty name, it deserves to be recorded, as belonging to the woman who could inspire such a passion."—*Songs and Ballads*.

"TRUE love can ne'er forget ;
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,—
My darling one !"
Thus sung a minstrel gray
His sweet impassion'd lay,
Down by the ocean's spray
At set of sun ;
But wither'd was the minstrel's sight,
Morn to him was dark as night ;
Yet his heart was full of light
As he his lay begun.
"True love can ne'er forget ;
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,—
My darling one !"

Long years are past and o'er,
 Since from this fatal shore,
 Cold hearts and cold winds bore
 My love from me."

Scarcely the minstrel spoke,
 When quick, with flashing stroke,
 A boat's light oar the silence broke
 Over the sea ;

Soon upon her native strand
 Doth a lovely lady land,
 While the minstrel's love-taught hand
 Did o'er his wild harp run—

"True love can ne'er forget ;
 Fondly as when we met,
 Dearest, I love thee yet,—
 My darling one ! "

Where the minstrel sat alone,
 There, that lady fair hath gone,
 Within his hand she placed her own,—
 The bard dropp'd on his knee ;
 From his lips soft blessings came,
 He kiss'd her hand with truest flame,
 In trembling tones he named—*her name*,
 Though her he could not see.
 But oh !—the touch the bard could tell
 Of that dear hand, remember'd well,—
 Ah ! by many a secret spell
 Can true love find his own !
 For true love can ne'er forget ;
 Fondly as when they met,
 He loved his lady yet,—
 His darling one !

CUSHLA MA CHREE.*

From the Irish.

BEFORE the sun rose at yester-dawn,
 I met a fair maid adown the lawn :
 The berry and snow
 To her cheek gave its glow,
 And her bosom was fair as the sailing swan—
 Then, pulse of my heart ! what gloom is thine ?

* Vein, or pulse, of my heart.

Her beautiful voice more hearts hath won
 Than Orpheus' lyre of old had done ;
 Her ripe eyes of blue
 Were crystals of dew,
 On the grass of the lawn before the sun—
 And, pulse of my heart ! what gloom is thine ?

I think it will be admitted that there is much grace and tenderness in this little fragment. I wish more had been preserved of the song, which is evidently from a superior hand, and if not ancient, is at all events after the manner of ancient Irish songs. Using the berry as a comparison instead of the rose, for example. The "sailing swan," besides, is a favourite image with the old Irish writers. The lyre of Orpheus is a classical allusion, too, which may remind those acquainted with Mr. Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," of a remark he makes in that most interesting work:—"Our bards appear not only to have been well acquainted with the works of Anacreon, but to have admired, and in many instances imitated, their beauties." He then gives a fragment, very elegantly translated by Mr. D'Alton, which he says is like Anacreon's twenty-second Ode, and refers to Mr. Moore's translation. He says, further, that "it bears great resemblance to the Epigram of Dionysius." On making reference to Mr. Moore's work I find the likeness much stronger in the latter than in the former, so close indeed as to make the translations from the Irish and the Greek interesting.

FRAGMENT.

From the Irish. Translated by JOHN D'ALTON.

SEE the ripe fruit ; oh ! were I such
 That mellow hangs from yonder spray,
 To win your eyes, to woo your touch,
 And on your lips to melt away !

Were I a rose, in some fair bower,
 By thee selected from the rest ;
 To triumph in thy choice, an hour,
 And die—upon thy snowy breast.

FRAGMENT.

From the Greek of Dionysius. Translated by THOMAS MOORE.

I WISH I might a rose-bud grow,
 And thou would'st cull me from the bower,
 To place me on that breast of snow,
 Where I should bloom, a wintry flower.

THE GIRL I LOVE.

Translated from the Irish. CALLANAN.

THE girl I love is comely, straight and tall ;
 Down her white neck her auburn tresses fall ;
 Her dress is neat, her carriage light and free—
 Here's a health to that charming maid whoe'er she be !

The rose's blush but fades beside her cheek ;
 Her eyes are blue, her forehead pale and meek ;
 Her lips like cherries on a summer tree—
 Here's a health to the charming maid whoe'er she be !

When I go to the field no youth can lighter bound,
 And I freely pay when the cheerful jug goes round,
 The barrel is full : but its heart we soon shall see—
 Come, here's to that charming maid whoe'er she be !

Had I the wealth that props the Saxon's reign
 Or the diamond crown that decks the King of Spain,
 I'd yield them all if she kindly smiled on me—
 Here's a health to the maid I love whoe'er she be !

Five pounds of gold for each lock of her hair I'd pay,
 And five times five, for my love one hour each day ;
 Her voice is more sweet than the thrush on its own green tree—
 Oh, dear one ! I drink a fond deep health to thee !



YOU NEVER BADE ME HOPE.

GRIFFIN.

You never bade me hope, 'tis true,
 I asked you not to swear ;
 But I looked in those eyes of blue,
 And read a promise there.

The vow should bind, with maiden sighs
 That maiden lips have spoken—
 But that which looks from maiden's eyes
 Should last of all be broken !

OH YIELD, FAIR LIDS.

From an unfinished MS. Drama. SHERIDAN.

OH, yield, fair lids, the treasures of my heart,
 Release those beams, that make this mansion bright ;
 From her sweet sense, Slumber ! though sweet thou art,
 Begone, and give the air she breathes in light.

Or while, oh, Sleep ! thou dost those glances hide,
 Let rosy slumbers still around her play,
 Sweet as the cherub Innocence enjoy'd,
 When in thy lap, new-born, in smiles he lay.

And thou, oh, Dream ! that com'st her sleep to cheer,
 Oh take my shape, and play a lover's part ;
 Kiss her from me, and whisper in her ear,
 Till her eyes shine, 'tis night within my heart.

It may be inferred from a passage in Moore's "Life of Sheridan," that he intended the unfinished drama whence these lines are taken to be called "The Foresters;" and that he was very hopeful of it, for he was wont to exclaim occasionally, to confidential friends, "Ah ! wait till my *Foresters* comes out !"

W E T W O.

SHERIDAN.

" WE two, each other's only pride,
 Each other's bliss, each other's guide,
 Far from the world's unhallow'd noise,
 Its coarse delights, and tainted joys,
 Through wilds will roam and deserts rude --
 For, love, thy home is solitude.

" There shall no vain pretender be,
 To court thy smile and torture me,
 No proud superior there be seen,
 But nature's voice shall hail thee, queen.

" With fond respect and tender awe,
 I will obey thy gentle law,
 Obey thy looks, and serve thee still,
 Prevent thy wish, foresee thy will,
 And added to a lover's care,
 Be all that friends and parents are."

These are also from the same MS. drama noticed in the foregoing song of "Oh, yield fair lids."

BY CŒLIA'S ARBOUR.

SHERIDAN.

By Cœlia's arbour, all the night,
 Hang, humid wreath,—the lover's vow ;
 And haply, at the morning's light,
 My love will twine thee round her brow.

And if upon her bosom bright
 Some drops of dew should fall from thee ;
 Tell her they are not drops of night,
 But tears of sorrow shed by me.

In these charming lines Sheridan has wrought to a higher degree of finish an idea to be found in an early poem of his addressed to Miss Linley, beginning "Uncouth is this moss-covered grotto of stone." The poem is too long for quotation at length, and in truth not worth it, the choice bit Sheridan remembered, however, and reconstructed as above. The original idea stood thus :

" And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve
 Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew ;
 And just let them fall at her feet and they'll serve
 As tears of my sorrow intrusted to you."

" Or, lest they unheeded should fall at her feet,
 Let them fall on her bosom of snow ; and I swear
 The next time I visit thy moss-cover'd seat,
 I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear."

Moore, in his Life of Sheridan, quotes these lines ; but does not quote them quite correctly. He gives them as follows :—

" And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve
 Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew ;
 Let them fall on her bosom of snow, and they'll serve
 As tears of my sorrow intrusted to you."

Moore gives the quotation for the purpose of hinting that Sheridan borrowed the thought. He says, "The conceit in the stanza resembles a thought in some verses of Angerianus :—

*"At quum per niveam cervicem influxerit humor
 Dicite non roris sed pluvia hæc lacrimæ."*

Whether Sheridan was likely to have been a reader of Angerianus is, I think, doubtful—at all events the coincidence is curious."—*Moore's Life of Sheridan*, vol. i. p. 50

Now, what is still more "curious," is that Moore, who accuses Sheridan of borrowing, is again (as in his foregoing songs) a borrower himself, from Sheridan. Let us refer to the following verses.

THOU HAST SENT ME A FLOWERY BAND.

MOORE.

THOU hast sent me a flowery band,
 And told me 'twas fresh from the field ;
 That the leaves were untouched by a hand,
 And the sweetest of odours would yield.
 And indeed it is fragrant and fair,
 But if it were breath'd on by thee,
 It would bloom with a livelier air,
 And would surely be sweeter to me.

Let the odorous gale of thy breath
 Embalm it with many a sigh ;
 Nay, let it be wither'd to death,
 Beneath the warm noon of thine eye.
 And instead of the dew that it bears,
 The dew dropping fresh from the tree,
 On its leaves let me number the tears
 That affection hath stolen from thee !

These last four lines are but another form of the idea in Sheridan's quatrain :—

“ And if upon her bosom bright,
 Some drops of dew should fall from thee ;
 Tell her they are not drops of night,
 But tears of sorrow shed by me.”

Moore, however, on the subject of plagiarism, declares “ the descendants of Prometheus all steal the spark wherever they find it.”

MOLLY BAWN.

SAMUEL LOVER.

OH, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
 All lonely, waiting here for you ?
 While the stars above are brightly shining,
 Because they've nothing else to do.
 The flowers late were open keeping,
 To try a rival blush with you ;
 But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping,
 With their rosy faces wash'd with dew.
 Oh, Molly Bawn, &c.

Now the pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,
 And the pretty stars were made to shine ;
 And the pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,
 And may be you were made for mine ;
 The wicked watch-dog here is snarling,
 He takes me for a thief you see ;
 For he knows I'd steal you, Molly, darling,
 And then transported I should be.
 Oh, Molly Bawn, &c.



FAREWELL.

CALLANAN.

THOUGH dark fate hath 'reft me
Of all that was sweet,
And widely we sever,
Too widely to meet,
Oh ! yet, while one life-pulse
Remains in this heart,
'Twill remember thee, Mary,
Wherever thou art.

How sad were the glances,
At parting, we threw ;
No word was there spoken,
But the stifled adieu ;
My lips o'er thy cold cheek
All raptureless pass'd,
'Twas the first time I press'd it,
It must be the last.

But why should I dwell thus
On scenes that but pain,
Or think on thee, Mary,
When thinking is vain ?
Thy name to this bosom
Now sounds, like a knell ;
My fond one—my dear one,
For ever—farewell !



SYMPATHY.

Mrs. TIGHE. Born, 1773. Died, 1810.

WERT thou sad, I would beguile
Thy sadness by my tender lay :
Wert thou in a mood to smile,
With thee, laugh the hours away.

Didst thou feel inclined to sleep,
I would watch, and hover near ;
Did misfortune bid thee weep,
I would give thee tear for tear.

Not a sigh, that heaved thy breast,
But I'd echo from my own—
Did one care disturb thy rest,
Mine, alas ! were also flown.

When the hour of death should come,
I'd receive thy latest sigh ;
Only ask to share thy tomb,
Then, contented, with thee die.

The accomplished authoress of "Psyche" exhibits woman's nature in its most beautiful form in these verses—only a woman could have written them : a man never could have *thought* of them.

THE FAIRY BOY.

SAMUEL LOVER.

When a beautiful child pines and dies, the Irish peasant believes the healthy infant has been stolen by the fairies, and a sickly elf left in its place.

A MOTHER came when stars were paling,
 Wailing round a lonely spring ;
 Thus she cried, while tears were falling,
 Calling on the Fairy King :
 “ Why with spells my child caressing,
 Courting him with fairy joy ;
 Why destroy a mother’s blessing,
 Wherefore steal my baby boy ?

“ O’er the mountain, through the wild wood,
 Where his childhood loved to play ;
 Where the flowers are freshly springing,
 There I wander day by day.
 There I wander, growing fonder
 Of the child that made my joy ;
 On the echoes wildly calling,
 To restore my fairy boy.

“ But in vain my plaintive calling,
 Tears are falling all in vain ;
 He now sports with fairy pleasure,
 He’s the treasure of their train.
 Fare thee well, my child, for ever,
 In this world I’ve lost my joy ;
 But in the next we ne’er shall sever,
 There I’ll find my angel boy ! ”

THE DEAR IRISH BOY.

MY CONNOR, his cheeks are as ruddy as morning,
 The brightest of pearls do but mimic his teeth ;
 While nature with ringlets his mild brows adorning,
 His hair Cupid’s bow-strings, and roses his breath.
 Smiling, beguiling,
 Cheering, endearing,
 Together how oft o’er the mountains we stray’d ;
 By each other delighted,
 And fondly united,
 I have listened all day to my dear Irish boy.

No roebuck more swift could fly over the mountain,
 No veteran bolder meet danger or scars,
 He's sightly, he's sprightly, he's clear as the fountain,
 His eyes beaming love, oh ! he's gone to the wars.
 Smiling, beguiling, &c.

The soft tuneful lark, his notes changed to mourning,
 The dark-screaming owl impedes my night's sleep,
 While lonely I walk in the shade of the evening,
 Till my Connor's return I will ne'er cease to weep.
 Smiling, beguiling, &c.

The war being over, and he not returned,
 I fear that some dark envious plot has been laid ;
 Or that some cruel goddess has him captivated,
 And left here to mourn his dear Irish maid.
 Smiling, beguiling, &c.

I often heard this song, in my boyhood, sung to a very sweet and plaintive melody. Its ambitious style of imagery, as "Cupid's bow-strings"—and absurdities, as "dark screaming owl," &c., stamp it at once as the work of the hedge schoolmaster. If any doubt remained as to the source of its authorship, after these remarks, the "cruel goddess" that "has him captivated," would settle the matter. Nevertheless, with all its faults, there is something pleasing in this song. The note of the lark "changed to mourning" is good, and the words are, generally, well suited to vocalisation—a great merit ; the successive ringing of rhymes, too, in the refrain—

"Smiling, beguiling,
 Cheering, endearing."

falls pleasantly on the ear, and is a grace (as I think) peculiarly Irish. A more modern song, founded on the above and sung to the same air, follows.



MY CONNOR.

Oh ! weary's on money,—and weary's on wealth,
 And sure we don't want them while we have our health :
 'Twas they tempted Connor far over the sea,
 And I lost my lover—my *cushla ma chree*.*

Smiling, beguiling,
 Cheering, endearing,
 Oh ! dearly I lov'd him, and he lovèd me.
 By each other delighted—

And fondly united—

My heart's in the grave with my *cushla ma chree*.

* Vein, or pulse, of my heart.

My Connor was handsome, good-humoured, and tall ;
 At hurling and dancing the best of them all.
 But when he came courting beneath our old tree,
 His voice was like music—my *cushla ma chree.*
 Smiling, &c.

So true was his heart and so artless his mind,
 He could not think ill of the worst of mankind—
 He went bail for his cousin who ran beyond sea,
 And all his debts fell on my *cushla ma chree.*
 Smiling, &c.

Yet still I told Connor that I'd be his bride—
 In sorrow or death not to stir from his side.
 He said he could ne'er bring misfortune on me ;—
 But sure I'd be rich with my *cushla ma chree.*
 Smiling, &c.

The morning he left us I ne'er will forget ;
 Not an eye in our village with tears but was wet,
 Don't cry any more, oh *ma vourneen*,* said he,
 For I will return to my *cushla ma chree.*
 Smiling, &c.

Sad as I felt then, hope was mixed with my care,—
 Alas ! I have nothing left now but despair.
 His ship it went down in the midst of the sea,
 And its wild waves roll over my *cushla ma chree.*
 Smiling, beguiling,
 Cheering, endearing,

Oh ! dearly I loved him and he lovèd me.
 By each other delighted—
 And fondly united—

My heart's in the grave with my *cushla ma chree.*

In this song there is more simplicity and greater truth of feeling, than in the foregoing. The leading couplet of the third verse—

“So true was his heart and so artless his mind,
 He could not think ill of the worst of mankind,”

is deserving of mark ; and the going “bail for his cousin,” however homely the illustration, is a truthful characteristic of a confiding nature.

* My darling.

EILEEN AROON.*

GERALD GRIFFIN.

WHEN, like the early rose,
 Eileen aroon !
 Beauty in childhood blows ;
 Eileen aroon !
 When, like a diadem,
 Buds blush around the stem,
 Which is the fairest gem ?
 Eileen aroon !

Is it the laughing eye ?
 Eileen aroon !
 Is it the timid sigh ?
 Eileen aroon !
 Is it the tender tone,
 Soft as the string'd harp's moan ?
 Oh, it is truth alone.
 Eileen aroon !

When, like the rising day,
 Eileen aroon !
 Love sends his early ray,
 Eileen aroon !
 What makes his dawning glow
 Changeless through joy or woe ?
 Only the constant know—
 Eileen aroon !

I know a valley fair,
 Eileen aroon !
 I knew a cottage there,
 Eileen aroon !
 Far in that valley's shade,
 I knew a gentle maid,
 Flower of the hazel glade,
 Eileen aroon !

Who in the song so sweet ?
 Eileen aroon !
 Who in the dance so fleet ?
 Eileen aroon !

* For the convenience of the English reader the sound of the Irish title is given, in this spelling of it. In its native form it is spelt *Eibhlin a ruin*—meaning “Ellen my secret love.” A closer approximation to the pronunciation would be obtained by the spelling *Ile-yeen*; but that is too far removed from the native orthography.

Dear were her charms to me,
 Dearer her laughter free,
 Dearest her constancy,
 Eileen aroon !

Were she no longer true,
 Eileen aroon !
 What should her lover do ?
 Eileen aroon !
 Fly with his broken chain
 Far o'er the sounding main,
 Never to love again,
 Eileen aroon !

Youth must with time decay,
 Eileen aroon !
 Beauty must fade away,
 Eileen aroon !
 Castles are sacked in war,
 Chieftains are scattered far,
 Truth is a fix'd star,
 Eileen aroon !

The old Irish air to which this is written is called "Eileen Aroon;" is very ancient and of great beauty. The Scotch claim it under the title of "Robin Adair;" but it is altered, much for the worse, a *lilting* character, or what Dr. Burney calls the Scotch *snap*, being given to the third and seventh bars of the first part of the air, and the seventh bar of the second part. Burns, whose ear was so finely attuned to sweet measures, objects to it, on this very account. Here are his words:—

"I have tried my hand on 'Robin Adair,' and you will probably think with little success: but it is such a cursed, cramp, out-of-the-way measure, that I despair of doing anything better to it."—*Burns to Mr. Thomson, August, 1793.*

Now, the Irish air, in its original purity, is as smooth as an unbroken ascending and descending scale can make it; it is anything but the "*cursed, cramp, out-of-the-way measure*," of which Burns' sensitive ear was so painfully conscious in the Scottish form.

THE BLUSH OF MORN.

Translated from the Irish by Miss BALFOUR.

THE blush of morn at length appears ;
 The hawthorn weeps in dewy tears ;
 Emerging from the shades of night,
 The distant hills are tipped with light ;

The swelling breeze, with balmy breath,
Wafts fragrance from the purple heath ;
And warbling woodlarks seem to say,
Sweet Anna ! 'tis the dawn of day !

Ah ! didst thou Love's soft anguish feel,
No sleep thy weary eye would seal ;
But to the bank thou wouldest repair,
Secure to meet thy lover there.
In pity to my pangs awake !
Unwilling I thy slumbers break ;
But longer absence would betray
I met thee at the dawn of day.

Yet though our parents now may frown.
Some pitying power our vows shall crown ;
Be constancy and truth but thine,
While youth, and health, and love are mine ;
Then shall our hearts united glow
With all that fondness can bestow,
And love extend his gentle sway
O'er close of eve and dawn of day.

These words are adapted to a graceful air in "A General Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland," by Edward Bunting. The melody is entitled "The Dawning of the Day;" but there is another and finer Irish melody of the same name.



I NE'ER COULD ANY LUSTRE SEE.

SHERIDAN.

I NE'ER could any lustre see
In eyes that could not look on me ;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.

Has the maid, who seeks my heart,
Cheeks of rose, untouched by art ?
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure ?
I must press it, to be sure ;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it grateful press again.

Must I, with attentive eye,
 Watch her heaving bosom sigh ?
 I will do so, when I see
 That heaving bosom sigh for me.

These are graceful lines, but they cannot fail to remind us of "Shall I like a hermit dwell?" attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, the concluding couplet of the first verse of which is as follows :—

"If she undervalue me,
 What care I how fair she be?"

And this burden running, with slight variety, through Raleigh's song, is the germ of the idea in Sheridan. Sheridan, however, is not the only one open to the charge of plagiarism, for the happy idea had sufficient fascination to induce George Wither to take it up; but he certainly wrought it out still more beautifully in his exquisite song "Shall I, wasting in despair?"—so exquisite as to tempt me to the insertion of the first verse, even at the expense of throwing Sheridan, so far, into the shade. The author of "The School for Scandal," however, can afford it.

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flowery meads in May ;
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be?"



MOLLY ASTORE.*

From the Irish. Translated by S. FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

OH, Mary dear—oh, Mary fair,
 Oh, branch of generous stem,
 White blossom of the banks of Nair,
 Though lilies grow on them ;
 You've left me sick at heart for love,
 So faint I cannot see ;
 The candle swims the board above,
 I'm drunk for love of thee !
 Oh, stately stem of maiden pride,
 My woe it is and pain,
 That I, thus severed from thy side,
 The long night must remain.

* Molly my treasure.

Through all the towns of Innisfail
 I've wandered far and wide,
 But, from Downpatrick to Kinsale,
 From Carlow to Kilbride,
 'Mong lords and dames of high degree,
 Where'er my feet have gone,
 My Mary, one to equal thee
 I never looked upon :
 I live in darkness and in doubt
 Whene'er my love's away—
 But were the gracious sun put out,
 Her shadow would make day.

'Tis she, indeed, young bud of bliss,
 And gentle as she's fair—
 Though lily-white her bosom is,
 And sunny bright her hair,
 And dewy azure her blue eye,
 And rosy red her cheek,
 Yet brighter she in modesty,
 More beautifully meek !
 The world's wise men, from north to south
 Can never ease my pain—
 But one kiss from her honey mouth
 Would make me well again.



SUCH WAS THE EYE.

From the Irish.

SUCH was the eye that won my love,
 And thrilled me with its brilliant glance ;
 And such the form that once could move—
 The voice could charm, the smile entrance.

I view thee, fairest, and I sigh,
 Thou look'st so like what once was mine ;
 Her red, red lip, and sparkling eye,
 And voice, and smile, were just like thine.

She's gone—inconstant as the wind,
 That wantons with the summer flower ;
 She's gone—but madness stays behind ;
 And heartless home, and joyless bower.

A fading eye, a powerless hand,
 When, o'er the strings, it fain would stray ;
 Deserted steed, and idle brand,
 All tell me that my love's away.



THE GREEN SPOT THAT BLOOMS ON THE DESERT OF LIFE.

Rt. Hon. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, Master of the Rolls in Ireland.

John Philpot Curran was born at Newmarket, in the county of Cork, in 1750, and died in 1817. Though the following song is remarkably sweet, and expressive of an affectionate nature, yet it is not by such a trifle that Curran is to be judged. Indeed, he wrote but few verses, and those must be considered as mere *vers de Société*, thrown off to amuse, rather than to command admiration. But though Curran did not write poetry (commonly so called), his speeches abound in the highest poetic qualities:—vividness of imagery—felicity of diction—intensity of expression—force and suddenness of contrast. As a potent orator and an undaunted patriot in the most dangerous times, John Philpot Curran must be classed among the highest in the annals of Ireland.

ON the desert of life, where you vainly pursued
Those phantoms of hope, which their promise disown,
Have you e'er met some spirit, divinely endued,
That so kindly could say, you don't suffer alone ?
And, however your fate may have smiled, or have frowned,
Will she deign, still, to share as the friend or the wife ?
Then make her the pulse of your heart ; for you've found
The green spot that blooms on the desert of life.

Does she love to recall the past moments, so dear,
 When the sweet pledge of faith was confidingly given,
 When the lip spoke the voice of affection sincere,
 And the vow was exchanged, and recorded in heaven ?
 Does she wish to re-bind, what already was bound,
 And draw closer the claims of the friend and the wife ?
 Then make her the pulse of your heart ; for you've found
 The green spot that blooms on the desert of life.

—
WHEN SABLE NIGHT.

SHERIDAN.

WHEN sable night, each drooping plant restoring,
 Wept o'er her flowers, her breath did cheer,
 As some sad widow o'er her babe deploring,
 Wakes its beauty with a tear—
 When all did sleep whose weary hearts could borrow
 One hour of love from care to rest ;
 Lo ! as I press'd my couch in silent sorrow
 My lover caught me to his breast.

He vow'd he came to save me
 From those that would enslave me ;
 Then kneeling,
 Kisses stealing,
 Endless faith he swore !
 But soon I chid him thence,
 For, had his fond pretence
 Obtain'd one favour then,
 And he had press'd again,
 I fear'd my treach'rous heart might grant him more.

Burns, in his correspondence with Mr. George Thomson the publisher, writes thus :—
 “ There is a pretty English song by Sheridan, in the ‘ Duenna,’ to this air, which is out of sight superior to D’Urfey’s. It begins—

‘ When sable night, each drooping plant restoring.’

The air, if I understand the expression of it properly, is the very native language of simplicity, tenderness, and love. I have again gone over my song to the tune, as follows :—

‘ Sleep’st thou or wak’st thou, fairest creature ?
 Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
 Numbering ilka bud which Nature
 Waters with the tears of joy.’ ”

The idea conveyed in the words I have given in Italics, is but the repetition of Sheridan’s idea of “ sable night” weeping over her flowers.

OH TELL ME, SWEET KATE.

LADY MORGAN.

The following stanzas are taken from "Irish Melodies, by Miss S. Owenson" (the maiden name of Lady Morgan). She, as well as the Hon. Geo. Ogle, G. N. Reynolds, and Edward Lysaght, was before Moore in the worthy work of introducing to the notice of the world the melodies of her native land by means of suitable verse adapted to them, and thus may be honourably noted among the precursors of the illustrious bard who crowned the patriotic work by giving world-wide celebrity to the Irish melodies, and who so often mingled with the charm of his song a plea for his country. Lady Morgan's verses did not aim so high; but her novels did. The authoress of "O'Donnell" and "Florence M'Carthy" is among the most freedom-loving and sparkling of the Irish novelists.

Oh tell me, sweet Kate, by what magical art,
 You seduced ev'ry thought, ev'ry wish of my soul ?
 Oh tell how my credulous fond doating heart,
 By thy wiles and thy charms from my bosom was stol.

Oh whence, dangerous girl, was thy sorcery, tell,
 By which you awaken'd love's tear and love's sigh ? —
 In thy voice, in thy song, lurks the dangerous spell ?
 In the blush of thy cheek, or the beam of thine eye ?



MY LOVE'S THE FAIREST CREATURE.

LADY MORGAN.

My love's the fairest creature,
 And round her flutters many a charm,
 Her starry eyes, blue-beaming,
 Can e'en the coldest bosom warm ;
 Her lip is like a cherry
 Ripely sueing to be cull'd ;
 Her cheek is like a May rose
 In dewy freshness newly pull'd.

Her sigh is like the sweet gale,
 That dies upon the violet's breast,
 Her hair is like the dark mist,
 On which the evening sunbeams rest ;
 Her smile is like the false light
 Which lures the traveller by its beam ;
 Her voice is like the soft strain,
 Which steals its soul from passion's dream.

CATE * OF ARAGLEN.

Air—"An Cailin Ruadh."

These sweet stanzas appeared in "The Spirit of the Nation" under the signature of *Domhnall Gleannach*, and the rhythm of the beautiful air to which they are adapted has been preserved with a fidelity that proves praiseworthy care and a nice ear on the part of the writer. The rhythm is so peculiar that, without knowing the air, a reader is liable to miss the proper accentuation of the lines, and therefore, to insure his pleasure in enjoying their harmony, I venture to point it out.—Let the accent be laid on the fourth syllable of every line.

WHEN first I saw thee, Cate,
 That summer evening late,
 Down at the orchard gate
 Of Araglen,
 I felt I ne'er before
 Saw one so fair, *a-stor*,[†]
 I fear'd I'd never more
 See thee again.
 I stopp'd and gazed at thee,
 My footfall, luckily
 Reach'd not thy ear, tho' we
 Stood there so near ;
 While from thy lips, a strain,
 Soft as the summer rain,
 Sad as a lover's pain,
 Fell on my ear.

I've heard the lark in June,
 The harp's wild plaintive tune,
 The thrush that aye too soon
 Gives o'er his strain ;
 I've heard, in hush'd delight,
 The mellow horn at night
 Waking the echoes light
 Of wild Loch Lein ;[‡]
 But neither echoing horn,
 Nor thrush upon the thorn,
 Nor lark at early morn
 Hymning in air,
 Nor harper's lay divine,
 E'er witch'd this heart of mine
 Like that sweet voice of thine,
 That evening there.

* Thus spelled in the original. Caitlin is the true spelling of the name which more frequently appears in Anglo-Irish songs as "Kathleen."

† Oh, treasure.

‡ Killarney.

And when some rustling, dear,
 Fell on thy list'ning ear,
 You thought your brother near,
 And nam'd his name,
 I could not answer—though,
 As luck would have it so,
 His name and mine, you know,
 Were both the same—
 Hearing no answ'ring sound,
 You glanced in doubt around,
 With timid look, and found
 It was not he ;
 Turning away your head
 And, blushing rosy red,
 Like a wild fawn you fled
 Far, far from me.

The swan upon the lake,
 The wild rose in the brake,
 The golden clouds that make
 The west their throne,
 The wild ash by the stream,
 The full moon's silver beam,
 The evening star's soft gleam,
 Shining alone ;
 The lily rob'd in white—
 All—all are fair and bright :—
 But ne'er on earth was sight
 So bright, so fair,
 As that one glimpse of thee
 That I caught then, *ma chree*,*
 It stole my heart from me
 That evening there.

And now you're mine alone,
 That heart is all my own—
 That heart, that ne'er hath known
 A flame before,
 That form, of mould divine,
 That snowy hand of thine,
 Those locks of gold are mine
 For evermore.
 Was lover ever seen
 As blest as thine, Caitlin ?
 Hath ever lover been
 More fond, more true ?

* My heart.

Thine is my ev'ry vow !
 For ever dear, as now !
 Queen of my heart be thou !
 My *Colleen rhu.**

THE LOVE SICK MAID.

THE winter it is past,
 And the summer's come at last,
 And the small birds sing on every tree ;
 The hearts of those are glad,
 Whilst mine is very sad ;
 Whilst my true love is absent from me.

I'll put on my cap of black,
 And fringe about my neck,
 And rings on my fingers I'll wear ;
 All this I'll undertake,
 For true lover's sake,
 For he rides at the Curragh of *Kildare.*

A livery I'll wear,
 And I'll comb down my hair,
 And I'll dress in the velvet so green ;
 Straightways I will repair
 To the Curragh of *Kildare* ;
 And 'tis there I will get tidings of him.

With patience she did wait,
 Till they ran for the plate,
 In thinking young Johnston to see ;
 But fortune prov'd unkind,
 To that sweetheart of mine
 For he's gone to *Lurgan* for me.

I should not think it strange,
 The wide world for to range,
 If I could obtain my heart's delight :
 But here in Cupid's chains
 I'm obliged to remain,
 Whilst in tears do I spend the whole night.

* In the original *mo cailin ruadh*—that is to say, “my red girl,” meaning red-haired girl. *De gustibus*, &c. But let us suppose the lady's locks were auburn. Those, however, who look on a beloved object with eyes of admiration care little for form or tint, Desdemona.

“Saw Othello's visage in his mind.”

The Scotch lady who so profoundly admired the late eloquent Doctor Irving, reconciled herself to his squint by declaring, “*he gleyed na mair than a mon o' genius suld.*”

My love is like the sun,
 That in the firmament doth run,
 Which is always constant and true ;
 But your's is like the moon,
 That doth wander up and down
 And in every month it's new.

And you that are in love,
 And cannot it remove,
 For you pitied are by me :
 Experience makes me know
 That your heart is full of woe,
 Since my true love is absent from me.

Farewell my joy and heart,
 Since you and I must part,
 You are the fairest that I e'er did see ;
 And I never do design,
 For to alter my mind
 Although you are below my degree.

The foregoing is taken from the "Roxburgh Collection" (Vol. iii, No. 680) in the British Museum. The celebrated race-course the Curragh of Kildare and also the town of Lurgan being named in the ballad, prove it to be Irish. It has appeared, however, in collections of Scotch Songs, the verses that prove its Irish origin being omitted; the second being written by Burns (as given below), and the fourth slightly altered from the seventh of the original. Its latest Scottish appearance was made in Wood's "Songs of Scotland," 1851—a collection wherein many songs and airs are given which are decidedly not Scotch.

Here is the Scottish version with the title altered, which the reader can compare with the Irish original, and may remark that there is not a single Scotticism in the composition.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

The winter it is past, and the summer's come at last,
 And the small birds sing on ev'ry tree ;
 Now ev'ry thing is glad, when I am very sad ;
 For my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the briar, by the waters running clear,
 May have charms for the linnet or the bee ;
 Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest ;
 But my true love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun, that in the sky doth run
 For ever so constant and true ;
 But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down,
 And every month it is new.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
 I pity the pains you endure ;
 For experience makes me know, that your hearts are full of woe,
 A woe that no mortal can cure.

A still more remarkable appropriation of an Irish song may be noticed in "The Banks of Banna," which follows.

THE BANKS OF BANNA.

Rt. Hon. GEORGE OGLE.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my Anna ?
 Pride of every shady grove
 Upon the banks of Banna.
 I for her my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain,
 Left my flocks, my pipe, my crook,
 Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more
 Until her returning ;
 All the joys of life are o'er—
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.
 Whither has my charmer flown ?
 Shepherds, tell me whither ?
 Ah ! woe for me, perhaps she's gone,
 For ever and for ever !

It is very little short of a century since this song was written by Mr. Ogle, to the beautiful melody generally known as "The Banks of Banna," but whose ancient title is "Down beside me." It is, one may say, notoriously Irish, yet it has been published in Wood's "Songs of Scotland," 1851, with the note, that "the air has been *sometimes* claimed as Irish." It would be little less ridiculous if the editor had said that "St. Patrick's Day" had been sometimes claimed as Irish.

The air has been long coveted by the Scotch publishers and editors, for, as far back as 1793, Burns thus writes to Mr. George Thomson : " You are quite right in inserting the last five in your list, *though they are certainly Irish*. 'Shepherds, I have lost my love' (Banks of Banna), is, to me, a heavenly air. What would you think of a set of Scottish verses to it ? * * * * * Set the tune to it, and let the Irish verses follow."—*Burns to Thomson, April, 7, 1793*

Here Burns honestly confesses the air (as well as four others Mr. Thomson set down for appropriation) to be Irish. The beauty of the air inspires him with the desire to adapt words to it ; but, he adds, "let the Irish verses follow." Burns did not want to defraud Ireland of any honour to which she was entitled, but he was not successful in the lines he wrote to the melody, and they were rejected by Mr. Thomson, and no wonder ; for what could be hoped of a song beginning thus :

" Yestreen I got a pint of wine,
 A place where body saw na :
 Yestreen lay on this breast of mine
 The gowden locks of Anna."

It is surprising how Burns could have written such trash.

So much for the attempt to appropriate "The Banks of Banna" in 1793. But Mr

George Thomson was too keen a poacher to let his game escape him, so, in 1824, he took a shot at the Irish melody himself, but missed it, decidedly. Here are his lines:—

“ Dearest Anna grieve not so,
Tho' we're doom'd this hour to part ;
Fortune long hath prov'd my foe,
But never can subdue my heart.
Forced to distant climes, I fly,—
Climes where gold and diamonds grow ;
For thee to toil, for thee to sigh,
Till that blest day which seals my vow.

“ No ship shall leave those sunny seas
Without some token kind and true ;
And I will hail the fav'ring breeze
That brings sweet tidings back from you.
Thus lingering years their course will roll,
And absence only more endear
Those ties which bind us soul to soul—
Till fate again shall waft me here.”

Such mere jingle might, under any circumstances, have been thrown into the fire without the world being a loser; but when we remember that Moore, in 1810, had written his charming lines “On Music” to this melody of “The Banks of Banna,” the attempt of Mr. Thomson savours of presumption. Moore's song begins thus:—

“ When thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh ! how welcome breathes the strain !
Wakening thoughts that long have slept ;
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.”

Comparing, then, the “breath of song” to the breeze that “sighs along beds of Oriental flowers,” he says, that after the flowers die, the gale still partakes of their sweetness—and

“ So when pleasure's dream is gone
Its memory lives in Music's breath.”

Thus he concludes,

“ Music ! oh how faint, how weak
Language fades before thy spell !
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are ev'n more false than they ;
Oh ! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe and not betray.”

Though we have thus traced the air and song of “The Banks of Banna” up to 1824—we have something more to add. It has been shown that the Scotch publisher was foiled in his attempt to get Scottish words to an Irish melody in 1793; and that the attempt at adapting words in 1824 was a failure; but the publisher of 1851 gets over the difficulty *by appropriating the Irish song altogether, both words and music.*

This is Scottish song-making-made-easy, with a vengeance



CONVIVIAL AND COMIC SONGS



In a country that has a reputation for hospitality and good-fellowship in a high degree, and where fun is supposed to have always abounded, whatever scarcity might prevail in other matters, one would expect to find songs under the title which heads this section, in abundance; yet, considering that these two classes of song have been clubbed together to make one section, the number is less than might have been anticipated; but "the reason why" can readily be given. Songs advocating drinking—mere incentives to swilling—are so repugnant to modern

taste, that only few, and those of high merit, have been selected as illustrating a particular period of society, and as specimens necessary

to illustrate a certain class of lyric literature. That period of society has happily gone by, when a man was scarcely considered to *be* a man until he had learned how to become a beast ; when excessive drinking was looked upon as a social virtue—a thing to be proud of. Addison well remarks in the “*The Spectator*” (No. 569), “*No vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in ; one would wonder how drunkenness should have the good luck to be of the number.*” Yet Addison himself increased the wonder by yielding, in his latter days, to the very vice against which he wrote an eloquent essay. But drinking was not only “gloried in,” it was considered, by some, a sort of duty independent of sociality ; for even if you could not get a companion for your drinking-bout (a rare case of default), still you must drink ; and, in such a case, a certain Galway gentleman’s ingenuity was displayed by “*his drinking his right hand against his left.*”

With this vicious habit of society passed away the vicious style of song ; but I am pleased to notice that, even before hard drinking had quite gone out, it was an Irishman who first divested the convivial song of much that was coarse, and invested it with much of witty allusion—I mean Richard Brinsley Sheridan ; and, after him, Thomas Moore in a still greater degree deemed the Bacchanalian lyric from what was censurable, not only excluding all that was offensive, but wreathing the wine-cup with some of the brightest flowers of poesy. What an admirable image is this in the third verse of “*One bumper at parting,*”—

“ How brilliant the sun look’d in sinking !
 The waters beneath him how bright !
 Oh ! trust me, the farewell of drinking
 Should be like the farewell of light.
 You saw how he finished by darting
 His beam o’er a bright billow’s brim—
 So, fill up, let’s shine at our parting
 In full liquid glory, like him.”

And what tenderness and fancy in these concluding lines of a verse in “*Doth not a meeting like this :*”—

“ Though haply o’er some of your brows, as o’er mine,
 The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what then ?
 Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
 We’ll wear the gay tinge of youth’s roses again.”

But his crowning Bacchanalian song is “*Fill the bumper fair.*” How elegantly it begins :—

“ Fill the bumper fair !
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.”

This is followed up with the brightest invention and most sparkling wit throughout. Among other witty things, asking why we inherit “the ennobling thirst from wine's celestial spirit,” he says, it chanced upon a day

“ When, as bards inform us,
 Prometheus stole away
 The living fires that warm us : ”

Prometheus having forgotten to bring anything with him to steal the fire in, looks about, and

“ Among the stars he found
 A bowl of Bacchus lying.”

Then comes the fanciful conclusion :—

“ Some sparks were in the bowl,
 Remains of last night's pleasure,
 With which the sparks of soul
 Mix'd their burning treasure.
 Hence the goblet's shower
 Hath such spells to win us :
 Hence its mighty power
 O'er that flame within us.”

This, I venture to say, is the wittiest Bacchanalian song ever written.

With respect to the comic, the choice has also been limited by considerations of truth and propriety. Allusions having already been made, in the preface, to this portion of editorial duty, the same ground must not be gone over again further than to say, that, with respect to truth, it would be a violation of it to admit numerous songs, that have been hitherto considered Irish comic songs, as representative of Ireland in any way, as regards either national habits or national wit. And with respect to propriety, it would be a violation of that also to present to the reader a heap of coarse vulgarity unredeemed by either wit or humour. Therefore much has been excluded that has been considered the regular stock-in-trade of Irish comic songs, but no one who respects either Ireland or good taste will regret it ; and while those who will tolerate a certain licence of expression for fun's sake, will find some songs here to gratify them, yet those specimens have been so guardedly admitted, that I trust they could not be objected to by the most fastidious.

LET THE TOAST PASS.

SHERIDAN.

HERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty ;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty :

Here's to the charmer, whose dimples we prize,
 Now to the maid who has none, sir,
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here's to the nymph with but one, sir :

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

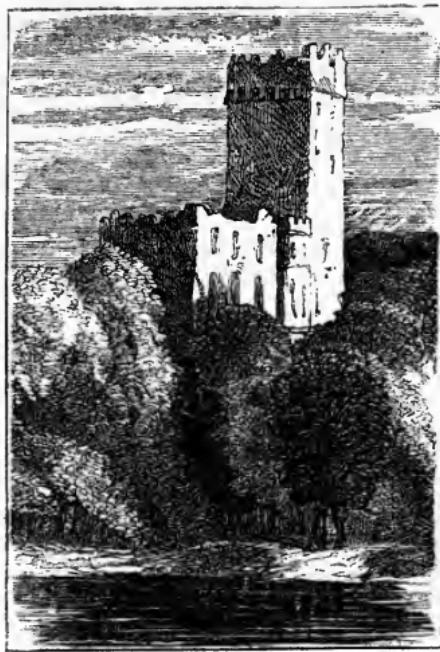
Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry ;
Here's to the wife, with a face full of woe,
And now to the girl that is merry :

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill the pint bumper,* quite up to the brim,
And let e'en us toast them together:

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

* Those were the days of hard drinking (let us be thankful they are passed away), when they not only filled a "pint bumper," but swallowed it at a draught, if they meant to be thought "pretty fellows." I remember hearing of a witty reply which was made (as it was reported) by Sir H—s L—e, an Irish *bon vivant* of the last century, to his doctor, who had cut him down to a pint of wine daily, when he was on the sick list. Now the convivial baronet was what was called, in those days, a "six bottle man,"—and, we may suppose, felt very miserable on a pint of wine *per diem*. The doctor called the day after he had issued his merciless decree, and hoped his patient was better. "I hope you only took a pint of wine yesterday," said he. The baronet nodded a melancholy assent. "Now, don't think so badly of this injunction of mine, my dear friend," continued the doctor, "you may rely upon it, it will lengthen your days." "That I believe," returned Sir Hercules, "for yesterday seemed to me the longest day I ever spent in my life."



THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

R. A. MILLIKEN. Born, 1767. Died, 1815.

R. A. Milliken was born in the county of Cork. The late Thomas Crofton Croker supposes the following song, which attained such wide-spread popularity, to have been written about 1798 or 1799, and this version of it is after that given in Mr. Croker's volume, wherein he states that he prints from a MS. of the author. It is written in imitation, or rather ridicule, of the rambling rhapsodies so frequently heard amongst the Irish peasantry, who were much given, of old, to the fustian flights of hedge school-masters, who delighted in dealing with gods and goddesses and high historic personages, and revelled in the "Cambyses vein." "Dick," as Milliken was familiarly called by his friends in Cork, was a most convivial soul, and kept late hours. On one occasion, as a sedate citizen of Cork called upon him one morning about some business, Dick was still in bed. He hurried on his clothes and came forth. "Ah, Dick," said his Quaker visitor, "thou wilt never be rich if thou dost not get up earlier; it is 'the early bird that gets the worm.'" Dick, who did not like to be schooled, replied, "The d—l mend the worm for being up so early."

THE groves of Blarney
They look so charming,
Down by the purling
Of sweet silent streams ;

Being banked with posies
That spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order

By the sweet rock close.
'Tis there's the daisy
And the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink,
And the rose so fair ;
The daffodowndilly—
Likewise the lily,
All flowers that scent
The sweet fragrant air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers*
That owns this station ;
Like Alexander,
Or Queen Helen fair ;
There's no commander
In all the nation,
For emulation,
Can with her compare.
Such walls surround her,
That no nine-pounder
Could dare to plunder
Her place of strength ;
But Oliver Cromwell,†
Her he did pommell,
And made a breach
In her battlement.

There's gravel walks there,
For speculation,
And conversation
In sweet solitude.
'Tis there the lover
May hear the dove, or
The gentle plover
In the afternoon ;
And if a lady
Would be so engaging
As to walk alone in
Those shady bowers,

* The address with which much local and historic truth are smothered in burlesque is not the least of the specialities of this singular rhapsody. Blarney was forfeited in 1689 by Lord Clancarty, and really did pass into the hands of the Jeffery family.

† That Blarney Castle was battered is true ; but not by Cromwell, though Cromwell, as the grand *buggaboo* of the Irish songster, is most properly made the assailant of the ill-used Lady Jeffers. Lord Broghill in reality took the castle in 1646, and a published letter of his exists, dated "Blairney."

'Tis there the courtier
He may transport her
Into some fort, or
All under ground.

For 'tis there's a cave where
No daylight enters,
But cats and badgers
Are for ever bred ;
Being mossed by nature,
That makes it sweeter
Than a coach and six,
Or a feather bed.
'Tis there the lake is,
Well stored with perches,
And comely eels in
The verdant mud ;
Besides the leeches,
And groves of beeches,
Standing in order
For to guard the flood.

There's statues gracing
This noble place in—
All heathen gods
And nymphs so fair :
Bold Neptune, Plutarch,
And Nicodemus,
All standing naked
In the open air !
So now to finish
This brave narration,
Which my poor geni
Could not entwine ;
But were I Homer,
Or Nebuchadnezzar,
'Tis in every feature
I would make it shine.

In the "Reliques of Father Prout,"—that most diverting divine—an additional verse to this song is given, which no editor could omit without deserving to be hung up to dry on his own lines. Besides, a chief feature of "The Groves"—the "Blarney Stone,"—which it is strange Milliken left unsung, is eulogised, with a force of illustration that must strike every M.P., and to which no lover could be insensible.

There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh ! he never misses
To grow eloquent ;

'Tis he may clamber
 To a lady's chamber,
 Or become a member
 Of parliament ;
 A clever spouter
 He'll soon turn out, or
 An out-and-outer,
 " To be let alone."
 Don't hope to hinder him,
 Or to bewilder him,
 Sure he's a pilgrim
 From the Blarney stone ! *

THE TOWN OF PASSAGE.

"FATHER PROUT." Air, "Groves of Blarney."

So great was the popularity of the "Groves of Blarney" (the foregoing), that several songs have since appeared, written after the same fashion, of different degrees of merit indicating what a "floating capital" of ability must exist in a country when such things appear anonymously, "hit off" for an occasion, or to enliven the social circle, or merely as a safety-valve to the boiling mirth of the Irish temperament. Hamlet prays that he may not "burst in *ignorance*,"—these merry Irish dogs would certainly burst in *silence*. But amongst all such songs the following stands supreme :

THE town of Passage †
 Is both large and spacious,
 And situated
 Upon the say ;
 'Tis nate and dacent,
 And quite adjacent,
 To come from Cork
 On a summer's day.
 There you may slip in,
 To take a dippin'
 Forenenent the shippin'
 That at anchor ride ;
 Or in a wherry
 Cross o'er the ferry
 To Carrigaloe
 On the other side.

* An English friend of mine was much amused by an answer he received from a peasant at Blarney, when he inquired what was the particular virtue of the Blarney Stone. "Sure, it taiches you policy," says Pat. "What do you mean by policy?" asked my friend. "Why *saying* one thing, and *mayning* another." This definition of policy I offer as a tribute to the shade of Talleyrand, and make a present of to diplomatisists in general.

† Now called Queenstown, in commemeration of her Majesty's visit to the noble harbour of Cork.

Mud cabins swarm in
 This place so charmin'
 With sailors' garments
 Hung out to dry ;
 And each abode is
 Snug and commodious,
 With pigs melodious,
 In their straw-built sty.
 'Tis there the turf is,
 And lots of murphies *
 Dead sprats and herrings,
 And oyster-shells ;
 Nor any lack, oh !
 Of good tobacco,
 Though what is smuggled
 By far excels.

There are ships from Cadiz,
 And from Barbadoes,
 But the leading trade is
 In whiskey-punch ;
 And you may go in
 Where one Molly Bowen
 Keeps a nate hotel
 For a quiet lunch.
 But land or deck on,
 You may safely reckon,
 Whatsoever country
 You come hither from,
 On an invitation
 To a jollification
 With a parish priest,
 That's called "Father Tom."

Of ships there's one fixt
 For lodging convicts—
 A floating "stone jug"
 Of amazing bulk ;
 The hake and salmon,
 Playing at bagammon,
 Swim for diversion
 All round this hulk ;
 There "Saxon" jailors
 Keep brave repailers,
 Who soon with sailors
 Must anchor weigh

From th' Em'rald Island,
 Ne'er to see dry land
 Until they spy land
 In sweet Bot'ny Bay.*

THE BLARNEY.

S. C. HALL.

In a dramatic piece entitled "The Groves of Blarney," written for the lamented Tyrone Power (that admirable actor) by Mrs. S. C. Hall, the following song was sung. It was written by her husband, the descendant of an English gentleman, who, having visited Ireland, settled there, won by the attractions of the country (like many a one before and since), and that attachment to Ireland has increased in the son—and with good reason; for he won to wife one of the most gifted of Ireland's daughters, whose touching tales of her country, and sunny and shadowy sketches of its peasantry, have made her name celebrated and admired abroad, and beloved at home.

OH, when a young bachelor woos a young maid
 Who's eager to go and yet willing to stay,
 She sighs and she blushes, and looks half afraid,
 Yet loses no word that her lover can say,
 What is it she hears but the Blarney ?
 Oh, a perilous thing is this Blarney !

To all that he tells her she gives no reply,
 Or murmurs and whispers so gentle and low ;
 And though he has asked her when nobody's by,
 She dare not say "yes," and she cannot say "no."
 She knows what she hears is the Blarney,
 Oh, a perilous thing is the Blarney !

* To the present generation it may not be unnecessary to state, that Botany Bay is the old name for the place of "transportation beyond the seas." "Australia" is a name coined since the early days of repeal. In Cook's Voyages of Discovery, it is stated that the name Botany Bay was given to the place in consequence of the number of strange plants and flowers found there by Dr. Solander (if I remember rightly). To give an instance of the playful spirit in which the Irish treat the most serious matters, I am tempted to trespass on the space usually allowed to a note; but redundancy is better than baldness. A gentleman issuing from the court where the Judge was delivering a somewhat lengthy address to some prisoners he was sentencing to transportation, was accosted by a friend, who asked what was going on inside—"Oh," says he, "Lord _____ became so scientific that I got tired and came away." "How, scientific?" said the other. "Oh," answered he, "he is delivering a *lecture on Botany*." I remember, too, when a new pile of building was added to the Trinity College, Dublin, for additional chambers for the students, that they, in consequence of its being in a somewhat out-of-the-way place, called it "Botany Bay." Oh, merry Ireland! Fun presides in all your temples—those of the Muse and Justice included.

But people get used to a perilous thing,
 And fancy the sweet words of lovers are true ;
 So, let all their Blarney be passed through a ring,
 The charm will prevent all the ill it can do,
 And maids have no fear of the Blarney,
 Nor the peril that lies in the Blarney !



THE BLARNEY.

SAMUEL LOVER. Air, "Kate Kearney."

Truly the gift of language, to which tradition holds the "Blarney Stone" entitled, seems not to be given for nothing, if we may judge from all the words that have been spent upon it. Here is another lyric in celebration of its powers. To those conversant with Irish songs it will be seen that it is almost a parody on that old favourite, written by Lady Morgan, commencing—

"Oh, did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney,
 Who lived on the banks of Killarney ?"

Oh, did you ne'er hear of the Blarney,
 That's found near the banks of Killarney ?
 Believe it from me,
 No girl's heart is free,
 Once she hears the sweet sound of the Blarney.

For the Blarney's so great a desaiver,
 That a girl thinks you're there—tho' you leave her,
 And never finds out
 All the thricks you're about,
 Till she's quite gone herself, with your Blarney.

Oh, say, would you find this same Blarney,
 There's a castle, not far from Killarney,
 On the top of the wall—
 But take care you don't fall—
 There's a stone that contains all this Blarney.

Like a magnet, it's influence such is,
 That attraction it gives all it touches,
 If you kiss it, they say,
 That from that blessed day,
 You may kiss whom you plaze, with your Blarney.

Blarney Castle has been a fertile theme for poets of all degrees. I have seen a queer anonymous song lamenting its destruction by Oliver Cromwell, on whom the national poets always pour out their vials of wrath ; and, indeed, no wonder, notwithstanding

all Lord Macaulay says in praise of his rule in Ireland. The song is too long for, and not worth quotation at length, but I will give as much of it as I think may be amusing and not inappropriate here. The bard opens with a burst of lament—

“ Oh ! Blarney Castle, my darling, you’re nothin’ at all but cowld stone !
With a wee little taste of ivy that up your side has grown.
Och ! it’s you that was once strong and ancient, and you kept the Sassenachs down !
And you sheltered the Lord of Clancarty who then lived in Dublin town.”

He then describes “*that robber, Ould Cromwell !*” loading a battering-ram *with gunpowder* and attacking the Castle. Cromwell and Ireton indulging in an extraordinary sort of luncheon, or pic-nic, at the same time, if we may believe the bard—

“ It was now the poor boys of the Castle looked over the battlement wall,
And there they saw *that ruffian, Ould CROMWELL, a feeding on powder and ball*,
And the fellow that married his daughter, a *chawing grape-shot in his jaw* ;
’Twas bowld I-RAY-TON they called him, and he was his brother-in-law.”



Further space must not be trespassed upon here in quotation from this wonderful ballad, but if Lord Macaulay should happen, in the course of his researches, to alight upon it, I hope he will use it more tenderly than he does CLARENDON.

WOULD YOU CHOOSE A FRIEND ?

GRiffin.

WOULD you choose a friend ? Attend ! attend !
I'll teach you how to attain your end.
He on whose lean and bloodless cheek
The red grape leaves no laughing streak,
On whose dull white brow and clouded eye
Cold thought and care sit heavily,
Him you must flee ;—
'Tween you and me,
That man is very bad company.

And he around whose jewelled nose
 The blood of the red grape freely flows ;
 Whose pursy frame as he fronts the board
 Shakes like a wine-sack newly stored,
 In whose half-shut, moist, and sparkling eye,
 The wine god revels cloudily,
 Him you must flee ;—
 'Tween you and me,
 That man is very bad company.

But he who takes his wine in measure,
 Mingling wit with sense and pleasure,
 Who likes good wine for the joy it brings,
 And merrily laughs and gaily sings,
 With heart and bumper always full,
 Never maudlin, never dull,
 Your friend let him be ;—
 'Tween you and me,
 That man is excellent company.

This song, though of a Bacchanalian character, has all the merits of Griffin's refined nature within it. He takes his wine—as he did everything else—like a gentleman.



PURTY MOLLY BRALLAGHAN.

This very clever song was written by an Irish lady ; but as she permitted her merry muse to rove “fancy free” into a phraseology rather outside the pale permitted to the gentler sex, she would never allow her name to be divulged to the public, and the few who were in her secret were faithful to her desire for incognito. Added to the thoroughly Irish character of the verses, the song has an exquisite Irish melody as its vehicle of being imparted, and this has increased the popularity to which it is so well entitled on its own account.

AH then, Mam dear, did you never hear of purty Molly Brallaghan ?
 Troth, dear, I've lost her, and I'll never be a man again,
 Not a spot on my hide will another summer tan again,
 Since Molly she has left me all alone for to die.
 The place where my heart was, you might easy rowl a turnip in,
 Its the size of all Dublin, and from Dublin to the Devil's Glin,*
 If she chose to take another, sure she might have sent mine back agin,
 And not to leave me here all alone for to die.

* The Devil's Glen is a romantic valley in the county of Wicklow, where wood and water make one of those wildernesses of beauty for which that picturesque county is famous. It is about thirty miles from Dublin ; so this line of the song gives a tolerably good notion of the size of an Irishman's heart.

Mam, dear, I remember when the milking time was past and gone,
 We went into the meadows where she swore I was the only man
 That ever she could love—yet oh, the base, the cruel one,
 After all that to leave me here alone for to die !

Mam, dear, I remember as we came home the rain began,
 I rowled her in my frize coat, tho' the devil a waistcoat I had on,
 And my shirt was rather fine-drawn ; yet oh, the base and cruel one,
 After all that she's left me here alone for to die.

I went and towld my tale to Father M'Donnell, Mam,
 And thin I went and ax'd advice of Counsellor O'Connell, Mam,
 He towld me promise-breaches had been ever since the world began.
 Now, I have only one pair, Mam, and they are corduroy !
 Arrah, what could he mean, Mam ? or what would you advise me to ?
 Must my corduroys to Molly go ? in troth, I'm bother'd what to do.
 I can't afford to lose both my heart and my breeches too,
 Yet what need I care, when I've only to die !

Oh ! the left side of my carcass is as weak as water gruel, Mam—
 The devil a bit upon my bones, since Molly's proved so cruel, Mam,
 I wish I had a carbine, I'd go and fight a duel, Mam,
 Sure, it's better for to kill myself than stay here to die.
 I'm hot and detarmined as a live Salamander, Mam !
 Won't you come to my wake, when I go my long meander, Mam ?*
 Oh ! I'll feel myself as valiant as the famous Alexander, Mam,
 When I hear yiz crying round me “Arrah, why did you die ?”

A BUMPER OF GOOD LIQUOR.

SHERIDAN. From the “Duenna.”

A BUMPER of good liquor
 Will end a contest quicker
 Than justice, judge, or vicar ;
 So fill a cheerful glass,
 And let good humour pass :
 But if more deep the quarrel,
 Why, sooner drain the barrel
 Than be the hateful fellow
 That's crabbed when he's mellow.
 A bumper, &c.

* The “long meander” means a funeral ; and a very expressive term it is to any one who ever saw the thing in the west or the south of Ireland,—a long straggling line of people winding along a road, and uttering the wild wail for the departed, as described in the final line. This wail is called *ulican* in Ireland, pronounced *ulicawn*, often falsely written and pronounced “hullagone.”

THADY O'BRADY.

YE lasses and bucks, leave off your sly looks,
 While I sing of one Thady O'Brady,
 Who courted Miss Reilly so snug and so slyly,
 Determined to make her his lady.
 But before he'd begin to commit that great sin
 Which the clargy they call matrimony,
 His furniture all he would tell at one call
 That he'd give to his own darling honey.

First a nate feather bed, and a four-posted stead,
 A bolster, quilt, blankets, and sheets too,
 A straw curtain, one side to the rafters well tied,
 And a purty dale board at our feet too ;
 In one corner some meal, in another a pail
 Of sweet milk, and roll'd butter hard by it,
 Some salt in a barrel, and for fear we should quarrel,
 Some whisky to keep us both quiet.

Four knives and four forks, four bottles and corks,
 Six plates, spoons, and two pewter dishes,
 Salt butter a store, and salt herrings *galore*,*
 With good praties as much as she wishes ;
 Two pots and a griddle, a sieve and a riddle,
 A slate for a tongs to bring fire on,
 A pair of pot hooks, and two little crooks
 To hang up the salt box and gridiron.

Three noggins, three mugs, a bowl and two jugs,
 A crock and a pan something lesser,
 A nate looking glass, to dress at for mass,
 Nailed up to a clean little dresser ;
 Some starch and some blue, in two papers for you,
 An iron and holder to hold it,
 A beetlet to whack, and a stick horse's back
 To dry your cap on 'fore you fold it.

Some onions and eggs in two little kegs,
 A kish wherein plenty of turf is,
 A spade and grifaun, to dig up the lawn,
 And some manure to cover the murphies ;

* Plenty.

† A heavy wooden mall, used in Ireland for beating clothes in the process of washing.—The word is found in Shakespeare :—

“ If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.”

Many old English words survive in Ireland the term of their vitality in England.—This fact might open an interesting course of inquiry to the philologist.

A dog and two cats to run after the rats,
 A cock for a clock, to give warning,
 A plough and a sow, and a nate Kerry cow,
 To give milk for your tea in the morning.

A churn and a dash, to make the cream splash,
 Some boiling hot water to fill it,
 Two saucepans with handles, and to make the rush candles
 Some grease in a small metal skillet ;
 For a lump of fat bacon you'll not be short taken,
 With some cabbage to put where the meat is,
 A pair of new brogues, and two osier skilloogues *
 To draw water from off the boiled praties.

Some flax and a wheel, some wool and a recl,
 And a besom to keep the house snug,
 A few bundles of frieze to cover my thighs,
 And for you, a neat piece of brown rug ;
 But then for young Thady we must have clothes ready,
 With pineady to keep him a feeding,
 A cradle see-saw and a red lobster's claw,
 To give to the brat when he's teething.

Some soap to wash all, shirts, stockings, and caul,
 A table, three stools and a forum,
 All this I will give, and I think we may live,
 As well as the justice of quorum.
 But Biddy, astore, should you want any more,
 Roar out without any more bother,
 For an Irishman's pride 'tis, whatever betide,
 To keep his poor wife in good order.



WHY, LIQUOR OF LIFE !

CAIOLAN. Translated by JOHN DALTON, M.R.I.A.

This Ode to Whiskey, in its way, is amongst the finest things ever written. How eloquent—how inventive—how graphic and suggestive in illustration!—and let me add, in deserved tribute to my esteemed friend, Mr. Dalton—how admirably translated!

The bard addresses Whiskey:—

WHY, liquor of life ! do I love you so ;
 When in all our encounters you lay me low ?
 More stupid and senseless I every day grow,
 What a hint—if I'd mend by the warning !

* A shallow oval-shaped basket, the use of which the following line in the song indicates. A sort of rustic colander.

Tatter'd and torn you've left my coat,
 I've not a cravat—to save my throat,
 Yet I pardon you all, my sparkling doat !
 If you'd cheer me again in the morning.

Whiskey replies :—

When you've heard prayers on Sunday next,
 With a sermon beside, or at least—the text,
 Come down to the alehouse—however you're vexed,
 And though thousands of cares assault you :
 You'll find tippling there—till morals mend,
 A cock shall be placed in the barrel's end,
 The jar shall be near you, and I'll be your friend,
 And give you a “ *Kead mille faulté.* ”*

The bard resumes his address :—

You're my soul and my treasure, without and within,
 My sister and cousin and all my kin ;
 'Tis unlucky to wed such a prodigal sin,—
 But all other enjoyment is vain, love !
 My barley ricks all turn to you—
 My tillage—my plough—and my horses too—
 My cows and my sheep they have—bid me adieu ;
 I care not while you remain, love !

Come, vein of my heart ! then come in haste,
 You're like Ambrosia, my liquor and feast,
 My forefathers all had the very same taste—
 For the genuine dew of the mountain.
 Oh ! Usquebaugh ! I love its kiss !—
 My guardian spirit, I think it is,
 Had my christening bowl been filled with this,
 I'd have swallowed it—were it a fountain.

Many's the quarrel and fight we've had,
 And many a time you made me mad,
 But while I've a heart—it can never be sad,
 When you smile at me full on the table ;
 Surely you are my wife and brother
 My only child—my father and mother—
 My outside coat—I have no other !
 Oh ! I'll stand by you—while I am able.

If family pride can aught avail,
 I've the sprightliest kin of all the Gael†—
 Brandy and Usquebaugh, and ale !
 But claret untasted may pass us ;
 To clash with the clergy were sore amiss,
 So for righteousness sake, I leave them this,
 For claret the gownsman's comfort is,
 When they've saved us with matins and masses.

* *Kead mille faulté*—A hundred thousand welcomes.

† *Gael*—The ancient Irish.

THE LAND OF POTATOES, O !

Air, "Morgan Rattler."

If I had on the clear
 But five hundred a year,
 'Tis myself would not fear
 Without adding a farthing to 't :
 Faith if such was my lot,
 Little Ireland's the spot
 Where I'd build a snug cot,
 With a bit of garden to 't.
 As for Italy's dales
 With their Alps and high vales,
 Where with fine squalling gales,
 Their signoras so treat us, O !
 I'd ne'er to them come,
 Nor abroad ever roam,
 But enjoy a sweet home
 In the land of potatoes, O !
 Hospitality,
 All reality,
 No formality,
 There you ever see ;
 But free and easy
 'Twould so amaze ye,
 You'd think us all crazy,
 For dull we never be !

If my friend honest Jack,
 Would but take a small hack,
 And just get on his back,
 And with joy gallop full to us ;
 He, throughout the whole year,
 Then should have the best cheer,
 For faith none so dear
 As our brother John Bull to us !
 And we'd teach him, when there,
 Both to blunder and swear,
 And our brogue with him share,
 Which both genteel and neat is, O !
 And we'd make him so drink,
 By St. Patrick, I think,
 That he never would shrink
 From the land of potatoes, O !
 Hospitality, &c.

Though I freely agree
 I should more happy be
 If some lovely she
 From Old England would favour me ;
 For no spot on earth
 Can more merit bring forth,
 If with beauty and worth
 You embellish'd would have her be :
 Good breeding, good nature,
 You find in each feature,
 That nought you've to teach her—
 So sweet and complete she's, O !
 Then if Fate would but send
 Unto me such a friend,
 What a life would I spend
 In the Land of potatoes, O !
 Hospitality, &c.

POTTEEN, GOOD LUCK TO YE, DEAR.

CHARLES LEVER.

Av I was a monarch in state,
 Like Romulus or Julius Caysar,
 With the best of fine victuals to eat,
 And drink like great Nebuchadnezzar,
 A rasher of bacon I'd have,
 And potatoes the finest was seen, sir ;
 And for drink, it's no claret I'd crave,
 But a keg of old Mullen's potteen, sir.
 With the smell of the smoke on it still.

They talk of their Romans of ould,
 Whom they say in their own times was frisky :
 But trust me to keep out the cowld,
 The Romans* at home here like whiskey.
 Sure it warms both the head and the heart,
 It's the soul of all readin' and writin' ;
 It teaches both science and art,
 And disposes for love or for fightin'.
 Oh, potteen, good luck to ye, dear.

* An abbreviation of Roman Catholic. The Irish peasant uses the word "Roman" in contradistinction to that of "Protestant." An Hibernian, in a religious wrangle with a Scotchman, said, "Ah, don't bother me any more, man ! I'll prove to ye mine is the raal ould religion by one word. St. Paul wrote an epistle to *The Romans*—but he never wrote one to *The Protestants*. Answer me that !"

MOLLY CAREW.

From "Songs and Ballads," by SAMUEL LOVER.

This song was suggested by one of Carolan's finest bursts of melody, entitled "Planxty Reilly," and its capricious measure may be guessed at by the unusual lengths and variety of the following metres. The intensely Irish character of the air stimulated me to endeavour that the words should partake of that quality, and the rapid replication of the musical phrases made me strive after as rapid a ringling of rhyme, of which our early bards were so fond.

OCHONE ! and what will I do ?

Sure, my love is all crost

Like a bud in the frost—

And there's no use at all in my going to bed,

For 'tis dhrames, and not sleep, that comes into my head ;

And 'tis all about you,

My sweet Molly Carew !

And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame !

You're complater than nature

In every feature,

The snow can't compare

With your forehead so fair ;

And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
Than the purtiest star that shines out of the sky ;

And by this and by that,

For the matter of that,

You're more distant by far than that same.

Ochone ! *weirasthru!**

Ochone ! I'm alone !

I'm alone in the world without you.

Ochone ! but why should I speake

Of your forehead and eyes,

When your nose it defies

Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme ;†

Tho' there's one Burke, he says, that would call it *snublime* !

And then for your cheek,

Troth, 'twould take him a week

Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather :

Then your lips ! oh, Machree !

In their beautiful glow

They a patthern might be

For the cherries to grow ;

'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know,‡

For apples were scarce, I suppose, long ago ;

* Oh ! Mary, have pity ! (implying the blessed Virgin.)

† In allusion to the tendency of the "hedge" schoolmaster to turn sonnetteer.

‡ I forget the name of the French author who said if lace had been in fashion in the time of Eve, it is with *that* Satan would have tempted her.—Lace is a net, certainly, and we are given to understand that his Sable Majesty has nets of all sorts and sizes, according to the nature of the fry he is after.

But at this time o'day,
 'Pon my conscience, I'll say,
 Such cherries might tempt a man's father !
 Ochone ! weirasthru !
 Ochone ! I'm alone !
 I'm alone in the world without you.

Ochone ! by the man in the moon,
 You taze me all ways
 That a woman can plaze,
 For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat Magee,*
 As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me ;
 Though the piper I bate,
 For fear the old chate

Wouldn't play you your favourite tune.
 And when you're at mass
 My devotion you crass,
 For 'tis thinking of you
 I am Molly Carew ;

While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep
 That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep.

Och ! lave off that bonnet,
 Or else I'll lave on it
 The loss of my wandherin' sowl !
 Ochone ! weirasthru !
 Ochone ! like an owl,
 Day is night dear, to me, without you.

Ochone ! don't provoke me to do it ;
 For there's girls by the score
 That loves me—and more ;
 And you'd look mighty quare if some morning you'd meet
 My wedding all marching in pride down the street ;

Troth, you'd open your eyes,
 And you'd die with surprise,
 To think 'twasn't you was to come to it ;
 And faith, Katty Naile,
 And her cow, I go bail,
 Would jump if I'd say
 "Katty Naile name the day ;"

And tho' you're fresh and fair as a morning in May
 While she's short and dark like a cowld winther's day,
 Yet, if you dont repent
 Before Easter, when Lent
 Is over, I'll marry for spite.
 Ochone ! weirasthru !
 And when I die for you,
 My ghost will haunt you every night !†

* The dance, in Ireland, is a great field of display, and source of jealousy between rivals.

† This is no uncommon threat in Ireland.



MY FRIEND AND PITCHER.

O'KEEFE.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in store,
Is still desirous to grow richer ;
Give me but health, I'll ask no more,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher ;
 My friend so rare,
 My girl so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer ?
 Possessed of these, a fig for care,
 My own sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve
 To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that, when I came home at eve,
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
 My friend, &c.

Though fortune ever shuns my door,
 I know not what can thus bewitch her ;
With all my heart I can be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher,
 My friend, &c.

ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

According to the late Mr. Crofton Croker, who elaborately annotated this song, it is a mosaic production, the work of many hands; three verses being written in 1814, by a couple of gentleman who went to a masquerade in Cork as ballad-singers. These verses grew into popularity, and other verses were added from time to time. By-the-by, the addenda, like the postscript of a lady's letter, are the best parts of the work; for, according to Mr. Croker, the third and fourth verses are those in which the "blind-worms" are made to

————— "open their eyes
To a sense of their situation,"

and where

" The snakes committed suicide,
To save themselves from slaughter."

Moreover, the sixth verse was supplementary, wherein that scientific classification is made of

" Cabbages—and ladies!"

Ladies and *potatoes*, however are better classified; for, according to an old conundrum, "they both shoot from the eyes."

OH ! St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people :
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher,
His mother was a Brady,
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
His uncle an O'Grady.
So success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever ;
Oh ! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And banish'd them for ever !

The Wicklow Hills are very high,
And so's the Hill of Howth, sir ;
But there's a hill much bigger still,
Much higher than them both, sir.
'Twas on the top of this high hill*
St. Patrick preached his sarmint,
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the varmint.
Oh, success, &c.

* This hill is reputed to be "*Croagh Phaidrig*," a mountain of bold outline, standing over the picturesque bay of Westport, in the county Mayo. Its conical top and general outline are not unlike Vesuvius.

There's not a mile in Ireland's Isle
 Where dirty vermin musters,
 But where he put his dear fore-foot
 And murdered them in clusters.
 The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,
 Slap-dash into the water,
 And the snakes committed suicide
 To save themselves from slaughter.
 Oh, success, &c.

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue
 He charmed with sweet discourses,
 And dined on them at Killaloe
 In soups and second courses.
 Where blind-worms crawling on the grass
 Disgusted all the nation,
 He gave them a rise, which opened their eycs
 To a sense of their situation.
 Oh, success, &c.

No wonder that those Irish lads
 Should be so gay and frisky,
 For sure St. Pat he taught them that,
 As well as making whiskey ;
 No wonder that the Saint himself
 Should understand distilling,
 Since his mother kept a sheebeen shop*
 In the town of Enniskillen.
 Oh, success, &c.

Oh ! was I but so fortunate
 As to be back in Munster,
 'Tis I'd be bound, that from that ground
 I never more would once stir.
 For there St. Patrick planted turf,
 And plenty of the praties ;
 With pigs galore, *ma gra, ma store*, †
 And cabbages—and ladies !
 Then my blessing on St. Patrick's fist,
 For he's the darling Saint, O !
 Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a twist—
 He's a beauty without paint, O !

It is worthy of remark that the freedom of the Irish soil from all venomous reptiles, which is vulgarly attributed to St. Patrick (as alluded to in this song), is noticed as early as the year 840, by DONAT, an Irish ecclesiastic, who ultimately became an Italian bishop. The allusion is made in some laudatory Latin verses, which have been thus rendered into English (*vide* "Specimens of the Early Native Poetry of Ireland," by Henry R. Montgomery).

* To the English reader it is necessary to explain that a *sheebeen* is a low whiskey shop.

† In plenty, my love, my treasure.

Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,
 By nature bless'd, and Scotia* is her name—
 Enroll'd in books—exhaustless in her store
 Of veiny silver and of golden ore.
 Her fruitful soil for ever teems with wealth ;
 With gems her waters, and her air with health ;
 Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow ;
 Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow ;
 Her waving furrows float with bearded corn ;
 And arms and arts her envied sons adorn.
 No savage bear with lawless fury roves ;
 No rav'ning lion through her sacred groves ;

* Scotia was the name belonging exclusively to Ireland up to the third century, in the course of which the Irish colonised Argyleshire. Scotland was previously known as Caledonia and Albania. Subsequently, to distinguish the two countries, Scotland was called *Scotia Minor*. Spenser alludes to this in his "View of the State of Ireland," thus:—"For those Scots are Scythians, arrived (as I said) in the north parts of Ireland; where some of them after passed into the next coast of Albine, now called Scotland, which, after much trouble, they possessed, and of themselves named Scotland therefore it cometh thence, that, of some writers, Ireland is called *Scotia Major* and that which is now called Scotland, *Scotia Minor*." This distinction was well known on the continent, where the learned speak of the "Scots of Albany," and "Hibernian Scots." Bayle, in an article on an Irish ecclesiastic and poet, who flourished in the fifth century named "Shiel" (Lantinised, as was the custom of the age, into "Sedulius") enters into a disquisition as to whether the poet and the ecclesiastic were not distinct persons, and in that article he speaks of "*L'inscription d'un excellent manuscrit de L'Abbaie de Fulde*," and that inscription is, "*Sedulii Scotti Hyberniensis in omnes Epistolas Pauli collectaneum*." The Scotch, of recent times, are in general singularly disinclined to admit these historic facts, though their own men of mark and learning allow them to be true. Buchanan admits them; Sir Walter Scott admits the line of Scottish kings to be derived from Ireland. James I. admitted the same thing, and gave it as a reason why, he should care for Ireland. But why, it may be asked, is all this old history raked up for a note in a collection of songs? Gentle reader, that is the very reason why it is raked up; for Ireland had bards as well as kings, and these bards, and their music, found their way to Scotland; and many an Irish air has Scotland claimed that she is not entitled to. Let an illustrious Scotchman speak in evidence—here are the words of Robert Burns:—

"Your Irish airs are pretty, but they are *downright Irish*. If they were like the *Banks of Banna*, for instance, though *really* Irish, yet in the Scottish taste, you might adopt them. Since you are so fond of Irish music, what say you to twenty-five of them in an additional number? We could easily find this quantity of charming airs: I will take care that you shall not want songs; and I assure you, *you would find it the most saleable of the whole*."—BURNS to THOMSON, Sept. 1793.

The passages given in Italics in this bit of evidence show, not only that the airs were Irish, but that Burns, as may be inferred, thought them superior to the Scotch; while Mr. Thomson, in a letter of his own, admits their high quality, at the same time reconciling himself to his act of spoliation, right royally, thus:—

"We have several true-born Irishmen on the Scottish list, but they are now *naturalised*, and reckoned *our own good subjects*. (What regal condescension!) Indeed, we have none better."—THOMSON to BURNS, Feb. 5th, 1796.

Verdict for the plaintiff—the case being proved by the defendant's witnesses. For a special case of a defeated Scotch claim, see page 38 in this volume.

No poison there infects—no scaly snake
 Creeps through the grass, nor frogs† annoy the lake ;—
 An Island worthy of its pious race,
 In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace.

INSPIRING FOUNT OF CHEERING WINE.

A close translation from the Irish.

Air, “*Tiagharna Mhaighe-eo*” (Lord Mayo).

Inspiring fount of cheering wine !
 Once more I see thee flow ;
 Help me to raise the lay divine—
 Propitiate thy Mayo !
 Mayo, whose valour sweeps the field
 And swells the trump of fame,
 May Heaven’s high power the champion shield
 And deathless be his name !
 Of glory’s sons, oh, thou the heir—
 Thou branch of honour’s root !
 Desert me not, but bend thine ear
 Propitious to my suit.
 Oh ! bid thy exiled bard return,—
 Too long from safety fled ;
 No more in absence let him mourn,
 Till earth shall hide his head !
 Shield of defence and princely sway,
 May he who rules the sky
 Prolong on earth thy glorious day,
 And every good supply !
 Thy death his days would quickly close
 Who lives but in thy grace ;
 And ne’er on earth can taste repose
 Till thou shalt seal his peace !

This song is the production of an humble dependent of Lord Mayo, named David Murphy, his harper, who having got into disgrace, hid himself in Lord Mayo’s hall on a certain Christmas eve after nightfall ; and, in the hope of winning back forgiveness, made a twin outpouring of music and verse. The verse is nothing particular, but is about as good as mere laudatory verses can be, and may be considered remarkable as the production of an uneducated man. But it is the music which has made this song so celebrated. It is a most noble melody. Bunting calls it “one of the finest productions that ever did honour to any country.” For the story, see “Walker’s Irish Bards.”

† It is said by Mr. Henry R. Montgomery, in his most interesting volume already quoted, that frogs were really unknown in Ireland until propagated from spawn introduced as an experiment by a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. What a strange taste for experiments this old gentleman must have had ! Perhaps there is sympathy between frogs and Fellows—every freshman knows that, in the examination-hall at least, Fellows are rather given to *croaking*. It is a curious fact, too, that this very university was represented in Parliament some forty years ago by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker.

SMALILOU.

It is among my earliest recollections hearing this queer old song very well sung in the County Westmeath. It may be given as representing a certain class of song once popular in Ireland, love-making the staple of all such—if with a spice of difficulty, good; if of difficulty overcome, better. Though not of much literary merit, there is some fun in it: so far, at least, it is Irish.

THERE was an Irish lad
 Who loved a cloister'd nun,
 And it made him very sad,
 For what was to be done?
 He thought it a big shame,
 A most confounded sin,
 That she could not get out at all
 And he could not get in:
 Yet he went every day as he could do no more—
 Yet he went every day unto the convent door;
 And he sung sweetly,
 Smalilou, smalilou, smalilou!
 And he sung sweetly,
 Smalilou, gra-ma-chree, and Paddy-whack.
 To catch a glimpse of her
 He play'd a thousand tricks;
 The bolts he tried to stir,
 And he gave the walls some kicks;
 He stamp'd and rav'd, and sigh'd and pray'd,
 And many times he swore
 The devil twist the iron bolts—
 The devil burn the door.
 Yet he went every day, he made it quite a rule,
 Yet he went every day—and look'd very like a fool—
 Though he sung sweetly, &c.
 One morn she left her bed,
 Because she could not sleep,
 And to the window sped
 To take a little peep:
 And what did she do then?—
 I'm sure you'll think it right—
 She bade the honest lad good-day,
 She bade the nuns good-night:
 Tenderly she listen'd to all he had to say,
 Then jump'd into his arms, and so they ran away!
 And they sung sweetly,
 Smalilou, smalilou, smalilou!
 And they sung sweetly,
 Smalilou, gra-ma-chree, and Paddy-whack.

The refrain of this song is open to the same censure as a large class of the songs of the period—it is utterly senseless—mere gibberish, but supposed to be Irish because it winds up with “Paddy-whack.” Fortunately we know better now.

THE MONKS OF THE ORDER OF ST. PATRICK,
 COMMONLY CALLED
 THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.

Right Hon. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

This celebrated Society was partly political and partly convivial: it consisted of two parts—professed and lay brothers. As the latter had no privileges except that of commons in the refectory, they are unnoticed here.

The professed (by the constitution) consisted of members of either house of Parliament, and barristers, with the addition from the other learned professions of any numbers not exceeding a third of the whole. They assembled every Saturday in Convent,* during term-time, and commonly held a chapter before commons, at which the Abbot presided, or in his (very rare) absence, the Prior, or senior officer present. Upon such occasions all the members appeared in the habit of the order, a black tabinet domino. Temperance and sobriety always prevailed.

Mr. Curran (who was Prior of the order) being asked one day to sing a song, after commons, said he would give them one of his own, and sang the following, which was adopted at once as the charter song of the Society, and was called "The Monks of the Screw."

WHEN St. Patrick this order established,
 He called us the "Monks of the Screw;"
 Good Rules he revealed to our Abbot
 To guide us in what we should do;
 But first he replenished our fountain
 With liquor the best in the sky;
 And he said, on the word of a saint,
 That the fountain should never run dry.

Each year when your octaves approach,
 In full chapter convened let me find you;
 And when to the Convent you come,
 Leave your favourite temptation behind you.
 And be not a glass in your Convent,
 Unless on a festival found;
 And, this rule to enforce, I ordain it
 One festival all the year round.

My brethren, be chaste, till you're tempted;
 While sober, be grave and discreet;
 And humble your bodies with fasting,
 As oft as you've nothing to eat.
 Yet, in honour of fasting, one lean face
 Among you I'd always require;
 If the Abbot should please, he may wear it,
 If not, let it come to the Prior.†

* The Convent was in St. Kevin Street, Dublin.

† William Doyle (Master in Chancery) the Abbot, had a remarkably large full face. Mr. Curran's was the very reverse.

Come, let each take his chalice, my brethren,
 And with due devotion prepare,
 With hands and with voices uplifted,
 Our hymn to conclude with a prayer.
 May this chapter oft joyously meet,
 And this gladsome libation renew,
 To the Saint, and the Founder, and Abbot,
 And Prior, and Monks of the Screw !

This Society consisted of 56 members ; and Mr. Wm. Henry Curran, in the Memoir of his father, adds "most of them distinguished men." I think it worth while to give a few of their names and titles. Earl of Charlemont ; Earl of Arran ; Earl of Mornington (Duke of Wellington's father) ; Hussey Burgh, Chief Baron ; Judge Robert Johnson ; Henry Grattan ; John Philpot Curran ; Woolfe ; Lord Kilwarden ; Lord Avonmore ; Rev. Arthur O'Leary (Hon.). The Marquis of Townsend joined the Society while he was Viceroy of Ireland.

That the festive meetings of men of such high mark must have been of more than ordinary brilliancy, one may well conceive, but the most eloquent evidence of that fact was given by Curran in a touching address to Lord Avonmore, while sitting on the judicial bench ; so touching, and so eloquent, as well as happily illustrative of Curran's style, that it is worth recording :—

" This soothing hope I draw from the dearest and tenderest recollections of my life—from the remembrance of those attic nights, and those refections of the gods, which we have spent with those admired, and respected, and beloved companions, who have gone before us ; over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed. [Here Lord Avonmore could not refrain from bursting into tears.] Yes, my good Lord, I see you do not forget them. I see their sacred forms passing in sad review before your memory. I see your pained and softened fancy recalling those happy meetings, where the innocent enjoyment of social mirth became expanded into the nobler warmth of social virtue, and the horizon of the board became enlarged into the horizon of man—where the swelling heart conceived and communicated the pure and generous purpose—where my slenderer and younger taper imbibed its borrowed light from the more matured and redundant fountain of yours. Yes, my Lord, we can remember those nights without any other regret than that they can never more return, for

" We spent them not in toys, or lusts, or wine,
 But search of deep philosophy,
 Wit, eloquence, and poesy,
 Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine ! "—COWLEY.

Lord Avonmore, in whose breast political resentment was easily subdued, by the same noble tenderness of feeling which distinguished Mr. Fox upon a more celebrated occasion, could not withstand this appeal to his heart. At this period (1804) there was a suspension of intercourse between him and Mr. Curran ; but the moment the court rose, his Lordship sent for his friend and threw himself into his arms, declaring that unworthy artifices had been used to separate them, and that they should never succeed in future.

And now for an instance of Mr. Curran's humour ; and as it arises, like the foregoing gush of eloquence, from allusions to "The Monks of the Screw," it is evident that Society held a very cherished place in his memory. Mr. Curran visited France in 1787, and was received with distinguished welcome everywhere,—among such receptions was one at a Convent, thus recorded : "He was met at the gates by the Abbot and his brethren in procession ; the keys of the Convent were presented to him, and his arrival



hailed in a Latin oration, setting forth his praise, and their gratitude for his noble protection of a suffering brother of their Church (alluding to his legal defence of a Roman Catholic clergyman). Their Latin was so bad, that the stranger without hesitation replied in the same language. After expressing his general acknowledgement for their hospitality, he assured them that nothing could be more gratifying to him than to reside a few days among them ; that he should feel himself perfectly at home in their society, for that he was by no means a stranger to the habits of a monastic life, being himself no less than the Prior of an order in his own country, the order of St. Patrick, or the Monks of the Screw. Their fame, he added, might not have reached the Abbot's ears, but he would undertake to assert for them that, though the brethren of other orders might be more celebrated for learning how to die, the "Monks of the Screw" were, as yet, unsurpassed for knowing how to live. As, however, humility was their great tenet and uniform practice, he would give an example of it upon the present occasion, and instead of accepting all the keys which the Abbot so liberally offered, would merely take charge, while he stayed, of the key of the wine cellar."

Curran's Life, by his son Wm. Henry Curran.

THE JUG OF PUNCH.

'Twas very early in the month of June,
 As I was sitting in my room,
 I heard a thrush sing in a bush,
 And the song he sung was a jug of punch.
 Tul looral, &c.

What more diversion can a man desire,
 Than to be seated by snug coal fire,
 Upon his knee a pretty wench,
 And on the table—a jug of punch.
 Tul looral, &c.

If I were sick and very bad,
 And was not able to go or stand,
 I would not think it at all amiss,
 To pledge my shoes for a jug of punch.
 Tul looral, &c.

When I am dead and in my grave,
 No costly tombstone will I have,
 But I'll dig a grave both wide and deep,
 With a jug of punch at my head and feet.
 Tul looral, &c.

Now you jovial topers as you pass by,
 If you are thirsty, step in and try,
 And with your sweetheart's never flinch,
 To dip your bills in a jug of punch.
 Tul looral, &c.

This queer old song is a great favourite in Ireland. Some additional verses may be found to it, under the head of the "Sheebeen House," in the second series of my "Legends and Stories of Ireland."

" The Muses twelve and Apollio famed,
 In *Castilian* pride dhrinks *Pernicious* sthrames :
 But I would not grudge them ten times as much
 As long as I had a jug o' punch.

The docthor fails, with all his art,
 To cure an impression on the heart,
 But if life was gone—within an inch—
 What would bring it back like a jug o' punch?"

Then follows, as above—

" But when I am dead," &c.

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

AIR—"Meeting of the Waters."

Kilkenny is a place an editor might say a great deal more about than his space, in such a book as this, will permit. Its historic associations are numerous and interesting: and first, as regards history, it is worthy of remark that the interesting historian, Hollinshed, received his education in the grammar-school of Kilkenny, of which he says, "In the realm of Ireland was no grammar-school so good; in England, I am well assured, none better." He makes grateful mention of a certain Mr. Peter White, thus: "And, certes, I acknowledge myself so much bound and *beholding* to him and his, as, for his sake, I reverence the meanest stone cemented in the walls of that famous school." Here stood the palace of the Bishop of Ossory, also many a sacred fane of no small architectural beauty. Kilkenny was called "The Holy City;" but while peace was preached from its altars, war was made from its castle; for here was the seat of the Butlers, who were everlastingly fighting with the Desmonds—a pugnacious example not lost on the renowned cete of this place. The real war of history was succeeded by the mimic warfare of the stage, for "terrific combats" were achieved in the private theatricals for which Kilkenny was celebrated towards the end of the last and beginning of the present century. In these, the most distinguished persons were the actors—among them Moore, whose song of "The Prince's Day" was written here in 1810, for a fête given in honour of the then Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) by the late Major Bryan, of patriotic and festive celebrity. This is rather a long notice to a short song; but, though a "short horse," according to the proverb, "does not take much currying," a short song may be very suggestive of work to an editor.

OH ! the boys of Kilkenny are nate roving blades,
And whenever they meet with the dear little maids,
They kiss them, and coax them, and spend their money free ;
Oh ! of all towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.
 Oh ! of all towns, &c.

Through the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear strame,*
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a fair dame,
Her cheeks are like roses—and her lips much the same—
Or a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in crame.
 Or a dish, &c.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's famed coal,
And 'tis they through my poor heart have burnt a big hole ;
Her mind, like a river, is deep, clear, and pure,
But her heart is more hard than its marble I'm sure.†
 But her heart, &c.

* The winding and limpid Nore.

† Spenser celebrates the marble of Ireland—

" Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
Stone more of valem, and more smooth and fine,
Than jett or marble far from Ireland brought ;"

The Faerie Queene, Book II., Canto ix.

Oh! Kilkenny's a fine town that shines where it stands, *
 And the more I think on it the more my heart warms ;
 If I was in Kilkenny I'd feel quite at home,
 For it's there I'd get sweethearts, but here I get none.
 For it's there, &c,

* This is a plagiarism from an old song to which much interest attaches. Bunting, in his "Ancient Music of Ireland" (Dublin, 1840, p. 97), in speaking of the beautiful air of "Bonny Portmore," says, "The air is probably as old as the time of the O'Neills of Ballinderry, to whose declining fortunes there would appear to be an allusion in the first stanza of the English words, which are still sung with it—

' Bonny Portmore, you shine where you stand,
 And the more I think on you the more my heart warms ;
 But if I had you now as I once had before,
 All the gold in England would not buy you, Portmore.' "

The song of "The Boys of Kilkenny" had once great popularity, due rather to the charming melody to which it was written than the literary merit of the composition (though the local allusion to the coal and the marble is good enough), and is still popular among the humbler classes in Ireland ; but, in the higher, it was quite superseded by Moore's exquisite song, "The Meeting of the Waters," by which name the air is now known, though the original name of the air is "The Old Head of Dennis." And here it may be remarked, that the original names of all the old Irish airs, though given in the musical edition of "Moore's Melodies," have been, nevertheless, displaced by the leading line of the songs Moore has written to them ; a fact sufficiently proving that the poet rescued from oblivion the national music, and opened to the world in general a mine of melody which might otherwise have lain under the unproductive admiration of the musical amateur until totally lost. Moore, in his most touching farewell to his harp, in the sixth number of the Irish Melodies, commencing "Dear Harp of my Country," modestly says—

" If the heart of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throb'd at our lay, 'twas thy glory alone :
 I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thine own."

I think we may use the image of the wind in another sense ; we may compare the old melody, the "Breath of Song," to the wind, which, if it pass over some desert place, "We know not whence it cometh, or whither it goeth ;" but if the wind pass over some plant gifted with winged seeds, the wind leaves the track of its course by the fructifying result of its progress ; so, if the melody touch some minstrel, rich in the seed of song, seed worthy of taking root and bearing within it the flowers of fancy, then the melody was not made in vain ; and by calling into life a new existence, has perpetuated its own.



RORY O'MORE.

From "Songs and Ballads" of SAMUEL LOVER.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn,
 He was bold as a hawk,—she as soft as the dawn ;
 He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
 And he thought the best way to do that was to tease ;
 "Now Rory, be aisly," sweet Kathleen would cry—
 Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye ;—
 "With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about,
 Faith, you've teas'd till I've put on my cloak inside out !"
 "Och, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
 You've thrated my heart for this many a day,
 And 'tis plased that I am, and why not, to be sure ?
 For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
 For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike,
 The ground that I walk on, *he* loves, I'll be bound."
 "Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love *you* than the ground."
 "Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go,
 Sure I dhrame every night that I am hating you so."
 "Och," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
 For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear ;
 So, jewel, keep dhramin' that same till you die,
 And bright mornin' will give dirty night the black lie ;
 And 'tis plased that I am, and why not to be sure ?
 Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough,
 Sure I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff
 And I've made myself, dhrinkin' your health, quite a *baste*,
 So I think, after that, *I may talk to the priest.*"*
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
 So soft, and so white, without freckle or speck ;
 And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,
 And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you think he was right ?
 "Now, Rory, leave off, sir, you'll hug me no more ;
 That's eight times to-day that you've kiss'd me before."
 "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
 For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

It is always a difficult matter for an author to speak of his own works, but, as so many songs in this collection have copious, and I hope careful, annotations, I trust a few words about the origin of Rory O'More may be given without being considered intrusive. From an early period I had felt that Irish comic songs (so called) were but too generally coarse

* Paddy's mode of asking a girl to "name the day."

and vulgar—devoid of that mixture of fun and feeling so strongly blended in the Irish character—that a pig and a poker, expletive oaths, “hurroos,” and “Whack fol de rols,” made the staple of most Irish comic songs; and having expressed this opinion in a company where the subject was discussed, I was met with that taunting question which sometimes supplies the place of argument—viz. “Could *you* do better?” I said I would try; and “Rory O'More” was the answer. Its popularity was immediate and extensive; so much so, that on the occasion of her Majesty Queen Victoria's coronation, every band along the line of procession to Westminster Abbey played “Rory O'More” during some part of the day, and, finally, it was the air the band of the Life Guards played as they escorted her Majesty into the park on her return to Buckingham Palace. Being called upon to write a novel, I availed myself of the popularity attaching to the name, and entitled my story “Rory O'More.” The success of the novel induced the Management of the Adelphi Theatre to apply to me to dramatize the story, and in this, its third form, “Rory O'More” was again received by the public with such approbation, that it was played one hundred and eight nights in the first season, in London, and afterwards universally throughout the kingdom. I should not have said so much about this trifle, only the notes in this collection of songs have assumed so much of a gossiping character that I thought I might venture to show from what a slight cause an author's first idea may be generated and become amplified, without running the risk of being charged with overweening egotism.

W H I S K E Y.

JOSEPH O'LEARY. Air—“Bobbin Joan.”

The following lively metrical tribute to our “Mountain Dew” is from the pen of a gentleman, a native of Cork, where the song had its first popularity. Its merits must always secure its appearance in every collection of Irish song, where a Bacchanalian section has place.

WHISKEY, drink divine !
 Why should driv'lers bore us
 With the praise of wine,
 Whilst we've thee before us ?
 Were it not a shame,
 Whilst we gaily fling thee
 To our lips of flame,
 If we could not sing thee ?
 Whiskey, drink divine !
 Why should driv'lers bore us
 With the praise of wine,
 Whilst we've thee before us ?

Greek and Roman sung
 Chian and Falernian—
 Shall no harp be strung
 To thy oraise, Hibernian ?

Yes ; let Erin's sons—
 Gen'rous, brave, and frisky—
 Tell the world, at once,
 They owe it to their whiskey.
 Whiskey, &c.

If Anacreon—who
 Was the grape's best poet—
 Drank our *Mountain-dew*,
 How his verse would show it !
 As the best then known,
 He to wine was civil ;
 Had he *Inishowen*
 He'd pitch wine to the d—l.
 Whiskey, &c.

Bright as beauty's eye,
 When no sorrow veils it ;
 Sweet as beauty's sigh,
 When young love inhales it ;
 Come, then, to my lip—
 Come, thou rich in blisses—
 Every drop I sip
 Seems a shower of kisses.
 Whiskey, &c.

Could my feeble lays
 Half thy virtues number,
 A whole *grove* of bays
 Should my brows encumber.
 Be his name adored,
 Who summed up thy merits
 In one little word,
 When he called thee *spirits*.
 Whiskey, &c.

Send it gaily round—
 Life would be no pleasure,
 If we had not found
 This enchanting treasure :
 And, when tyrant death's
 Arrow shall transfix ye,
 Let your latest breaths
 Be whiskey ! whiskey ! whiskey !
 Whiskey, drink divine !
 Why should driv'lers bore us
 With the praise of wine,
 Whilst we've thee before us ?

KATTY MOONEY.

I COURTED Katty Mooney, dear,
 A girl so neat and cosy ;
 Her eyes they were so bright and clear,
 Her lips were ripe and rosy.
 I bought a pig to live with us,
 I got a stick to mind it ;
 'Twas a beauty too, but, like the rest,
 It carried its tail behind it.
 Och hubbaboo, och phillaloo,
 Wasn't I a spooney,
 Ochone, ochone, to grunt and groan,
 And all for Katty Mooney !

Och, we were glad when we made one,
 In love we made a dozen ;
 But very soon she brought to town
 Her thirty-second cousin :
 I made him eat, I made him drink ;
 With compliments he lined me,
 But the reason why I ne'er could think,
 Till he stayed one day behind me.
 Och hubbaboo, &c.

I don't know why that I went back
 I wisht I hadn't seen thim,
 For there they were giving smack for smack,
 And the pig was sitting between thim ;
 He ran away, och hubbaboo !
 May the devil catch and bind him,
 And my wife may go to the devil too,
 If they leave the pig behind thim.
 Och hubbaboo, &c.

This belongs to a class of songs alluded to in the Preface, professing to be Irish on the strength of a pig being introduced into the *dramatis personæ*. It is not racy of the soil : it was not written by an Irishman ; the word *spooney* is sufficient proof of that. But, nevertheless, there is something comical in the song ; and the idea of the pig sitting between the false pair, a sort of third party in the conspiracy, however absurd, is provocative of merriment. The music was composed by the late Mr. Blewitt—and a capital air it is. Mr. Blewitt was an Englishman, but having lived in Dublin some years, his quick ear caught up some of the peculiarities of the Irish lilt, which he has occasionally imitated with success.



HAD I THE TUN WHICH BACCHUS USED.

R. A. MILLIKEN.

Had I the tun which Bacchus used,
 I'd sit on it all day;
 For, while a can it ne'er refused,
 He nothing had to pay.

I'd turn the cock from morn to eve,
 Nor think it toil or trouble;
 But I'd contrive, you may believe,
 To make it carry double.

My friend should sit as well as I,
 And take a jovial pot;
 For he who drinks—although he's dry—
 Alone, is sure a sot.

But since the tun which Bacchus used
 We have not here—what then?
 Since god-like topping is refused
 Let's drink like honest men.

And let that churl old Bacchus, sit,
 Who envies him his wine?
 While mortal fellowship and wit
 Make whiskey more divine.

There is a happy antithetical point made in this song between the celestial beverage of the Pagan God and the humble tippler of earth, good fellowship and wit making whiskey more divine than the grape juice of the solitary Olympic toper. The tun *carrying double*, too, is a pleasant conceit, and gives one a notion of fellows determined to "go it."



WIDOW MACHREE.

From "Songs and Ballads," by SAMUEL LOVER.

WIDOW MACHREE, it's no wonder you frown,
 Och hone ! Widow Machrec ;
 Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.
 How altered your air,
 With that close cap you wear—
 'Tis destroying your hair,
 Which should be flowing free ;
 Be no longer a churl
 Of its black silken curl,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree ;
 When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum ?
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.
 See the birds go in pairs,
 And the rabbits and hares,—
 Why, even the bears
 Now in couples agree ;
 And the mute little fish,
 Though they can't spake, they wish.
 Och hone ! Widow Machrec.

Widow Machree and when winter comes in,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree ;
 To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.
 Sure the shovel and tongs
 To each other belongs,
 And the kittie sings songs
 Full of family glee ;
 Yet alone with your cup
 Like a hermit you sup.
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree ;
 But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld !
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.
 With such sins on your head,
 Sure your peace would be fled,
 Could you sleep in your bed,
 Without thinking to see
 Some ghost or some sprite,
 That would wake you each night,
 Crying, "Och hone ! Widow Machrec ?"

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree ;
 And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.
 You'd have me to desire
 Then to stir up the fire,
 And sure Hope is no liar
 In whispering to me
 That the ghosts would depart
 When you'd me near your heart,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.



BUMPER, SQUIRE JONES.

ARTHUR DAWSON, Baron of the Exchequer.

“Respecting the origin of Carolan’s fine air of ‘Bumper, Squire Jones,’ we have heard a different account from that given on O’Neill’s authority. It was told us by our lamented friend, the late Dean of St. Patrick’s, as the tradition preserved in his family, and was to the following effect:—Carolan, and Baron Dawson, the grand or great-grand uncle of the Dean, happened to be enjoying, together with others, the hospitalities of Squire Jones at Moneyglass, and slept in rooms adjacent to each other. The bard, being called upon by the company to compose a song or tune in honour of their host, undertook to comply with their request; and, on retiring to his apartment, took his harp with him, and under the inspiration of copious libations of his favourite liquor, not only produced the melody now known as ‘Bumper, Squire Jones,’ but also very indifferent English words to it. While the bard was thus employed, however, the Judge was not idle. Being possessed of a fine musical ear, as well as of considerable poetical talents, he not only fixed the melody on his memory, but actually wrote the noble song now incorporated with it before he retired to rest. The result may be anticipated. At breakfast on the following morning, when Carolan sung and played his composition, Baron Dawson, to the astonishment of all present, and of the bard in particular, stoutly denied the claim of Carolan to the melody, charged him with audacious piracy, both musical and poetical, and to prove the fact, sang the melody to his own words amidst the joyous shouts of approbation of all his hearers—the enraged bard excepted, who vented his execrations in curses on the Judge both loud and deep.”—*Dublin University Magazine* for January 1841.

I have seen, in a “History of the Jongleurs and Troubadours” (I think by Miss Brooke) a tale very similar to the above. In Bunting’s “General Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland” (Clementi, London) it is stated that the song was only *imitated* from the original Irish of Carolan by Baron Dawson, which I think not improbable. It is likely such a song could have been written over-night, particularly after such drinking bouts as they had in those days—and written, too, to a melody only just caught up through a partition? The translation—if translation it be—is evidently a free one, however; the allusion to “Salkeld and Ventris” is clearly a lawyer’s. But, whether original or imitated, the song is full of spirit, and the metre ingeniously adapted to a capriciously sportive melody.

YE good fellows all,
 Who love to be told where good claret's in store,
 Attend to the call
 Of one who's ne'er frightened,
 But greatly delighted,
 With six bottles more.
 Be sure you don't pass
 The good house Moneyglass,
 Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns ;
 'Twill well suit your humour,
 For pray what would you more
 Than mirth, with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones ?

YE lovers, who pine
 For lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,
 Who whimper and whine
 For lilies and roses,
 With eyes, lips, and noses,
 Or tip of an ear :
 Come hither, I'll show ye
 How Phillis and Chloe
 No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans ;
 For what mortal so stupid
 As not to quit Cupid,
 When called by good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones ?

YE poets, who write,
 And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's brook--
 Though all you get by't
 Is a dinner, oft-times,
 In reward of your rhymes--
 With Humphry the duke :
 Learn Bacchus to follow,
 And quit your Apollo,
 Forsake all the Muses, those senseless old crones.
 Our jingling of glasses
 Your rhyming surpasses,
 When crowned with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

YE soldiers so stout,
 With plenty of oaths, though no plenty of coin,
 Who make such a rout
 Of all your commanders
 Who served us in Flanders,
 And eke at the Boyne :
 Come leave off your rattling
 Of sieging and battling,
 And know you'd much better to sleep in whole bones ;
 Were you sent to Gibraltar,
 Your notes you'd soon alter,
 And wish for good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye clergy so wise—
Who myst'ries profound can demonstrate most clear,
How worthy to rise !

You preach once a week,
But your tithes never seek
Above once in a year :
Come here without failing,
And leave off your railing
'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones ;
Says the text so divine,
“ What is life without wine ? ”

Then away with the claret—a bumper, Squire Jones.

Ye lawyers so just,
Be the cause what it will, who so learnedly plead,
How worthy of trust !

You know black from white,
Yet prefer wrong to right
As you chance to be fee'd :
Leave musty reports,

And forsake the king's courts,
Where dulness and discord have set up their thrones ;
Burn Salkeld and Ventris,
With all your damn'd entries,
And away with the claret—a bumper, Squire Jones.

Ye physical tribe,
Whose knowledge consists in hard words and grimace

Whene'er you prescribe,
Have at your devotion
Pills, bolus, or potion,
Be what will the case :

Pray where is the need
To purge, blister, and bleed ?
When, ailing yourselves, the whole faculty owns
That the forms of old Galen
Are not so prevailing
As mirth, with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye foxhunters eke,
That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
Who your ladies forsake
Before they're awake,
To beat up the brake
Where the vermin is found :

Leave Piper and Blueman,
Shrill Duchess and Trueman—
No music is found in such dissonant tones :
Would you ravish your ears
With the songs of the spheres,
Hark away to the claret—a bumper, Squire Jones !

BARNEY BRALLAGHAN'S COURTSHIP.

'TWAS on a windy night,
 At two o'clock in the morning,
 An Irish lad so tight,
 All wind and weather scorning,
 At Judy Callaghan's door,
 Sitting upon the palings,
 His love-tale he did pour,
 And this was part of his wailings—
 Only say
 You'll have Mister Brallaghan,
 Don't say nay,
 Charming Judy Callaghan.

Oh, list to what I say,
 Charms you've got like Venus ;
 Own your love you may,
 There's only the wall between us ;
 You lie fast asleep,
 Snug in bed and snoring,
 Round the house I creep,
 Your hard heart imploring.
 Only, say, &c.

I've got nine pigs and a sow,
 I've got a sty to sleep 'em ;
 A calf and a brindled cow,
 And got a cabin to keep 'em ;
 Sunday hose and coat,
 An old grey mare to ride on,
 Saddle and bridle to boot,
 Which you may ride astride on.
 Only say, &c.

I've got an old Tom cat,
 Thro' one eye he's staring ;
 I've got a Sunday hat,
 Little the worse for wearing ;
 I've got some gooseberry wine—
 The trees had got no riper ;
 I've got a fiddle fine,
 Which only wants a piper.
 Only say, &c.

I've got an acre of ground,
 I've got it set with praties ;
 I've got of backey a pound,
 And got some tay for the ladies ;

I've got the ring to wed,
 Some whiskey to make us gaily,
 A mattress, feather bed,
 And handsome new shillelah.
 Only say, &c.

You've got a charming eye,
 You've got some spelling and reading ;
 You've got, and so have I,
 A taste for genteel breeding ;
 You're rich, and fair, and young,
 As everybody's knowing,
 You've got a dacent tongue,
 Whene'er 'tis set a going.
 Only say, &c.

For a wife till death
 I am willing to take ye—
 But, och, I waste my breath,
 The devil himself can't wake ye !
 'Tis just beginning to rain,
 So I'll get under cover ;
 I'll come to-morrow again,
 And be your constant lover.
 Only say, &c.

This song was thought worthy, by the illustrious "Father Prout" (no bad judge—indeed, he's as good as a judge and jury in such matters), of being honoured by his polyglot pen with a Latin version. I believe he did the same honour to my "Molly Carew."



O, THE DAYS WHEN I WAS YOUNG !

SHERIDAN. From the "Duenna."

O, the days when I was young !
 When I laughed in fortune's spite,
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 And with nectar crown'd the night :
 Then it was, old father Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown ;
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.

Truth, they say, lies in a well ;
 Why, I vow I ne'er could see,
 Let the water-drinkers tell—
 There it always lay for me !
 For when sparkling wine went round
 Never saw I falsehood's mask :
 But still honest Truth I found
 In the bottom of each flask.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay :
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey ;
 Yet old Jerome, thou may'st boast
 While thy spirits do not tire,
 Still beneath thy age's frost
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.

THE BIRTH OF SAINT PATRICK.

SAMUEL LOVER. From "Songs and Ballads."

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
 That Saint Patrick at midnight he first saw the day ;
 While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
 And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn ;
 For mistakes *will* occur in a hurry, and shock,
 And some blamed the babby—and some blamed the clock—
 Till with all their cross questions sure no one could know
 If the child was too fast—or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction fight in owld Ireland, they say,
 Was all on account of Saint Patrick's birthday,
 Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more would die,
 And who wouldn't see right, sure they blacken'd his eye !
 At last, both the factions so positive grew
 That *each* kept a birthday—so Pat then had *two*,
 Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,
 Said "No one could have two birthdays but a *twins*."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fighting for eight or for nine,
 Don't be always dividing—but sometimes combine ;*
 Combine eight with nine, and seventeen[†] is the mark,
 So let that be his birthday."—"Amen," says the clerk.
 "If he wasn't a *twins*, sure our hist'ry will show—
 That, at least, he's worth any two saints that we know !"
 Then they all got blind drunk—which completed their bliss,
 And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

* This is a very homely way of saying what Moore has more elaborately turned into polished verse :—

" 'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate
 Your web of discord wove,
 And while your tyrants join'd, in hate,
 You never joined in love."

† The 17th of March is St. Patrick's Day.



WIDOW MALONE.

CHARLES LEVER.

The name of Charles Lever holds a very distinguished place in the lively literature of the present day, and of popularity he has obtained a large share. This is not to be wondered at, when we consider how joyously he dashes into his scenes of fun, and, by felicitous description, imparts his joy to others. And, though merriment is the staple of his writings, his works have an occasional tone of romance not a little fascinating. He describes some scenes of darker interest with no small power; while his pathetic influence is sufficient to enlist our sympathies. Whoever read "St. Patrick's Eve" without feeling hazy about the eyes, has stronger nerves than mine. Some captious critics have attempted to decry Charles Lever, and, among other things, have accused him of sameness;—to be sure, an eternal round of pleasantry is offensive to some stupid people: the sour Athenians hated Aristides for being *always* called just. Let such critics have a basket of oyster-shells, by all means—the oysters I would share with pleasanter fellows. Charles Lever has enriched some of his stories with admirable comic songs, many of which will be found in this collection.

Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more,
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store ;

From the minister down
To the clerk of the crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone !
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
'Twas known,
That no one could see her alone,
Ohone !

Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone.
Ohone !
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Mister O'Brien, from Clare,—
How quare !
It's little for blushing they care
Down there,

Put his arm round her waist—
Gave ten kisses at laste—

“ Oh,” says he, “ you're my Molly Malone,
My own !
Oh,” says he, “ you're my Molly Malone.”

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye !
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,
For why ?

But “ Lucius,” says she,
“ Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone !
You may marry your Mary Malone.”

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong,
And one comfort, it's not very long,
But strong,—

If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss not to sigh,
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone !
Oh, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone.

GARRYOWEN.

Garryowen—in English, “Owen’s garden”—is a suburb of Limerick. Next to “Patrick’s Day,” Garryowen is the favourite national air of Ireland. It is full of spirit, and, from making a capital quick march, it has been pretty well heard all over the world from the military bands of Ireland. As for the song, it appears here, not from any literary merit, but merely as a curious string of rhymes, that have long been favourite with the populace, without which a volume called, emphatically, “The Book of Irish Songs,” could not properly appear.

LET Bacchus’s sons be not dismayed,
But join with me each jovial blade ;
Come booze and sing, and lend your aid

To help me with the chorus :—

Instead of spa* we’ll drink brown ale
And pay the reckoning on the nail ; †
No man for debt shall go to gaol
From Garryowen in glory !

We are the boys that take delight in
Smashing the Limerick lamps when lighting, ‡
Through the streets like sporters fighting,
And tearing all before us.

Instead, &c.

We’ll break windows, we’ll break doors,
The watch knock down by threes and fours ;
Then let the doctors work their cures,
And tinker up our bruises.

Instead, &c.

We’ll beat the bailiffs, out of fun,
We’ll make the mayor and sheriffs run :
We are the boys no man dares dun,
If he regards a whole skin.

Instead, &c.

Our hearts, so stout, have got us fame,
For soon ‘tis known from whence we came ;
Where’er we go they dread the name
Of Garryowen in glory.

Instead, &c.

* The spa of Castle Connell, about six miles from Limerick, was in high repute at the period when this song was written.

† “Circular tablets of metal in the Exchange, so called, and where it was customary to pay down the earnest money.”—Sir Charles O’Donnell. “Paying the reckoning on the nail” was a cant phrase for knocking a man on the head—‘nail him,’ being equivalent to ‘knock him down.’”—*Crofton Croker*.

‡ “Lamps were first put up in the streets of Limerick at the sole expense of Alderman Thomas Rose, in 1693.”—*Ferrar’s Limerick*.

Johnny Connell's tall and straight,
 And in his limbs he is complete ;
 He'll pitch a bar of any weight,
 From Garryowen to Thomond Gate.*
 Instead, &c.

Garryowen is gone to wrack
 Since Johnny Connell went to Cork,
 Though Darby O'Brien leapt over the dock
 In spite of all the soldiers.
 Instead, &c.

—♦—
 B A N I S H S O R R O W.

Right Hon. GEORGE OGLE.

BANISH sorrow, grief's a folly,
 Thought unbend thy wrinkled brow ;
 Hence dull care and melancholy,
 Mirth and wine invite us now.
 Bacchus empties all his treasure ;
 Comus gives us mirth and song ;
 Follow, follow, follow pleasure—
 Let us join the jovial throng.

Youth soon flies, 'tis but a season ;
 Time is ever on the wing ;
 Let's the present moment seize on ;
 Who knows what the next may bring ?
 All our days by mirth we measure ;
 Other wisdom we despise ;
 Follow, follow, follow pleasure—
 To be happy's to be wise.

* That is from one side of Limerick to the other. In Fitzgerald and MacGregor's "History of Limerick," when noticing the customs and amusements of the lower orders, it is stated that the tradesmen formerly marched in grotesque procession on Midsummer's-day, and that "the day generally ended in a terrible fight between the Garryowen and Thomond Gate boys—the tradesmen of the north and south suburbs."

Indeed, Limerick must have been, of old, a very disorderly place, for the fact is alluded to by two of our most distinguished Irish novelists, Griffin and Banion; the former opening his celebrated story of "The Collegians" with a riotous night-scene there. An amusing passage occurs in some lengthy and quaint depositions made by a gentleman disturbed at night in Limerick, in 1710. After enumerating various causes of complaint, the deponent continues, "I and my family were again disturbed by several persons who passed by my house and made a strange unusual noise, by singing with feigned voices, and by beating with keys and tongs (as it appears on oath) on frying-pans, brass candlesticks, and such like instruments."

Why should therefore care perplex us ?
 Why should we not merry be ?
 While we're here, there's nought to vex us,
 Drinking sets from cares all free ;
 Let's have drinking without measure ;
 Let's have mirth, while time we have ;
 Follow, follow, follow pleasure—
 There's no drinking in the grave.

—♦—
 'TIS A BIT OF A THING THAT A BODY MAY SING.

Air, "The Bunch of Green Rushes."

Och, is that what you mean, now—a bit of a song ?
 Faith, I'll not keep you waiting, or bother you long ;
 I don't need no teasing, no pressing, nor stuff,
 By my soul, if you're ready, I'm willing enough ;
 But to give you an end, I must make a beginning,
 In troth, tho' the music is not mighty fine,

"Tis a bit of a thing
 That a body may sing,
 Just to set you agoing, and season the wine.

I once was a lover, like some of you here,
 And could feed a whole day on a sigh or a tear ;
 No sunshine I knew but in Katty's black eye,
 And the world was a desert when she was not by :
 But, the devil knows how, I grew fond of Miss Betsy,
 Which placed in my heart quite another design—

"Tis a bit of a thing
 That a body may sing,
 Just to set you agoing, and season the wine.

Then Lucy came next, with a languishing eye,
 Like the azures of heaven we see in the sky ;
 The beauties of Betsy she threw in the shade,
 And I vowed that for ever I'd love the dear maid ;
 But the beautiful Fanny one day came before me,
 Which placed in my heart quite another design—

"Tis a bit of a thing
 That a body may sing,
 Just to set you agoing, and season the wine.

Now Fanny was stately, majestic, and tall,
 In shape and in size what a goddess you'd call,
 I vowed if she cruelly slighted my hope,
 I'd give up the world, and die by a rope ;

But, before I did that, sure I saw her fat sister,
Which placed in my heart quite another design :

'Twas a bit of a thing
That a body might sing,
Just to set you agoing, and season the wine.

'Tis thus I go on, ever constant and blest,
For I find I've a great store of love in my breast,
And it never grows cool, for whenever I try
To get one in my heart—I get two in my eye ;
Thus to all kinds of beauties I pay my devotions,
And all sorts of liquors by turns I make mine ;

So I'll finish the thing,
Now you see that I sing,
With a bumper to woman, to season our wine.

This was a favourite song of the celebrated Irish comedian familiarly known by the name of Jack Johnson, alluded to somewhere else in this volume. Though in the first verse the music is said to be "not mighty fine," the air is really a very sweet and characteristic Irish melody, to which Moore has written : and in the last edition of his works he gives an example of that care he bestowed in polishing his compositions up to the very last, a care he so much admired in others, and for which he so often praises Sheridan. In the first edition of the Melodies the song begins thus :—

"This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep,
Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep."

In the last general edition of his works we find this variation :—

"Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows."

However, in this instance I think he sacrifices clearness to elegance ; but in the last four lines of the first verse he is more successful : these are the lines as originally published :—

"But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise ;
Be ours the light grief that is sister to joy,
And the short brilliant folly that flashes and dies !"

Here is the variation :—

"Be ours the light sorrow, half-sister to joy,
And the light brilliant folly that flashes and dies !"

The half-sister is very happy, and the line altogether improved as far as elegance of composition is concerned ; but the truth is, Moore wrote the verses first for *singing*, and for that purpose they are better in their original form ; he made the variations for *reading*, and for that purpose they are improved : so fine was his ear, so fastidious his taste. In the second verse the original stands—

"When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Thro' fields full of sunshine, with heart full of play."

The variation is very superior—

"Thro' fields full of light, and with heart full of play."

There are some more of these touches of finish, *ad unguem* ; but I must not trespass further, however tempted by admiration. The more I think of the perfection of his songs, the more I regret there are so few of them in this volume.

THE POPE HE LEADS A HAPPY LIFE.

CHARLES LEVER. From the German.

THE Pope he leads a happy life,
 He knows no cares nor marriage strife ;
 He drinks the best of Rhenish wine—
 I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

But yet not happy is his life—
 He loves no maid or wedded wife,
 Nor child hath he to cheer his hope—
 I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,
 He leads a life of jollity,
 Has wives as many as he will—
 I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

But yet he's not a happy man—
 He must obey the Alcoran :
 And dares not taste one drop of wine—
 I would not that his lot were mine.

So, here I take my lowly stand,
 I'll drink my own, my native land ;
 I'll kiss my maiden's lips divine,
 And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

And when my maiden kisses me
 I'll fancy I the Sultan be ;
 And when my cheering glass I tope
 I'll fancy then I am the Pope.

Whether the above is a close or a free translation, I know not ; but I do know it was originally written for, and sung at, the festive meetings of the "Burschen Club" of Dublin, by the author ; and I cannot name that club without many a reminiscence of bright evenings, and of bright friends that made them such. Brightest among them all was my early and valued friend Charles Lever—by title "King" of the Burschenschaft, while my humbler self was honoured with the title of their "Minstrel," they having recognised in me some qualities which the world was afterwards good enough to acknowledge. Many, indeed most of the men of that club, have since become distinguished. And what songs were written for occasions by all of them ! What admirable fooling of the highest class was there ! In the words of Hamlet, we fooled each other to the top of our bent ; but over all the wildest mirth there was a presiding good taste I never once saw violated. A distinguished old barrister, who had known much of the former bright days of Dublin, was our guest on one occasion, and he said that he never

had witnessed anything like our festive board, since the famous "Monks of the Screw." Oh ! merry times of the Burschenschaft, how often I recall you :—and yet there is sometimes a dash of sadness in the recollection. Too truly says the song—

" The walks where we've roam'd without tiring,
 The songs that together we've sung,
 The jest, to those merry inspiring
 Our mingling of laughter hath rung ;
 O, trifles like these become precious,
 Embalm'd in the mem'ry of years,
 The smiles of the past, so remember'd—
 How often they waken our tears."



THE NIGHTCAP.

This mock-heroic is supposed to have been written by a scholar of Trinity College, Dublin ; and its classical allusions bear out such a supposition, while the "many-caped box-coat" indicates the period of its composition to be in the "four-in-hand" days of thirty or forty years ago. The idea is well carried out, and the imagery ingeniously sustained. I have an idea the author was a schoolfellow of mine.

JOLLY Phœbus his car to the coach-house had driven,
 And unharnessed his high-mettled horses of light ;
 He gave them a feed from the manger of heaven,*
 And rubbed them, and littered them down for the night.

Then off to the kitchen he leisurely strode,
 Where Thetis, the housemaid, was sipping her tea ;
 He swore he was tired with that rough up-hill road,
 He'd have none of her slops nor hot water, not he.

So she took from the corner a little cruiskeen
 Well filled with the nectar Apollo loves best—
 From the neat Bog of Allen, some pretty poteen—
 And he tipped his quantum and staggered to rest.

His many-caped box-coat around him he threw,
 For his bed, faith, 'twas dampish, and none of the best ;
 All above him the clouds their bright fringed curtains drew,
 And the tuft of his nightcap lay red in the west.

* "Giving a feed" reminds me of an admirable *jeu d'esprit* of Hood's in the form of an ode to railway companies (then recently established) by an ex-hostler of a coaching establishment broken up. The hostler, looking upon the locomotive (the iron-horse) with spite exclaims—

" May thieving hostlers steal their coals, and give
 Their blackguard hanimals a feed o' slates ! "

I'M A RANTING, ROVING BLADE.

The Guide's song. From the Drama of "The White Horse of the Peppers."

SAMUEL LOVER.

Whoo ! I'm a ranting, roving blade,
Of never a thing was I ever afraid ;
I'm a gentleman born, and I scorn a thrade,
And I'd be a rich man if my debts was paid.

But my debts is worth something ; this truth they instil,—
That pride makes us fall all against our will ;
For 'twas pride that broke me—I was happy until
I was ruined all out by my tailor's bill.*

I'm the finest guide you ever did see,
I know every place of curiosity
From Thig-á-na Vauragh to Donaghadee ;
And if you're for sport come along wid me.

I'll lade you sporting round about—
We've wild ducks and widgeon, and snipe, and throut ;
And I know where they are and what they're about,
And if they're not at home, then I'm sure they're out.

The miles in this counthry much longer be—
But that is a saving of time d'you see,
For two of our miles is aqual to three,
Which shortens the road in a great degree.

And the roads in this place is so plenty, we say
That you've nothing to do but to find your way ;
If you're hurry's not great, and you've time to delay,
You can go the short cut that's the longest way.

And I'll show you heaps of good drinkin' too,
For I know the place where the whiskey grew ;
A bottle is good when it's not too new,
And I'm fond of one, but I'd die for two.

Thruth is scarce when liars is near, .
But squeeling is plenty when pigs you shear,
And mutton is high when cows is dear,
And rint it is scarce four times a-year.

* This is a joke that tells to *the eye* in the drama where Gerald Pepper, in his disguise, appears in rags. Without this explanation the line is as little satisfactory as any other tailor's bill.

Such a country for growing you ne'er did behowld,
 We grow rich when we'er poor, we grow hot when we're cowld ;
 And the girls they know bashfulness makes us grow bowld ;
 We grow young when we like, but we never grow owld.

And the sivin small sinses grows natural here,
 For praties has eyes, and can see quite clear ;
 And the kittles is singing with scalding tears,
 And the corn-fields is listening with all their ears.

But along with sivin sinses we have one more—
 Of which I forgot for to tell you before—
 'Tis nonsense, spontaneously gracing our shore,
 And I'll tell you the rest when I think of more.



THE SONG OF THE GLASS.

JOHN F. WALLER, LL.D.

The lyric literature of Ireland is indebted to Mr. Waller for some most admirable examples ; and in whatever mode he chooses to indulge, he displays a rare power of execution. His songs illustrative of Irish custom, character, and feeling, are truly "racy of the soil," while his amatory and convivial effusions abound with happy graces and brilliant fancies. The songs of "Dance light, for my heart it is under your feet, love," and "Leave us a lock of your hair,"* uphold his fame in the former particular ; while the admirable lyric that follows affords brilliant proof of his power in the latter. Most ingeniously and gracefully has the poet wrought out a singularly happy thought.

COME, push round the flagon; each brother,
 But fill bumper-high ere it pass ;
 And while you hob-knob one another,
 I'll sing you "The Song of the Glass."

Once Genius, and Beauty, and Pleasure
 Sought the goddess of Art in her shrine,
 And prayed her to fashion a treasure,
 The brightest her skill could combine.
 Said the goddess well pleased at the notion,
 "Most gladly I'll work your behest ;
 From the margin of yonder blue ocean,
 Let each bring the gift that seems best."
Chorus—Then push round the flagon, &c.

Beauty fetched from her own ocean-water
 The sea-wraik that lay on the strand,
 And Pleasure the golden sands brought her
 That he stole from Time's tremulous hand.

* These songs will be found elsewhere in this volume.

But Genius went pondering and chusing
 Where gay shells and sea-flowers shine,
 Grasped a sun-lighted wave in his musing,
 And found his hand sparkling with brine.
 Then push round the flagon, &c.

“ ‘Tis well,” said the goddess, as, smiling,
 Each offering she curiously scanned,
 Oh her altar mysteriously piling
 The brine, and the wraik, and the sand ;
 Mixing up, with strange spells as she used them,
 Salt, soda, and flint in a mass ;
 With the flame of the lightning she fused them,
 And the marvellous compound was—GLASS !
 Then push round the flagon, &c.

Beauty glanced at the crystal, half frightened,
 For stirring with life it was seen,
 Till, gazing, she blushed all delighted,
 As she saw her own image within.
 “ Henceforth,” she exclaimed, “ be thou ever
 The mirror to Beauty most dear ;
 Not from steel, or from silver, or river,
 Is the reflex so lustrous or clear.”
 Then push round the flagon, &c.

But Genius the while rent asunder
 A fragment and raising it high,
 Looked through it, beholding with wonder
 New stars over-clustering the sky.
 With rapture he cried, “ Now is given
 To Genius the power divine
 To draw down the planets from heaven,
 Or roam through the stars where they shine.”
 Then push round the flagon, &c.

The rest fell to earth—Pleasure caught it—
 Plunged his bowl, ere it cooled, in the mass ;
 To the form of the wine-cup he wrought it,
 And cried, “ *Here's the true use of Glass !* ”
 Then leave, boys, the mirror to woman—
 Through the lens let astronomers blink—
 There's no glass half so dear to a true man
 As the wine-glass when filled to the brink.
 Then push round the flask, each good fellow,
 Let's capture old Time ere he pass ;
 We'll steal all his sands while he's mellow,
 And fill with the grape juice his glass.

IT'S LITTLE FOR GLORY I CARE.

CHARLES LEVER. Air—“The Grinder.”

It's little for glory I care ;
 Sure ambition is only a fable ;
 I'd as soon be myself as Lord Mayor,
 With lashins of drink on the table.
 I like to lie down in the sun,
 And drame when my faytures is scorchin',
 That when I'm too ould for more fun,
 Why, I'll marry a wife with a fortune.
 And in winter, with bacon and eggs,
 And a place at the turf fire basking,
 Sip my punch as I roasted my legs,
 Oh ! the devil a more I'd be asking.
 For I haven't a jaynus for work—
 It was never the gift of the Bradies,—
 But I'd make a most illigant Turk,
 For I'm fond of tobacco and ladies.

—
CRUISKIN LAWN.*

LET the farmer praise his grounds,
 Let the huntsman praise his hounds,
 The shepherd his dew-scented lawn ;
 But I, more bless'd than they,
 Spend each happy night and day
 With my charming little *cruiskin lawn*.
Gra-ma-chree ma cruiskin,
Slainte geal ma vourneen,
Gra-ma-chree a coolin bawn,
Gra-ma-chree ma cruiskin,
Slainte geal ma vourneen,
Gra-ma-chree a coolin, bawn, bawn, bawn,
Gra-ma-chree a coolin bawn.

* Little jug. The chorus, without which this song would be as short of its honours as a Highland chieftain without “his tail on” (*vide Waverley*), is given, in deference to the integrity of the original, in Irish. The spelling is not quite correct, but as nearly so as the representation of the sound of the Irish will permit. I am not a Celtic scholar, but it would be easy to give the real spelling of the words, and in the Irish alphabetical character, too, if it had been thought requisite. The meaning of the chorus, in English, is something like the following—

“ My heart's love is my little jug,
 Bright health to my darling !
 My heart's love, her fair looks,” &c.

Immortal and divine,
 Great Bacchus, god of wine,*
 Create me by adoption your son,
 In hope that you'll comply
 That my glass shall ne'er run dry,
 Nor my smiling little *cruiskin lawn*.
 Gra-ma-chree, &c.

And when grim Death appears,
 In a few but pleasant years,
 To tell me that my glass has run ;
 I'll say begone, you knave,
 For bold Bacchus gave me leave
 To take another *cruiskin lawn*.
 Gra-ma-chree, &c.

Then fill your glasses high,
 Let's not part with lips adry,
 Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn ;
 And since we can't remain,
 May we shortly meet again,
 To fill another *cruiskin lawn*.
 Gra-ma-chree, &c.



L A R R Y M ' H A L E.

CHARLES LEVER.

OH ! Larry M'Hale he had little to fear,
 And never could want when the crops didn't fail ;
 He'd a house and demesne and eight hundred a-year,
 And the heart for to spend it, had Larry M'Hale !
 The soul of a party—the life of a feast,
 And an illigant song he could sing, I'll be bail ;
 He would ride with the rector, and drink with the priest,
 Oh ! the broth of a boy was old Larry M'Hale.
 It's little he cared for the judge or recorder,†
 His house was as big and as strong as a jail ;
 With a cruel four-pounder, he kept all in great order,
 He'd murder the country, would Larry M'Hale.

* Here we have one of the numerous instances of the love of the heathen mythology on the part of the Irish. I remember a street ballad, in which the poet insinuates that *whiskey* was the draught divine, by the phrase—

“ Bacchus's still.”

Burns, by the way, adopts his native phraseology, when he calls the Castalian fount—
 “ Castalia's *burn*, and a' that.”

† I forget the name of the quaint old chronicler who, speaking of the unsettled state

He'd a blunderbuss, too, of horse-pistols a pair ;
 But his favourite weapon was always a flail :
 I wish you could see how he'd empty a fair,
 For he handled it nately, did Larry M'Hale.

His ancésters was kings before Moses was born ;
 His mother descended from great Grana Uaile ;
 He laughed all the Blakes and the Frenches to scorn ;
 They were mushrooms compared to old Larry M'Hale.

He sat down every day to a beautiful dinner,
 With cousins and uncles enough for a tail ;
 And, though loaded with debt, oh ! the devil a thinner
 Could law or the sheriff make Larry M'Hale.

With a larder supplied, and a cellar well-stored,
 None lived half so well from Fair-Head to Kinsale,
 And he piously said, "I've a plentiful board,
 And the Lord he is good to old Larry M'Hale."

So fill up your glass, and a high bumper give him,
 It's little we'd care for the tithes or repale ;
 For ould Erin would be a fine country to live in,
 If we only had plenty, like Larry M'Hale.

of Ireland, writes, "They say the King's writ runneth not here, but to that I say nay : the King's writ doth runne—but it runneth awaye."

Once upon a time it was nearly as much as a bailiff's life was worth to cross the Shannon westward with a writ. If he escaped with his life, he was sure to get rough treatment anyhow. One fine morning, for example, a bailiff returned to the solicitor who had sent him into Galway with the king's parchment, and his aspect declared discomfiture : he looked singularly bilious, moreover. "I see," said the attorney, "you did not serve it."

"No, faith."

"Then you will return it with an affidavit that—"

"I can't return it," said the bailiff.

"Why not ?"

"They catch me and made me ate it."

"Is it eat the parchment ?"

"Every scrap of it."

"And what did you do with the seal ?"

"They made me eat that too, the villains !"

Let it not be imagined, however, that we had all the fun to ourselves in Ireland, or that we can even claim originality in our boluses for bailiffs ; for it is recorded that a certain "Roger, Lord Clifford, who died 1327, was so obstinate and careless of the king's displeasure, as that he caused a pursuivant that served a writ upon him in the Baron's chamber, there to eat and swallow down part of the wax that the said writ was sealed with, as it were in contempt of the said king."—*Memoir of the Countess of Pembroke, MS.*

MARY DRAPER.

CHARLES LEVER.

Don't talk to me of London dames,
Nor rave about your foreign flames,
That never lived—except in drames,

Nor shone, except on paper ;
I'll sing you 'bout a girl I knew,
Who lived in Ballywhackmacrew,
And, let me tell you, mighty few
Could equal Mary Draper.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue,
Her hair was brown of deepest hue,
Her foot was small, and neat to view,

Her waist was slight and taper ;
Her voice was music to your ear,
A lovely brogue, so rich and clear,
Oh, the like I ne'er again shall hear
As from sweet Mary Draper.

She'd ride a wall, she'd drive a team,
Or with a fly she'd whip a stream,
Or may be sing you "Rousseau's dream,"

For nothing could escape her ;
I've seen her, too—upon my word—
At sixty yards bring down her bird—
Oh ! she charmed all the Forty-third !
Did lovely Mary Draper.

And, at the spring assizes ball,
The junior bar would, one and all,
For all her fav'rite dances call,

And Harry Deane* would caper ;
Lord Clare† would then forget his lorc ;
King's counsel voting law a bore,
Were proud to figure on the floor
For love of Mary Draper.

* Harry Deane Grady, a distinguished lawyer on the Western Circuit.

† Lord Chancellor of Ireland, celebrated for his hatred of Curran. He carried this feeling to the unjust and undignified length of always treating him with disrespect in Court, to the great injury of Curran's practice. On one occasion, when that eminent man was addressing him, Lord Clare turned to a pet dog beside him on the bench, and gave all the attention to his canine favourite which he should have bestowed on the counsel. Curran suddenly stopped. Lord Clare, observing this, said, "You may go on, Mr. Curran—I'm listening to you." "I beg pardon for my mistake, my Lord," replied Curran. "I stopped, my Lord, because I thought your Lordships were consulting."

The parson, priest, sub-sheriff too,
 Were all her slaves, and so would you,
 If you had only but one view
 Of such a face or shape, or
 Her pretty ankles—but, alone.
 It's only west of old Athlone
 Such girls were found—and now they're gone—
 So, here's to Mary Draper !

PHELIM O'NEILE.

CAROLAN.

Translated by THOMAS FURLONG.

At length thy bard is steering,
 To find thy gay hearth again ;
 Thy hand, thy voice so cheering,
 Still soothes him in grief or pain :
 Thy sires have shone in story,
 Their fame with friendly pride we hail ;
 But a milder, gentler, glory
 Is thine, my lov'd O'Neile !

Still cheerful have I found thee,
 All changless in word or tone ;
 Still free when friends were round thee,
 And free with thy bard alone ;
 Fill up the bowls—be drinking—
 'Tis cheering still, in woe or weal ;
 Come pledge with lips unshrinking,
 The dear the lov'd O'Neile !

Of blameless joy the centre,
 Thy home thro' each night hath been,
 There might the wanderer enter,
 And there the blind bard was seen ;
 There wit and sport came blended
 In careless song or merry tale ;
 But let thy praise be ended—
 Who loves not my lov'd O'Neile ?

"Time has not handed down any particulars of Phelim O'Neile, here commemorated, except that he was descended from that powerful family which so long ruled Ireland with sovereign sway. The violent commotions of the seventeenth century struck to the topmost branch of this great Milesian tree."—*Hardiman's Minstrelsy*.

PADDY THE PIPER.

WHEN I was a boy in my father's mud edifice,
 Tender and bare as a pig in a sty,
 Out of the door as I look'd with a steady phiz,
 Who but Pat Murphy, the piper, came by !
 Says Paddy " But few play
 This music—can you play ? "
 Says I, " I can't tell, for I never did try."
 He told me that he had a charm
 To make the pipes prettily speak ;
 So he squeez'd a bag under his arm,
 And sweetly they set up a squeak.
 With my farala, larala-la ;
 Oh hone, how he handled the drone,
 And then such sweet music he blew—
 'Twould have melted the heart of a stone.

" Your pipe," says I, " Paddy, so neatly comes over me,
 Naked I'll wander wherever it blows
 And if that my father should try to discover me,
 Sure it won't be by describing my clothes !
 For the music I hear now,
 Takes hold of my ear now,
 And leads me all over the world by the nose."
 So I followed the bagpipes so sweet,
 And sung as I leap'd like a frog,
 " Adieu to my family seat,
 So pleasantly plac'd in a bog."
 With my, &c.

Full five years I followed him, nothing could sunder us,
 Till he one morning had taken a sup,
 And slipp'd from a bridge in a river, right under us,
 Souse to the bottom, just like a blind pup :
 I roar'd and I bawl'd out
 And lustily called out,
 " Oh, Paddy, my jew'l ! don't you mean to come up ? "
 He was dead as a nail in a door.
 Poor Paddy was laid on a shelf,
 So I took up his pipes on the shore,
 And now I've set up for myself.
 With my farala, larala-la ;
 Och, may be I haven't the knack
 To play farala, larala-la,
 Aye, and bubberoo, dideroo, whack.

This was a popular song some half-century ago, and I have heard that it was a favourite one among those of the once-celebrated " Jack Johnson," or, as he was often called, " Irish Johnson."



THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

SAMUEL LOVER. From "Songs and Ballads."

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay ;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of Spring,
No flow'r was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-backed car—
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his owld poll
And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes, demands his tithes
Of death—in warlike cars ;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down, in the market town,
As right and left they fly—

While she sits in her low-backed car,
 Than battle more dangerous far—
 For the doctor's art
 Cannot cure the heart
 That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,
 Has strings of ducks and geese,
 But the scores of hearts she slaughterers
 By far out-number these ;
 While she among her poultry sits,
 Just like a turtle dove,
 Well worth the cage, I do engage,
 Of the blooming god of love !
 While she sits in her low-backed car,
 The lovers come near and far,
 And envy the chicken
 That Peggy is pickin',
 As she sits in the low-backed car.

O, I'd rather own that car, sir,
 With Peggy by my side,
 Than a coach-and-four and goold galore,*
 And a lady for my bride ;
 For the lady would sit foreninst† me,
 On a cushion made with taste,
 While Peggy would sit beside me
 With my arm around her waist—
 While we drove in the low-backed car,
 To be married by Father Maher,‡
 Oh, my heart would beat high
 At her glance and her sigh—
 Though it beat in a low-backed car.



THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

EDWARD LYSAGHT.

OH ! love is the soul of a neat Irishman,
 He loves all that is lovely, loves all that he can,
 With his sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green !

* In plenty.

† Before.

‡ In defence of my rhyme, I must tell English readers that this name is pronounced as if written, Mar.

His heart is good-humoured, 'tis honest and sound,
 No envy or malice is there to be found ;
 He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
 For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
 With his sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green !

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair ?
 An Irishman, all in his glory, is there,
 With his sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green !
 His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,
 A neat Barcelona tied round his white neck ;
 He goes to a tent, and he spends half-a-crown,
 He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down,
 With his sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green !

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
 His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with blows,
 From a sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green !
 He meets with his Sheelah, who frowning a smile,
 Cries, "Get ye gone, Pat," yet consents all the while.
 To the priest soon they go, and nine months after that,
 A baby cries out "How d'y'e do, father Pat,
 With your sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green ?"

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
 Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
 Where grow the Shillelah and shamrock so green !
 May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
 Drub the foes who dare plant on our confines a cannon ;
 United and happy, at Loyalty's shrine,
 May the Rose and the Thistle long flourish and twine
 Round the sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green !

This song was once very popular ; and Sir Jonah Barrington, in his amusing "Personal Sketches of His Own Times," thinks it worthy of this especial notice :—"It is admirably and truly descriptive of the low Irish character, and never was that class so well depicted in so few words." This praise the song certainly does not deserve. It is based rather on the conventional Irish songs of the time, than drawn from life—but, as having enjoyed a certain reputation, within the memory of the living, it must appear in a national collection of this present time. But there are many in this volume more comic, more witty, and more Irish in every respect ; and it is pleasing to find that the true comic character of the Irish people has been, since Lysaght's time, much better given, and much better received. As Mr. Lysaght elsewhere gets full credit for his merits, there is the less hesitation in saying, here, that this song is not worthy of his reputation.



THE HERO OF BALLINACRAZY.

WHEN I lived in sweet Ballinacrazy, dear,
 The girls were all bright as a daisy, dear ;
 When I gave them a smack, they whispered, good luck !
 And cried, Paddy, now can't you be aisy, dear.

First I married Miss Dolly O'Daisy, dear,
 She had two swivel eyes, wore a jazey, dear ;
 Then to fat Miss Malone, weighing seventeen stone ;
 Then to lanthorn-jaw'd skinny O'Crazy, dear.

Then I married Miss Dorothy Taisy, dear,
 A toast once in Ballinacrazy, dear ;
 Her left leg was good, but its fellow was wood,
 And she hopped like a duck round a daisy, dear.

Then I married her sister, Miss Taisy, dear,
 But she turned out so idle and lazy, dear ;
 That I took from the peg my deceased lady's leg,
 For to leather the live one when lazy, dear.

Then I picked up rich old Mother Hazy, dear,
 She'd a cough, and employ'd Dr. Blazy, dear,
 But some drops that he gave dropp'd her into her grave,
 And her cash very soon made me aisy, dear.

Then says I to old Father O'Mazy, dear,
 "Don't my weddings and funerals plase ye, dear ?"
 "Oh !" says he, "you blackguard, betwixt church and church-yard,
 Sure, you never will let me be aisy, dear."

Oh, ladies, I live but to plase ye, dear,
 I'm the hero of Ballinacrazy, dear ;
 I'll marry you all, lean, fat, short, and tall,
 One after the other to plase ye, dear.

The name of the author of this lively lyric is unknown to fame. What a capacity for matrimony he invests his hero with ! Such a fellow must have died of enlargement of the heart. Moore, in one of his early lyrics, says—

“ I'm going to toast ev'ry nymph of my soul to you.
 And, on my soul, I'm in love with them all ! ”

But the Ballinacrazy lad goes far beyond—he marries them all. Colman, in “Bluebeard,” makes Ibrahim say, “Praise be to the wholesome law of Mahomet, which stinted a Turk to four at a time;” Ballinacrazy outdoes Constantinople and the Grand Signior. This fellow was not on the best terms with his wives either; matri-

mony, with him, seems to have been a sort of domestic "war of succession." He appears somewhat in the predicament of that man brought up before the magistrate on a charge of polygamy, who, when asked by his worship what could have induced him to marry so many women, replied that "he was looking for a good one, and *didn't find her after all.*"

THE MAN FOR GALWAY.

CHARLES LEVER.

To drink a toast,
 A proctor roast,
 Or bailiff, as the case is ;
 To kiss your wife,
 Or take your life
 At ten or fifteen paces ;
 To keep game cocks, to hunt the fox,
 To drink in punch the Solway,
 With debts galore, but fun far more ;
 Oh, that's "the man for Galway."
 With debts, &c.

The King of Oude
 Is mighty proud,
 And so were onest the Caysars ;
 But ould Giles Eyre
 Would make them stare,
 Av he had them with the Blazers.*
 To the devil I fling ould Runjeet Sing,
 He's only a prince in a small way,
 And knows nothing at all of a six-foot wall ;
 Oh, he'd never "do for Galway."
 With debts, &c.

Ye think the Blakes
 Are no "great shakes ;"
 They're all his blood relations ;
 And the Bodkins sneeze
 At the grim Chinese,
 For they come from the Phenaycians.
 So fill to the brim, and here's to him
 Who'd drink in punch the Solway ;
 With debts galore, but fun far more ;
 Oh ! that's "the man for Galway."
 With debts, &c.

* This generally implies the arbitrement of the "duello," blazers being a figurative term for pistols ; but in the present case, if I remember rightly, the *Blazers* allude to a very break-neck pack of hounds, so called.

LEAVE US A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR.

J. F. WALLER, LL.D. Air—"The Low-Backed Car."

" The night is fresh and clear, love,
 The birds are in their bowers,
 And the holy light
 Of the moon falls bright
 On the beautiful sleeping flowers.
 Oh ! Nora, are you waking ?
 Or don't you hear me *spaking* ?
 You know my heart is breaking
 For the love of you, Nora dear.
 Ah ! why don't you speak, Mavrone !
 Sure I think that you're made of stone.
 Just like Venus of old,
 All so white and so cold,
 But no morsel of flesh or bone.

" There's not a soul astir, love,
 No sound falls on the ear,
 But that rogue of a breeze
 That's whispering the trees
 Till they tremble all through with fear.
 Ah ! them happy flowers that's creeping
 To your window where you're sleeping,
 Sure *they're* not chid for peeping
 At your beauties, my Nora dear.
 You've the heart of a Turk, by my *soul*,
 To leave me perched here like an owl :
 'Tis treatment too bad
 For a true-hearted lad,
 To be sarved like a desolate fowl.

" You know the vow you made, love—
 You know we fixed the day ;
 And here I'm now
 To claim that vow,
 And carry my bride away ;
 So, Nora, don't be staying
 For weeping, or for praying—
 There's danger in delaying—
 Sure maybe I'd change my mind ;
 For you know I'm a bit of a rake,
 And a trifle might tempt me to break—
 Faix, but for your blue eye,
 I've a notion to try
 What a sort of ould maid you'd make."

“ Oh ! Dermot, win me not, love,
 To be your bride to-night :
 How could I bear
 A mother’s tear,
 A father’s scorn and slight ?
 So Dermot cease your sueing—
 Don’t work your Nora’s ruin,
 ’Twould be my sore undoing,
 If you’re found at my window, dear.”
 “ Ah ! for shame with your foolish alarms—
 Just drop into your own Dermot’s arms :
 Don’t mind looking at all
 For your cloak or shawl—
 They were made but to smother your charms.”

And now a dark cloud rising
 Across the moon is cast,
 The lattice opes,
 And anxious hopes
 Make Dermot’s heart beat fast :
 And soon a form entrancing,—
 With arms and fair neck glancing,—
 Half shrinking, half advancing,
 Steps light on the lattice sill ;
 When—a terrible arm in the air
 Clutched the head of the lover all bare,
 And a voice with a scoff,
 Cried, as Dermot made off,
 “ WON’T YOU LEAVE US A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR ?”

A SUP OF GOOD WHISKEY.

A SUP of good whiskey will make you glad ;
 Too much of the creatur’ will make you mad ;
 If you take it in reason, ’twill make you wise ;
 If you drink to excess, it will close up your eyes :
 Yet father and mother,
 And sister and brother,
 They all take a sup in their turn.

Some preachers will tell you that whiskey is bad ;
 I think so too,—if there’s none to be had ;
 Teetotalers bid you drink none at all ;
 But, while I can get it, a fig for them all !
 Both layman and brother,
 In spite of this pother,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

Some doctors will tell you, 'twill hurt your health ;
 The justice will say, 'twill reduce your wealth ;
 Physicians and lawyers both do agree,
 When your money's all gone, they can get no fee.

Yet surgeon and doctor,
 And lawyer and proctor,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

If a soldier is drunk on his duty found,
 He to the three-legged horse is bound,
 In the face of his regiment obliged to strip ;
 But a noggin will soften the nine-tailed whip,
 For sergeant and drummer,
 And likewise His Honour,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Turks who arrived from the Porte sublime,
 All told us that drinking was held a great crime,
 Yet, after their dinner away they slunk,
 And tippled so sly till they got quite drunk.

For Sultan and Crommet,
 And likewise Mahomet,
 They all take a sup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,
 By *yea* and by *nay* they will make it plain ;
 But some of the broad-brims will get the stuff,
 And tipple away till they've tippled enough.

For Stiff-back and Steady,
 And Solomon's lady,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Germans do say they can drink the most,
 The French and Italians also do boast :
 Ould Ireland's the country (for all their noise)
 For generous drinking and hearty boys.

There each jovial fellow
 Will drink till he's mellow,
 And take off his glass in his turn.



I WAS THE BOY FOR BEWITCHING THEM.

I WAS the boy for bewitching them,
 Whether good-humour'd or coy ;
 All cried, when I was beseeching them,
 " Do what you will with me, joy."
 " Daughters be cautious and steady,"
 Mothers would cry out for fear—
 " Won't you take care now of Teddy,
 Oh ! he's the devil, my dear."
 For I was the boy for bewitching them,
 Whether good-humour'd or coy ;
 All cried when I was beseeching them,
 " Do what you will with me, joy."

From every quarter I gather'd them,
 Very few rivals had I ;
 If I found any I leather'd them,
 And that made them look mighty shy.
 Pat Mooney, my Shelah once meeting,
 I twigg'd him beginning his clack—
 Says he "at my heart I've a beating,"
 Says I "then have one at your back."
 For I was the boy, &c.

Many a lass that would fly away
 When other wooers but spoke,
 Once if I looked her a die-away
 There was an end of the joke.
 Beauties, no matter how cruel,
 Hundreds of lads though they'd cross'd,
 When I came nigh to them, jewel,
 They melted like mud in the frost.
 For I was the boy, &c.

NOW CAN'T YOU BE AISY?

CHARLES LEVER. From "Charles O'Malley."

Air—"Arrah, Katty, now can't you be aisy?"

OH ! what stories I'll tell when my sodgering's o'er,
 And the gallant fourteenth is disbanded ;
 Not a drill nor parade will I hear of no more,
 When safely in Ireland landed.
 With the blood that I spilt—the Frenchmen I kilt,
 I'll drive all the girls half crazy ;
 And some 'cute one will cry, with a wink of her eye,
 " Mr. Free, now—why can't you be aisy ?"

I'll tell how we routed the squadrons in fight,
 And destroyed them all at "Talavera,"
 And then I'll just add how we finished the night,
 In learning to dance the "Bolera;"
 How by the moonshine we drank raal wine,
 And rose next day fresh as a daisy;
 Then some one will cry, with a look mighty sly,
 "Arrah, Mickey—now can't you be aisy?"

I'll tell how the nights with Sir Arthur we spent,
 Around a big fire in the air too,
 Or maybe enjoying ourselves in a tent,
 Exactly like Donnybrook fair too;
 How he'd call out to me—"Pass the wine, Mr. Free,
 For you're a man never is lazy!"
 Then some one will cry, with a wink of her eye,
 "Arrah, Mickey dear—can't you be aisy?"

I'll tell, too, the long years in fighting we passed,
 Till Mounseer asked Bony to lead him;
 And Sir Arthur, grown tired of glory at last,
 Begged of one Mickey Free to succeed him.
 But, "acushla," says I, "the truth is, I'm shy!
 There's a lady in Ballynaacrazy!
 And I swore on the book—" she gave me a look,
 And cried, "Mickey—now can't you be aisy?"

ONE BOTTLE MORE.

ASSIST me, ye lads, who have hearts void of guile,
 To sing out the praises of ould Ireland's isle;
 Where true hospitality opens the door,
 And friendship detains us for one bottle more—
 One bottle more, arrah, one bottle more;
 And friendship detains us for one bottle more.

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear;
 With our bulls and our brogues we are true and sincere;
 For if but one bottle remains in our store,
 We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.
 One bottle more, &c.

At Candy's, in Church-street, I'll sing of a set
 Of six Irish blades who together had met;
 Four bottles a-piece made us call for our score,
 And nothing remain'd but just one bottle more
 One bottle more, &c.

Our bill being paid, we were loth to depart,
 For friendship had grappled each man by the heart,
 Where the least touch, you know, makes an Irishman roar,—
 And the whack from shillelah brought six bottles more.
 Six bottles more, &c.

Swift Phœbus now shone through our window so bright,
 Quite happy to view his glad children of light ;
 So we parted with hearts neither sorry nor sore,
 Resolving next night to drink twelve bottles more.
 Twelve bottles more, &c.

I have reason to believe this song to be the best part of a hundred years, if not quite a century old. It belongs to the deep-drinking days of our grandfathers.

THE IRISH DUEL.

POTATOES grow at Limerick, and beef at Ballymore,
 And buttermilk is beautiful—but that you knew before ;
 And Irishmen love pretty girls, and none could love more true
 Than little Paddy Whackmacrack lov'd Kate O'Donohoe,
 With his fal de ral, fal de ral, de ral de ral, de ra.

Now Katty was as neat a lass as ever tripp'd the sod,
 And Paddy bore with equal grace a musket or a hod ;
 With trowel and with bayonet, by turns the hero chose,
 To build up houses for his friends, and then to charge his foes,
 With his fal de ral, &c.

When gentlepeople fall in love, Love's never at a loss
 To find some ugly customers their happiness to cross ;
 And Paddy, too, some trouble found, all from a rival swain,
 Who kept the Cat and Cucumber in Cauliflower-lane ;
 With his fal de ral, &c.

This youth was named Mackirkincroft, a very dapper elf,
 Whose clothes they fitted nately, for he made them all himself :
 A tailor blade he was by trade, of natty boys the broth,
 Because he always cut his coat according to his cloth.
 With his fal de ral, &c.

But Paddy knew the feelings of a gentleman it hurts,
 To find another ungenteelly sticking to his skirts ;
 So sent a challenge without fear ; for though he was not rich,
 He call'd himself a gentleman, and still behav'd as sich.
 With his fal de ral, &c.

Mackirky, too, good manners knew, for he, as it appears,
 To Paddy wrote for leave that he might cut off both his ears !
 Says Pat to that, in style polite, as well you may suppose,
 " My ears you're very welcome to, but first I'll pull your nose."
 With his fal de ral, &c.

The when and where were settled fair, when Pat, as bold as brass,
 Cried, " you know what we fight about;" Mackirky cried, " a-las!"
 And then in haste, and not to waste such very precious time,
 One prim'd without a loading, t'other loaded without prime.

With his fal de ral, &c.

Then back to back they stood, good luck, to measure yards a score ;
 Mackirkincroft such honest measure never gave before ;
 He walk'd so light, that out of sight full fairly he was seen,
 And Paddy shot a finger-post some half-a-mile between.

With his fal de ral, &c.

Now Pat and Kate, soon after that, in wedlock's bands were join'd,
 Mackirky he kept walking on and never look'd behind ;
 And, till this day, his ghost, they say (for he of love expir'd),
 Keeps walking round the finger-post at which bold Paddy fired.

With his fal de ral, &c.

LOONEY MACTWOLTER.

From the farce of "The Review." GEORGE COLMAN, "the younger."

Oh, whack ! Cupid's a manikin :
 Smack on the back he hit me a poult ;
 Good luck ! Judy O'Flanagan,
 Dearly she loves nate Looney Mactwolter,
 Judy's my darling, my kisses she suffers,
 She's an heiress, that's clear,
 For her father sells beer ;
 He keeps the sign of the Cow and the Snuffers.

Oh ! she's so smart,

From my heart

I can't bolt her !

Oh, whack ! Judy O'Flanagan ;

She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.

Ochone ! good news, I need a bit ;

We'd correspond, but learning would choke her !

Mavrone ! I cannot read a bit ;

And Judy can't tell a pen from a poker.

Judy's so constant I'll never forsake her !
 She's as true as the moon,
 Only one afternoon
 I caught her a cooing a humpback'd shoemaker,
 Oh ! she's so smart,
 From my heart
 I can't bolt her ;
 Oh, whack ! Judy O'Flanagan ;
 She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.

Here is one of the many stage songs made for that extraordinary caricature, the stage Irishman, by one not "native to the manner born." With all Colman's talent, he makes poor work of the character of an Irishman, or of an Irish song—always excepting his song of "Savourneen Deelish" (given in this collection); but, in that, he does not attempt peculiarity of national character, or national idiom; and confining himself, merely, to the expression of natural emotion, he produced a song of great excellence.

OH ! ONCE WE WERE ILLIGANT PEOPLE.

From "Charles O'Malley," by CHARLES LEVER.

OH ! once we were illigant people,
 Though we now live in cabins of mud ;
 And the land that you see from the steeple
 Belonged to us all from the flood.
 My father was then king of Connaught,
 My grandaunt viceroy of Tralee ;
 But the Sassenach came, and, signs on it !
 The devil an acre have we.

The least of us then were all earls,
 And jewels we wore without name ;
 We drank punch out of rubies and pearls—
 Mr. Petrie* can tell you the same.
 But, except some turf mould and potatoes,
 There's nothing our own we can call :
 And the English—back luck to them !—hate us,
 Because we've more fun than them all !†

* Now Dr. Petrie. The song was written by my esteemed friend, the author, before my other esteemed friend, the distinguished antiquary alluded to, had the academic honour of LL.D. appended to his name—a name which has laid the alphabet under many more contributions of the same sort.

† This is a capital idea, and most characteristic of the queer fellow that utters it, Mister "Mickey Free," ‡ to whose acquaintance I would recommend the reader—if there be any who does not know him already. For my own part I will add a wish that all the rivalries between the sister isles, for the future, may be in the pursuit of happiness—in obtaining what shall give cause to laugh the most.

‡ *Vide* "Charles O'Malley."

My grandaunt was niece to St. Kevin,
 That's the reason my name's Mickey Free !
 Priest's nieces—but sure he's in heaven,
 And his failins is nothin' to me.
 And we still might get on without doctors,
 If they'd let the ould island alone ;
 And if purplemen, priests, and tithe-proctors
 Were crammed down the great gun of Athlone.

MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION.*

Air—"The Groves of Blarney."

OCH ! the Coronation ! what celebration
 For emulation can with it compare ?
 When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
 And the Duke of Leinster, all did repair !
 'Twas there you'd see the New Polishemen
 Making a scrimmage at half-after four,
 And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Grady's
 All standing round before the abbey door.
 Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning,
 Themselves adorning, all by candle-light,
 With roses and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies,
 And goold, and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.
 And then approaches five hundred coaches,
 With General Dullbeak.—Och ! 'twas mighty fine.
 To see how aisy bould Corporal Casey,
 With his swoord drawn, prancing, made them keep the line.
 Then the Gun's alarums, and the King of Arums,
 All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,
 Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors,
 The Prince of Potboys and great haythen Jews :
 'Twould have made them crazy to see Esterhazy,
 All jewels from his jasey to his di'mond boots,
 With Alderman Harmer, and that sweet charmer,
 The female heiress, Miss Anjā-ly Coutts.
 And Wellington walking with his swoord drawn, talking
 To Hill and Hardinge, heroes of great fame ;
 And Sir De Lacy, and the Duke Dalmasey
 (They call'd him Sowlt afore he changed his name),
 Themselves presading Lord Melbourne, lading
 The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair,
 And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,
 The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

* From "The Ingoldsby Legends."

Then the noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
 In fine laced jackets with their goolden cuffs,
 And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
 And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs.
 Then Misthur Spaker, with Misthur Pays the Quaker,
 All in the Gallery you might persave ;
 But Lord Brougham was missin', and gone a fishin',
 Only crass Lord Essex would not give him lave.

There was Baron Alten himself exaltin',
 And Prince Von Swartzenberg, and many more,
 Och ! I'd be bother'd and entirely smother'd
 To tell the half of 'em was to the fore ;
 With the sweet Peeresses, in their crowns and dresses,
 And Aldermanesses, and the Board of Works ;
 But Mehemet Ali said, quite ginteelly,
 "I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks ! "

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her !—och ! they did dress her
 In her purple garmints, and her goolden Crown ;
 Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
 With eight young ladies houlding up her gown.
 Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar
 The big drums bating and the trumpets blow,
 And Sir George Smart ! Oh ! he played a Consarto,
 With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row !

Then the Lord Archbishop held a goolden dish up,
 For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
 Saying, " Plase your Glory, great Queen Vict-ory !
 Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health ! "
 Then his Riverence, retrating, discoorsed the mating,
 " Boys ! Here's your Queen ! deny it if you can !
 And if any bould traitor, or infarior craythur,
 Sneezes at that, I'd like to see the man ! "

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Powers appealing,
 " Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign ! "
 And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront her,
 All in his scarlet gown and goolden chain.
 The great Lord May'r, too, sat in his chair, too,
 But mighty sarious, looking fit to cry,
 For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry
 Throwing the thirteens, hit him in the eye.

Then there was preachin', and good store of speechin',
 With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee ;
 And they did splash her with raal Macasshur,
 And the Queen said, " Ah ! then, thank ye all for me ! "

Then the trumpets brayin', and the organ playin',
 And sweet trombones with their silver tones,
 But Lord Rolle was rolling—'twas mighty consoling
 To think his Lordship did not break his bones.

Then the crames and custard, and the beef and mustard,
 All on the tombstones like a poultherer's shop,
 With lobsters and white-bait, and other sweet-mate,
 And wine, and nagus, and Impayrial Pop !
 There was cakes and apples in all the Chapels,
 With fine polonies, and rich mellow pears ;
 Och ! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got prog enough,
 The sly ould Devil, undernathe the stairs.

Then the cannons thunder'd, and the people wonder'd,
 Crying, " God save Victoria, our Royal Queen ! "
 Och ! if myself should live to be a hundred,
 Sure it's the proudest day I've ever seen !
 And now I've ended, what I pretended,
 This narration splendid in sweet poe-thry,
 Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,
 Faith, its myself that's getting mighty dhry !

This admirable imitation of an Irish rigmarole, after the manner of "The Groves of Blarney," is from the pen of a distinguished Englishman, the late Rev. John Barham, whose facility of rhyming reminds one of that great master of rhymes, Butler. The "Ingoldsby Legends," whence the above is extracted, abound not only with rhymes of equal and even superior merit; but with strange odds and ends of queer information, given with a racy humour and felicity of expression of high mark indeed. His death caused a blank in the social circle that must long continue to be felt by all those who had the privilege of enjoying his society.





MORAL, SENTIMENTAL AND SATIRICAL SONGS

OME songs in this section might have appeared, without question, in that devoted to the Songs of the Affections; for so much of sentiment occurs, of necessity, in songs whose theme is love, that it is not always an easy matter to discriminate between the absolute love-song and the song sentimental. The choice thus devolving on the editor, often made him feel the full meaning of that phrase of which disputants sometimes avail themselves—"a distinction without a difference;" and he makes this remark to anticipate any critical objection.

his choice may be open to, believing, at the same time, that as long as the songs are good, no fault will be found with their location.

Among songs of sentiment are to be found, in many languages, some of the most charming productions of the lyre. The amatory strain is more obvious to, and is probably always the earliest effort of, the lyric poet—the sentimental song requires a higher and riper power ; for it may be affirmed that the feelings which awake and are awakened by a love-song, having their root in passion, are more readily excited, and therefore more within the reach of the poet than those responding to the expression of sentiment. Such feelings lie deeper, or are more mysteriously interwoven in our nature, and hence it may be predicated that the power which evokes them is more subtle.

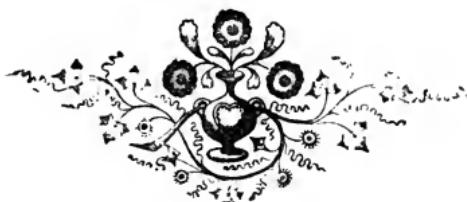
And this power has been evinced, in a high degree, by the Irish. Moore owes his brightest fame to songs, and other writings, of the sentimental class, and though we cannot present any of them in this volume, their celebrity is sufficient to satisfy the reader that too much is not claimed in the assertion, as regards Moore ; and some specimens that follow from Griffin, Mahony, and Mangan, bear most winning evidence in support of the assertion as regards Ireland. “Old Times,” “The Bells of Shandon,” and “Waiting for the May,” are of the highest mark, in this class of composition.

I think the general reader would expect to find many satirical sallies in the works of Irish writers ; but fact will not fulfil the expectation. It is commonly remarked how ready-witted are the Irish—how quick of repartee—and hence might arise the idea that they must be satirical. The truth, however, is that Irish wit is fonder of moulding itself into mirthful than angry forms ; but, if in angry mood, the Irish are fonder of sarcasm and irony than satire. Of the former they are great masters, of the latter they have shown themselves capable, by cultivating the art ; but it does not seem to me to be indigenous, and the few examples that follow support this view. Swift, who handled satire dexterously, lived much in England, was the intimate friend of Pope, that great master of the art, and whose power, in this respect, influenced the literary fashion of the day, to which even so powerful and original a mind as Swift’s might not have been insensible. Goldsmith, who sometimes indulged in a satirical vein, was also open, for the greater part of his life and the entire of his literary career, to exterior influence and example. In later days, Moore displayed much satirical power, but satire was not his *forte* ; and it must be confessed that personal feeling and party spirit sometimes lured him from the polished height of satire to betray him into the lampoon—but how often are they not confounded ?

Touching the moral portion of the text, it may be remarked that moralising, in the common acceptation of the word, is not often the vein of lyric writers, and a people of a temperament notoriously lively as the Irish, would be less expected than others to abound in lyrics of that fashion—it would almost seem out of nature. Shakespeare makes the reflective Jaques say—

“When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to caw like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative.”

He looks upon it as ridiculous that a jester (for that is the sense in which the term fool must be taken here) should turn moralist ; and, if that view be correct, we should not look for a preponderance of the moralising quality among the sportive lyrists of Ireland. Nevertheless, a deep tone of morality will be found in some of the following examples, suggested rather than preached ; and it is thus that it should be in compositions of the lighter kind. But, for that matter, why should we talk specially of *moral* songs ? A moral may be extracted from songs and other poetic compositions of various classes. As Nature provides the flower, and the bee extracts the honey, so the poet gives forth forms of beauty and store of sweets and the office of the bee lies in the reader.



WHEN FILLED WITH THOUGHTS OF LIFE'S YOUNG DAY.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

WHEN filled with thoughts of life's young day,
 Alone in distant climes we roam,
 And year on year has rolled away,
 Since last we viewed our own dear home ;
 Oh, then, at evening's silent hour,
 In chamber lone or moonlight bow'r,
 How sad on memory's listening ear
 Come long lost voices sounding near ;
 Like the wild chime of village bells
 Heard far away in mountain dells.

But, oh ! for him let kind hearts grieve,
 His term of youth and exile o'er,
 Who sees in life's declining eve
 With altered eyes his native shore !
 With aching heart and weary brain,
 Who treads those lonesome scenes again !
 And backward views the sunny hours
 When first he knew those ruined bow'rs,
 And hears in every passing gale
 Some best affection's dying wail.*

Oh, say, what spell of power serene
 Can cheer that hour of sharpest pain,
 And turn to peace the anguish keen,
 That deeper wound, because in vain ?
 'Tis not the thought of glory won,
 Of hoarded gold or pleasure gone,
 But one bright course, from earliest youth,
 Of changeless faith—unbroken truth,
 These turn to gold, the vapours dun,
 That close on life's descending sun.

ON RETURNING A RING TO A LADY.

Right Hon. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

THOU emblem of faith—thou sweet pledge of a passion
 By Heaven reserved for a happier than me,—
 On the hand of my fair go resume thy lov'd station,
 Go bask in the beam that is lavish'd on thee !

* The sadness of spirit breathed in this verse seems a reflex of his own emotions, when we remember that he returned to Ireland (after having made a high reputation) not in "life's declining eve," but in the prime of manhood, and retired into monastic seclusion.

And if, some past scene thy remembrance recalling,
 Her bosom shall rise to the tear that is falling,
 With the transport of love may no anguish combine,
 Be *her's* all the bliss, and the suffering all *mine*!*

Yet say (to thy mistress ere yet I restore thee),
 Oh, say why thy charm so indifferent to me ?
 To her thou art dear,—then should I not adore thee ?
 Can the heart that is *her's* be regardless of thee ?
 But the eyes of a lover, a friend, or a brother,
 Can see naught in thee but the flame of another ;
 On me then thou'rt lost ; as thou never could'st prove
 The emblem of faith, or the token of love.

But, ah ! had the ringlet thou lov'st to surround—
 Had it e'er kissed the rose on the cheek of my dear,
 What ransom to buy thee could ever be found,
 Or what force from my heart thy possession could tear ?
 A mourner, a suff'rer, a wand'rer, a stranger—
 In sickness, in sadness, in pain, and in danger,
 Next my heart thou should'st dwell till its last gasp were o'er,
 Then *together* we'd sink—and I'd part thee no more.



COULD I HER FAULTS REMEMBER.

SHERIDAN.

COULD I her faults remember,
 Forgetting every charm,
 Soon would impartial Reason
 The tyrant Love disarm.

But when, enraged, I number
 Each failing of her mind,
 Love, still, suggests each beauty,
 And sees, while Reason's blind.

* We are reminded here of a line of Byron's—

“ Oh ! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt ! ”

These lines, with all their blemishes of execution, particularly in the four first lines of the second verse, are so tender, so passionate, so hopeless, that they touch the heart. They acquire an additional interest when it is remembered how cruelly the writer's married life was embittered.



O, MEMORY!

From the Oratorio of "The Captivity."

GOLDSMITH. Born, 1731.* Died, 1774.

Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas,† in the county of Longford, Ireland, November 29, 1731, and died in London, April 4, 1774. It is to be regretted that few extracts can be gathered from his works, suited to this volume; but, happily, there are a few, which afford the opportunity of enriching our register of bright names with one of the brightest in the annals of literature; and as his slightest productions justify the celebrated "*nulum quod tetigit non ornavit*," these few would adorn any collection; but still they are far from sufficiently representing the intellectual power of the author of "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "She Stoops to Conquer."

O, MEMORY ! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain ;
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.

Thou, like the world, the oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe !
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

* Mr. Forster, in his Life of Goldsmith, names the year 1728.

† Three odd mistakes are made in a translation of Doctor Johnson's Latin epitaph on

WHEN YOUR BEAUTY APPEARS.

The Rev. Dr. PARNELL. Born, 1679. Died, 1717.

WHEN your beauty appears,
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropp'd from the sky ;
At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye !

But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart ;
When your love runs in blushes through every vein ;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

“ There's a passion and pride
In our sex,” she replied,
“ And, thus (might I gratify both), I would do :
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
And still be a woman, to you.”

This graceful trifle of Dr. Parnell gives but the occasion of noticing another bright name among the poets of Ireland. His poem of “The Hermit,” alone, would have made his name remembered with admiration. His poetical works were considered of sufficient value to be collected and published by Pope in 1721. Doctor Johnson praises Parnell for the “easy sweetness of his diction;” and though he does not allow that he “ravishes,” he admits that “he always delights.” Dr. Lempriere classes him “among the most pious and useful poets in the English language,” and Goldsmith seems to have had a similar sense of his excellence, by the eloquent epitaph which follows.

Goldsmith, given in one of the numerous small editions of Goldsmith's Life and Works—one of them particularly so—the lines in the original stand thus :—

“ *Natus Hibernia Forneiae Lonfordiensis,*
In loco cui nomen Pallas.”

The translation given, is—

“ He was born in the Kingdom of Ireland,
At Ferns, in the Province
Of Leinster,
Where Pallas had set her name.”

The translator calling Forney *Ferns*, Longford *Leinster*, and strangely mistaking the name of the little Irish village, *Pallas*, for that of the goddess of wisdom and patroness of learning.

EPITAPH ON DR. PARSELL.

GOLDSMITH.

THIS tomb,* inscribed to gentle Parnell's name,
 May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
 What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
 That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way ?
 Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid,
 And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
 Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
 The transitory breath of fame below :
 More lasting rapture from his work shall rise,
 While converts thank their poet in the skies.



THE SNOW.

SAMUEL LOVER. From "Songs and Ballads."

AN old man sadly said
 " Where's the snow
 That fell the year that's fled—
 Where's the snow ?"
 As fruitless were the task,
 Of many a joy to ask,
 As the snow !

The hope of airy birth,
 Like the snow,
 Is stain'd on reaching earth,
 Like the snow :
 While 'tis sparkling in the ray
 'Tis melting fast away—
 Like the snow.

A cold deceitful thing
 Is the snow,
 Though it come on dove-like wing—
 The false snow !
 'Tis but rain disguis'd appears :
 And our hopes are frozen tears—
 Like the snow.

* Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his edition of the *Life and Writings of Goldsmith*, says the tomb, here, is suppositional—a mere poetic privilege, as a means of recording admiration.



THE WOODS OF CAILLINO,

Song of the Irish Emigrant in North America.

By L. N. F.

My heart is heavy in my breast—my eyes are full of tears,
My memory is wandering back to long departed years—
To those bright days long, long ago,
When nought I dreamed of sordid care, of worldly woe—
But roved, a gay, light-hearted boy, the woods of Caillino.

There, in the spring time of my life, and spring time of the year,
I've watched the snow-drop start from earth, the first young buds
appear;

The sparkling stream o'er pebbles flow,
The modest violet, and the golden primrose blow,
Within thy deep and mossy dells, beloved Caillino !

'Twas there I wooed my Mary Dhuv, and won her for my bride,
Who bore me three fair daughters, and four sons, my age's pride ;
Though cruel fortune was our foe,
And steeped us to the lips in bitter want and woe,
Yet cling our hearts to those sad days we passed near Caillino !

At length, by misery bowed to earth, we left our native strand—
 And crossed the wide Atlantic to this free and happy land ;
 Though toils we had to undergo,
 Yet soon content—and happy peace 'twas ours to know,
 And plenty, such as never blessed our hearth near Caillino !

And heaven a blessing has bestowed, more precious far than wealth,
 Has spared us to each other, full of years, yet strong in health ;
 Across the threshold, when we go,
 We see our children's children round us grow,
 Like sapling oaks within thy woods, far distant Caillino.

Yet sadness clouds our hearts to think that when we are no more,
 Our bones must find a resting-place far, far from Erin's shore,
 For us—no funeral sad and slow
 Within the ancient abbey's burial-ground shall go—
 No, we must slumber far from home, far, far from Caillino !

Yet, oh ! if spirits e'er can leave the appointed place of rest,
 Once more will I revisit thee, dear Isle that I love best,
 O'er thy green vales will hover slow,
 And many a tearful parting blessing will bestow
 On all—but most of all on *thee*, my native Caillino !

In the recently-printed copies of these beautiful lines they are headed with the title
 “The Woods of Kylinoe ;” but many years before they appeared in print they were in
 my possession in the handwriting of the fair and gifted authoress, and were entitled

“SONG OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT IN NORTH AMERICA.”

Air—“The woods of Caillino.”

And this name, “Caillino,” imparts to it a literary interest which I am not only unwilling to abandon, but upon which I think it worth enlarging.

Those who are familiar with Shakspeare will remember how much the speech of Pistol, in the fourth scene of the fourth act of Henry the Fifth, disturbed the repose of the annotators, and what strange hash was made of the imperfect text, until Mr. Malone had the sagacity to perceive that Pistol was “repeating the burden of an old song,” and that burden was

Calen o custure me.

That Mr. Malone was right in his conjecture indubitable proof exists, though Mr. Steevens rejected his emendation.

In the first place, we have evidence that Irish music was held in favour in Elizabeth's Court, by the following extract from “The Talbot Papers,” vol. M., fol. 18 ; given in Lodge's Illustrations of British History, vol. 2, p. 578, 8vo :—

“We are frolic here in Court : much dancing in the Privy Chamber of Country Dances before the Queen's Majesty, who is exceedingly pleased therewith. Irish tunes are at this time most pleasing ; but, in winter, *Lullaby*, an old song of Mr. Bird's, will be more in request, I think.”—*Letter of the Earl of Worcester to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated September 19, 1602.*

In the next place, the burden is IRISH (Shakspeare moulding his matter to the "form and pressure" of the time), and easily translatable when properly spelt ; and it is strange that Mr. Malone, having got so far into the truth, did not clear the question up completely. Mr. Steevens, in rejecting his emendation, says—

"Mr. Malone's discovery is a very curious one ; and when (as probably will be the case) some further ray of light is thrown on the unintelligible words, *Calen*, &c., I will be the first to vote it into the text."

Now, this "ray of light" I should not wonder if my "farthing candle" can supply. Mr. Boswell, in his edition of Shakspeare, says, in noticing Mr. Malone's emendation, that Mr. Finnegan, master of the school established in London for the education of the Irish poor, says the words mean "Little girl of my heart, for ever and ever." Now, this is not the meaning, and I cannot but wonder that, with so much literary discussion as has taken place on the subject, the true spelling, and, consequently, the meaning of the burden, have remained until now undiscovered. The burden, as given in the "Handfull of Plesent Delites," and copied by Malone, is

Calen o custure me,

which is an attempt to spell, and pretty nearly represents, the sound of

Colleen oge astore,

(me being expletive, or possibly a corrupt introduction), and those words mean "Young girl, my treasure."

Should it be acknowledged that I have thus completed the discovery of the truth of this long-debated question, I confess it would give me pleasure.

That "Caillino"—(*colleen oge*)—was a favourite burden of songs, we may infer from the fact that it is to be found to different tunes : one in Playford's Musical Companion, 673 ; another in Wm. Ballett's Lute Book, D. 1. 21. in Trin. Coll. Dub. The music of both, and the entire discussion of this vexed question by the Shakspearian commentators, are given in full in the Appendix.

SONG.

GOLDSMITH. From the Oratorio of "The Captivity."

As panting flies the hunted hind,
Where brooks refreshing stray,
And rivers through the valley wind,
That stop the hunter's way.

Thus we, O Lord, alike distrest,
For streams of mercy long ;
Those streams which cheer the sore opprest,
And overwhelm the strong.

Goldsmith, in this song (supposed to be sung by an Israelitish woman), with great propriety imitates the style of the sacred writings : the two first lines of the foregoing cannot fail to remind the reader of Psalm XLII.

THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS.

The Rev. Dr. CROLY.

"For at that time the Atlantic Sea was navigable, and had an island before that mouth which is called by you the pillars of Hercules. But this island was greater than both Lybya and all Asia together, and afforded an easy passage to other neighbouring islands, as it was easy to pass from those islands to all the continent which borders on this Atlantic Sea. * * * * But, in succeeding times, prodigious earthquakes and deluges taking place, and bringing with them desolation in the space of one day and night, all that warlike race of Athenians was at once merged under the earth ; and the Atlantic island itself being absorbed in the sea, entirely disappeared."—*Plato's Timaeus*.

OH ! thou Atlantic, dark and deep,
 Thou wilderness of waves,
 Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
 In their uncrowded graves !

The sunbeams on thy bosom wake,
 Yet never light thy gloom ;
 The tempests burst, yet never shake
 Thy depths, thou mighty tomb !

Thou thing of mystery, stern and drear,
 Thy secrets who hath told ?—
 The warrior and his sword are there,
 The merchant and his gold.

There lie their myriads in thy pall,
 Secure from steel and storm ;
 And he, the feaster of them all,
 The canker-worm.

Yet on this wave the mountain's brow
 Once glow'd in morning's beam ;
 And, like an arrow from the bow,
 Out sprang the stream :

And on its bank the olive grove,
 And the peach's luxury,
 And the damask rose—the night-bird's love—
 Perfumed the sky.

Where art thou, proud Atlantis, now ?
 Where are thy bright and brave ?
 Priest, people, warriors' living flow ?
 Look on that wave !

Crime deepen'd on the recreant land,
 Long guilty, long forgiven ;
 There power upreared the bloody hand,
 There scoff'd at Heaven.

The word went forth—the word of woe—
 The judgment-thunders pealed ;
 The fiery earthquake blazed below ;
 Its doom was seal'd.

Now on his halls of ivory
 Lie giant weed and ocean slime,
 Burying from man's and angel's eye
 The land of crime.

This is not a song, it is true, but it partakes sufficiently of the character of an ode to justify its insertion ; besides, as some have supposed Ireland to be a fragment of the lost Atlantis, it is the more admissible. Such a trifle cannot display the powers of so distinguished a writer, but it enables me to claim him for our country, and that country, I am delighted to say, has not ceased to be loved by him amid all his successes in England. I witnessed this on a recent occasion of honour done to Dr. Croly by his parishioners of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook, when Sir Francis Graham Moon, then Lord Mayor, opened the Mansion-house to the parishioners as the most fitting place for this demonstration, and, with his accustomed good taste and liberality, invited a distinguished company, among whom were many *literati*, to be present at the ceremonial of honour, and to partake afterwards of the hospitality for which the civic palace of London has ever been famous. On that occasion Dr. Croly alluded to his native land with much affection, and put forward her claims to honourable recognition in arts, letters, and arms, in a strain of impassioned panegyric ; and the generous spirit which prompted that patriotic effusion was met by a spirit as generous on the part of his English auditors. The English love their own land too well not to respect the Irishman who loves his.

HY-BRASAIL—THE ISLE OF THE BLEST.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

“The people of Arran fancy that at certain periods they see *Hy-Brasail* elevated far to the west in their watery horizon. This had been the universal tradition of the ancient Irish, who supposed that a great part of Ireland had been swallowed by the sea, and that the sunken part often rose, and was seen hanging in the horizon ! Such was the popular notion. The *Hy-Brasail* of the Irish is evidently a part of the *Atalantis* of Plato, who, in his ‘*Timaeus*,’ says that that island was totally swallowed up by a prodigious earthquake. Of some such shocks the isle of Arran, the promontories of Antrim, and some of the western islands of Scotland, bear evident marks.”—*O’Flaherty’s Sketch of the Island of Arran*.

ON the ocean that hollows the rocks where ye dwell,
 A shadowy land has appeared, as they tell ;
 Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,
 And they called it *Hy-Brasail*, the isle of the blest.
 From year unto year, on the ocean’s blue rim,
 The beautiful spectre showed lovely and dim ;
 The golden clouds curtained the deep where it lay,
 And it looked like an Eden,—away, far away !

A peasant who heard of the wonderful tale,
 In the breeze of the Orient loosened his sail ;
 From Ara, the holy, he turned to the west,
 For though Ara was holy, *Hy-Brasail* was blest.
 He heard not the voices that called from the shore—
 He heard not the rising wind's menacing roar ;
 Home, kindred, and safety he left on that day,
 As he sped to *Hy-Brasail*, away, far away !

Morn rose on the deep, and that shadowy isle,
 O'er the faint rim of distance, reflected its smile ;
 Noon burned on the wave, and that shadowy shore—
 Seemed lovelily distant, and faint as before ;
 Lone evening came down on the wanderer's track,
 And to Ara again he looked timidly back ;
 Oh ! far on the verge of the ocean it lay,
 Yet the isle of the blest was away, far away !

Rash dreamer, return ! O, ye winds of the main,
 Bear him back to his own peaceful Ara again.
 Rash fool ! for a vision of fanciful bliss
 To barter thy calm life of labour and peace.
 The warning of reason was spoken in vain ;
 He never revisited Ara again !
 Night fell on the deep, amidst tempest and spray,
 And he died on the waters, away, far away !

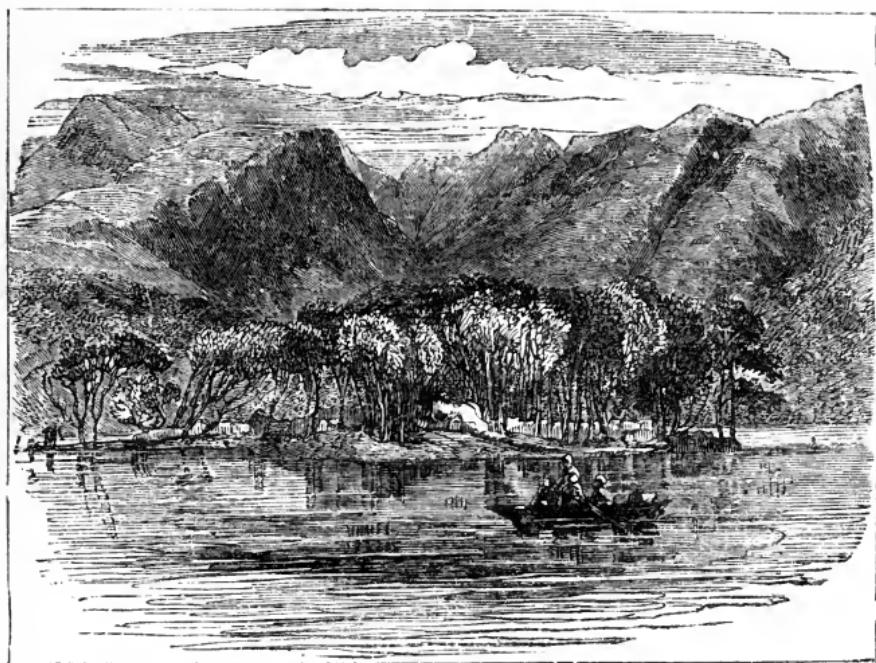
The above, as a matter of course, is placed in succession to Dr. Croly's "Atlantis." The coincidence between Plato's mysterious story and an Irish tradition cannot fail to strike the reader as remarkable, and might well awake many a curious speculation. I have seen several ballads on the subject, but Griffin's is the most poetical by far, and not only embodies the tradition, but inculcates a moral. In this it resembles Moore's lovely legendary ballad of "The Indian Boat;" and in the third verse of Griffin's, the passing of the different stages of the day without the desired object being reached reminds one of the end of the second verse of Moore's—

" Thus on, and on
 Till day was gone,
 And the moon thro' heav'n did lie her,
 He swept the main,
 But all in vain,
 That boat seem'd never the nigher."

Popular fancy has a sort of barnacle quality of encrusting tradition with odd figments, and a very strange one has stuck to *Hy-Brasail*—viz., that, if a stone or piece of earth from the sacred sod of Ireland could be thrown on the fugitive island, it would settle the matter at once. Thus says a verse in one of the many ballads on the subject :—

" They also say, if earth or stone
 From verdant Erin's hallow'd land
 Were on this magic island thrown,
 For ever fix'd it then would stand."

There is something exceedingly amusing in this *getting within stone's-throw* of so shy a bird as this flying island.



GOUGAUNE BARRA.

J. J. CALLANAN.

Gougaune Barra, sublime in the loneliness of its deep lake, shadowed into reflected darkness by the overhanging mountains of the ancient district of "The Desmonds" (now South Cork), is a spot, of all others, to inspire poet or painter with admiration; and Callanan, in the following noble lines, shows how deeply *his* soul was under the spell of the local influence. In Gougaune Barra the river Lee has its source—the Lee, whose "pleasant waters" have been so celebrated in the exquisite song, "The Bells of Shandon." Truly, it must be a witching water to fascinate two such poets—to inspire two such lyrics. Rare are the rivers that can claim as much:—well may this be called "Allu of songs."

THERE is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,
Where Allu of songs rushes forth like an arrow;
In deep-valley'd Desmond a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains;
There grows the wild ash; and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—oh ! to see them all bright’ning,
 When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,
 And the waters rush down, ’mid the thunder’s deep rattle,
 Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle ;
 And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
 And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming.
 Oh ! where is the dwelling in valley, or highland,
 So meet for a bard as this lone little island ?

How oft, when the summer sun rested on Clara,*
 And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,
 Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
 And trod all thy wilds with a Minstrel’s devotion !
 And thought of thy bards, when assembling together
 In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy heather,
 They fled from the Saxon’s dark bondage and slaughter,
 And waked their last song by the rush of thy water !

High sons of the lyre, oh ! how proud was the feeling,
 To think, while alone through that solitude stealing,
 Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
 I fearlessly wak’d your wild harp from its slumber,
 And glean’d the grey legend that long had been sleeping
 Where oblivion’s dull mist o’er its beauty was creeping,
 From the love which I felt for my country’s sad story,
 When to love her was shame—to revile her was glory !

Last bard of the free ! † were it mine to inherit
 The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit—
 With the wrongs which, like thee, to our country have bound me—
 Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me,
 Still, still in those wilds might young liberty rally,
 And send her strong shout over mountain and valley ;
 The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,
 And the land that was darkest be brightest in story !

I soon shall be gone !—but my name may be spoken
 When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken ;
 Some Minstrel will come, in the summer eve’s gleaming,
 When Freedom’s young light on his spirit is beaming,
 To bend o’er my grave with a tear of emotion,
 Where calm Avon-Buee seeks the kisses of ocean,
 And plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,
 O’er the heart, and the harp, that are silent for ever.‡

* Cape Clear.

† He must have meant Moore, from the context.

‡ This melancholy aspiration of the patriot poet was not realised ; his grave is in a foreign land.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.*

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.

Here, as a matter of course, follows the lyric alluded to in the initiatory note to the foregoing song. Like the fabled jewel in the head of the toad, or the garnet in some uncouth lump of granite, great beauty may be concealed where we least expect it ; and no one looking at Shandon church would imagine it could inspire such exquisite lines as these that follow. But it was not the church, after all : the inspiration lay in "the bells" and the "pleasant waters" over which their chimes were wafted. An editor must be excused in dilating, somewhat, on the best bits in his mosaic work ; and there is so much to admire in *this*, that he might be open to the charge of insensibility if he had passed by in silence its numerous beauties ; the charming sentiment—the felicitous versification—the variety of illustration so indicative of scholarship without pedantry—the bold and ingenious rhymes ringing in attractive triple succession, so appropriate to the subject, and so peculiarly Irish.

WITH deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
 Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee ;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming,
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine ;
While at a glive rate
Brass tongues would vibrate ;
But all their music
 Spoke naught like thine.
For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
 Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

* Shandon Church is an odd-looking old structure in the City of Cork.

I've heard bells tolling
Old "Adrian's Mole" in
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame ;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
Oh ! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O !
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets, .
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them ;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.



THE SILVERY LEE.

The Lee has had the power of inspiration over her neighbouring poets. Here are some very pretty lines by an anonymous votary of the Muses and the Lee. It is seldom such good lines are to be found in a broadside, whence this was taken, bearing date, Cork, 1818.

RIVERS are there great and small,
Romantic, too, the course of many,
With coated crag and foamy fall ;
But never river saw I any
Half so fair, so dear to me
As my own, my silvery Lee.

Much I've heard about the Rhine,
With vineyards gay, and castles stately ;
But those who think I care for wine
Or lofty towers, mistake me greatly :
A thousand times more dear to me
Is whiskey by the silvery Lee.

The Tagus, with its golden sand,
The Tiber, full of ancient glory,
The Danube, though a river grand,
The Seine and Elbe, renowned in story,
Can never be so dear to me
As the pure and silvery Lee.

'Tis not the voice that tongues the stream,
In winter hoarse, in spring-time clearer—
That makes my own sweet river seem
Above all other rivers dearer ;
But 'tis her voice, who whispers me,—
“ How lovely is the silvery Lee ! ”

But it is not merely for its beauties, which appeal to the eye and touch the spiritual nature of the poet, that the Lee is famous : the creature considerations of the gourmand may be tickled by the thought of the unseen stores within its depths—though not unseen either, if we trust an Irish poet, who sings—

“ Of salmon and gay speckled trout
It holds such a plentiful store,
That thousands are forced to leap out,
By the multitude jostled on shore.”

Think o' that ! ye Cockney punters, who spend your days on the Thames, and feel yourselves lucky if you get a nibble. In another version of this old Irish ballad, entitled “ Cormac Oge,” the river is celebrated as “ the trout-loving Lee ;” and the hyperbole gracing the foregoing verse is given in this high-sounding line—

“ The fish burst their banks and leap high on the shore.”

CORMAC OGE.

From the Irish.

THE pigeons coo—the spring's approaching now,
 The bloom is bursting on the leafy bough ;
 The cresses green o'er streams are clustering low,
 And honey-hives with sweets abundant flow.

Rich are the fruits the hazely woods display—
 A slender virgin, virtuous, fair, and gay ;
 With steeds and sheep, of kine a many score,
 By trout-stor'd Lee whose banks we'll see no more,

The little birds pour music's sweetest notes,
 The calves for milk distend their bleating throats ;
 Above the weirs the silver salmon leap,
 While Cormac Oge and I all lonely weep !

The above is the ballad alluded to in "Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy," as noticed in the "Silvery Lee," and translated by Mr. Edward Walshe. A sufficient resemblance exists among all the versions to show they have been derived from the same original source, and all go to establish the fame of the river for the plenteousness of its finny tribes. In this last version it is true they do not

"Play such fantastic tricks before high heaven,"

as the former one quoted—but there they are.

Having given so many poetic notices of this very lovely river, it wou'l argue carelessness if I failed to notice that it has been celebrated by another poet, and that poet, "though last," most certainly "not least." The "divine" Spenser has celebrated the Lee, as he has many other natural beauties and qualities of Ireland, in his undying verse ; and his notice is topographically correct to minuteness. The Lee divides as it approaches Cork, and after sweeping round the insular point on which the greater part of the city stands, reunites and forms that far-famed estuary, the Cove of Cork. Spenser gives but two lines—but even two lines from Spenser confer fame :—

"The spreading Lee, that, like an island fair.

Encloseth Cork with his divided flood.'

VIR TUE.

GOLDSMITH.

VIRTUE, on herself relying,
 Every passion hush'd to rest,
 Loses every pain of dying,
 In the hope of being blest.

Every added pang she suffers
 Some increasing good bestows ;
 Every shock that malice offers
 Only rocks her to repose.

OLD TIMES.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

Old times ! old times ! the gay old times !

When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally tree.My Sunday palm beside me placed,*
My cross upon my hand ;
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land !

Old times ! old times !

It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale ;
I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale !
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there ;
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge, care.
Old times ! old times !I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain,
To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
To love, and love in vain ;
To feel a pang and wear a smile,
To tire of other climes,
To like my own unhappy isle,
And sing the gay old times !
Old times ! old times !And sure the land is nothing changed,
The birds are singing still ;
The flowers are springing where we ranged,
There's sunshine on the hill ;
The sally waving o'er my head
Still sweetly shades my frame,
But ah, those happy days are fled,
And I am not the same !
Old times ! old times !

* In celebration of Palm Sunday, small sprigs of yew (as representative of palm) are worn by the Roman Catholics in Ireland, and their places of worship dressed with branches of the same. The sprig of palm is reverently preserved throughout the week, as the lines imply ; for the Palm Sunday is past—it is the Easter chimes he listens to.

Oh, come again, ye merry times !
 Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm ;
 And let me hear those Easter chimes,
 And wear my Sunday palm.
 If I could cry away mine eyes,
 My tears would flow in vain ;
 If I could waste my heart in sighs,
 They'll never come again !
 Old times ! old times !

In these beautiful lines we see the first appearance of that melancholy which darkened the poet's worldly path. He says—

“It is not that my fortunes flee.”

No ; it is that the world-experience of a sensitive man brought more of pain than pleasure,

“—in my wisdom there is woe,
 And in my knowledge, care.”

The tint of melancholy colours all he thinks of. When he speaks of his own isle, it is—
 “—my own *unhappy* isle.”

Yet still, in the last verse, there is the “longing, lingering look behind” to past pleasure ;

“Oh, come again, ye merry times !”

He was not *quite* tired of the world ; but, ere long, the past was nothing to him—he retired, as stated elsewhere, to a monastery, and thought and lived but for the future.

Even in this retirement, however, there were times of recreation, when Brother Joseph (the poet's monastic title) was asked to sing a song ; and I confess it is a great pleasure to me to know that at such a time one of mine found favour in that enlightened mind and affectionate heart, as the following extract will show. “At eight he joined in recreation, during which he seemed a picture of happiness. He conversed freely and lively, and often amused us with a song ; ‘Those Evening Bells’ and ‘The Baby lay sleeping’ (The Angel’s Whisper) being great favourites.”—*Life of Gerald Griffin*, by his brother, p. 460.

HOPE.

GOLDSMITH. From the Oratorio of “The Captivity.”

The wretch condemned with life to part,
 Still ! still ! on hope relies ;
 And every pang that rends the heart,
 Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper’s light,
 Adorns, and cheers the way :
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

KNOW YE NOT THAT LOVELY RIVER?

GERALD GRIFFIN.

The following exquisite verses were written at the request of the author's sister, then living in America. The Scotch air "Roy's Wife," was a favourite of hers, and she wished for some lines to sing to it, not liking any that had been adapted to that very sweet melody. It is not an easy air to write to, being, from its peculiarly Scottish structure, more suited to instrumentation than vocalisation. I do not mean this remark to apply to Scotch airs in general, all the flowing ones being as fine as any in the world for the purposes of song; but in "Roy's Wife" there is something of a *lilting* character unfavourable to song. Even Burns, that great master of musical measure, was not as happy as usual in his verses to this melody. The melody is often called "Garnavilla" in the south of Ireland, from a song called "Kate of Garnavilla," very popular some half century ago, and though of no great literary merit, perhaps it sings better than any other to the melody. In point of poetic beauty and intensity of feeling, Griffin's verses far surpass any ever written to the air, but they partake of the character of an ode rather than of a song. The river thus dearly remembered is the Ovaan, or White River, which sports in great variety of character through a romantic glen, where the poet loved to wander.

Know ye not that lovely river !
 Know ye not that smiling river ?
 Whose gentle flood,
 By cliff and wood,
 With 'wilderling sound goes winding ever.
 Oh ! often yet with feeling strong,
 On that dear stream my memory ponders,
 And still I prize its murmuring song,
 For by my childhood's home it wanders.
 Know ye not, &c.

There's music in each wind that blows
 Within our native valley breathing ;
 There's beauty in each flower that grows
 Around our native woodland wreathing.
 The memory of the brightest joys
 In childhood's happy morn that found us,
 Is dearer than the richest toys,
 The present vainly sheds around us.
 Know ye not, &c.

Oh, sister ! when 'mid doubts and fears
 That haunt life's onward journey ever,
 I turn to those departed years,
 And that beloved and lovely river ;

With sinking mind and bosom riven,
 And heart with lonely anguish aching,
 It needs my long-taught hope in heaven,
 To keep that weary heart from breaking !
 Know ye not, &c.

The following remarks from Dr. Griffin, in his interesting memoir of his brother, seem to me too worthy of quotation to be omitted here :—

“ The exquisite tenderness and depth of the feeling conveyed in these lines rendered them, like those touching ones addressed by the late Rev. C. Woolfe to “ Mary,” but badly adapted to be sung to any air, however beautiful. It is evident they were written after that change had come over his mind to which I have already slightly alluded, and which took away entirely his early and strong thirst for literary fame. However people in general may regret such an alteration, there are few persons who have arrived at that period of life when reflection begins to prevail, and enables them to perceive clearly the fleeting destiny of every temporal interest, who have not themselves at one time or another been under the visitation of those ‘doubts and fears’ they so beautifully express, and who will fail, therefore, to sympathise with that serious cast of thought which was so prevalent in his later writings, though it lessened their interest by depriving them of that character of passion which is such a jewel with the multitude.”—*Life of Gerald Griffin, by his brother, Daniel Griffin, M.D.*, p. 58.

KATE OF GARNAVILLA.

EDWARD LYSAGHT.

Here is the song alluded to in the leading notice of the foregoing verses. To any one of musical ear it will be apparent I have not said too much in giving it the preference to Burn’s “Canst thou leave me thus my Katy?” It has more variety and greater sweetness, even in the refrain—or chorus, as Burns has it. Let comparison be made by speaking—to say nothing of singing—the two following lines, and

“ Canst thou leave me thus my Katy ?”

sounds rather harsh and sibilant ; while

“ Have you been at Garnavilla ?”

is almost as musical as Italian. In short, the song throughout is very happy in syllable structure and choice of suitable and musical words.

Have you been at Garnavilla ?
 Have you seen at Garnavilla
 Beauty’s train trip o’er the plain
 With lovely Kate of Garnavilla !
 Oh ! she’s pure as virgin snows
 Ere they light on woodland hill ; O
 Sweet as dew-drop on wild rose
 Is lovely Kate of Garnavilla !

Philomel, I've listened oft
 To thy lay, nigh weeping willow ;
 Oh, the strain's more sweet, more soft,
 That flows from Kate of Garnavilla !
 Have you been, &c.

As a noble ship I've seen
 Sailing o'er the swelling billow,
 So I've marked the graceful mien
 Of lovely Kate of Garnavilla.
 Have you been, &c.

If poets' prayers can banish cares,
 No cares shall come to Garnavilla ;
 Joy's bright rays shall gild her days,
 And dove-like peace perch on her pillow.
 Charming maid of Garnavilla !
 Lovely maid of Garnavilla !
 Beauty, grace, and virtue wait
 On lovely Kate of Garnavilla !

" Fair play is a jewel"—an old saying I honour ; and, wishing to act up to it, I give the entire of Burns's song, that any reader who may not have a volume of Burns to refer to at the moment, may compare the two songs here :—

"CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY ?

Tune, 'Roy's Wife.'

" Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity ?

" Is this thy plighted fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy ?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
 An aching, broken heart, my Katy ?
 Canst thou, &c.

" Farewell ! may ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy :
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
 But not a love like mine, my Katy.
 Canst thou, &c."

It is a curious coincidence that each of these three songs begins with a question. Perhaps the note of interrogation infected me with the inquiring spirit of criticism in which I have ventured to indulge.



C U P I D'S W I N G.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE dart of Love was feather'd first
 From Folly's wing, they say,
 Until he tried his shaft to shoot
 In Beauty's heart one day ;
 He miss'd the maid so oft, 'tis said,
 His aim became untrue,
 And Beauty laugh'd as his last shaft
 He from his quiver drew ;
 “In vain,” said she, “you shoot at me,
 You little spiteful thing—
 The feather on your shaft I scorn,
 When pluck'd from Folly's wing.”

But Cupid soon fresh arrows found,
 And fitted to his string,
 And each new shaft he feather'd from
 His own bright glossy wing ;
 He shot until no plume was left,
 To waft him to the sky,
 And Beauty smiled upon the child
 When he no more could fly :
 “Now, Cupid, I am thine,” she said,
 “Leave off thy archer play;
 For Beauty yields—when she is sure
 Love will not fly away.”



WHEN LOVELY WOMAN.

GOLDSMITH. From the “Vicar of Wakefield.”

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray ;
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away ?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom, is—to die.

WHAT BARD, O TIME, DISCOVER.

SHERIDAN.

WHAT bard, O Time, discover
 With wings first made thee move !
 Ah ! sure he was some lover
 Who ne'er had left his love !
 For who that once did prove
 The pangs which absence brings,
 Tho' but one day
 He were away,
 Could picture thee with wings ?

These sweet and ingenious lines are from "The Duenna." The song does not appear in the late edition of the opera. I obtained it from an old Dublin edition, dated 1786—where the piece is entitled, "The Duenna, or double elopement; a comic opera, as it is acted at the Theatre, *Smoke Alley*, Dublin." (Properly called *Smock Alley*.) In this edition most outrageous liberties have been taken with the original text.



ALAS ! THOU HAST NO WINGS, OH ! TIME.

SHERIDAN.

In the lines that follow will be found the original form of the idea which the author so much improved in the foregoing. Moore, in his Life of Sheridan, gives numerous instances of the extreme care with which he filed and polished up his shafts of wit to bring them to the finest point. In this practice no one could better sympathise than Moore.

ALAS ! thou hast no wings, oh ! time ;
 It was some thoughtless lover's rhyme,
 Who, writing in his Chloe's view,
 Paid her the compliment through you.

For had he, if he truly loved,
 But once the pangs of absence proved,
 He'd cropp'd thy wings, and in their stead,
 Have painted thee with heels of lead.





SAMUEL LOVER.

A four-leaved Shamrock is of such rarity that it is supposed to endue the finder with magic power.

'LL seek a four-leaved shamrock in all the
fairy dells,
And if I find the charmèd leaves, oh, how I'll
weave my spells !

I would not waste my magic might on dia-
mond, pearl, or gold,

For treasure tires the weary sense—such triumph is but cold ;
But I would play the enchanter's part in casting bliss around,—
Oh ! not a tear nor aching heart should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honour !—I'd dry the mourner's tears,
And to the pallid lip recall the smile of happier years ;
And hearts that had been long estrang'd and friends that had grown
cold,

Should meet again—like parted streams—and mingle as of old !
Oh ! thus I'd play the enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear nor aching heart should in the world be found !

The heart that had been mourning o'er vanish'd dreams of love
 Should see them all returning,—like Noah's faithful dove,
 And Hope should launch her blessed bark on Sorrow's dark'ning sea,
 And Mis'ry's children have an Ark, and saved from sinking be ;
 Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around,
 And not a tear nor aching heart should in the world be found.

—♦—

SLEEP THAT LIKE THE COUCHED DOVE.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

SLEEP that like the couched dove,
 Broods o'er the weary eye,
 Dreams, that with soft heavings move
 The heart of memory—
 Labour's guerdon, golden rest,
 Wrap thee in its downy vest ;
 Fall like comfort on thy brain,
 And sing the hush-song to thy pain ! *

Far from thee be startling fears,
 And dreams the guilty dream ;
 No banshee scare thy drowsy ears, †
 With her ill-omened scream.
 But tones of fairy minstrelsy
 Float, like the ghosts of sound o'er thee, ‡
 Soft as the chapel's distant bell,
 And lull thee to a sweet farewell.

Ye, for whom the ashy hearth
 The fearful housewife clears— §
 Ye, whose tiny sounds of mirth,
 The nighted carman hears—

* To English readers it may be as well to state that the hush-song, or the more familiar Irish word "hush-o," is lowly murmured by every Irish nurse as she rocks the child in her arms, or in the cradle.

† The banshee is more frequently heard than seen, but when seen, is arrayed in white (hence the prefix *ban*), and, Siren-like, combing her hair. Her wail predicts death to some one dear to the hearer.

‡ "Ghosts of sound"—how expressive.

§ Often may the "fearful housewife" be seen sweeping up the hearth for *the fairies*—or, as they more frequently call them, "*the good people*." I have been chidden, as a boy, by an Irish peasant for using the word "fairy." "Don't call them *that*, Masther ; they don't like it—say 'good people.'"

Ye, whose pigmy hammers make*
 The wonderers of the cottage wake—
 Noiseless be your airy flight,
 Silent, as the still moonlight.

Silent go, and harmless come,
 Fairies of the stream—
 Ye, who love the winter gloom,
 Or the gay moonbeam—
 Hither bring your drowsy store,
 Gathered from the bright lusmore,†
 Shake o'er temples, soft and deep,
 The comfort of the poor man's sleep.



WAITING FOR THE MAY.

CLARENCE MANGAN.

Command of rythm, in almost capricious variety, with great facility and melody of rhyme, were among the poetic gifts of Clarence Mangan. The fineness of his ear, in both respects, is evident in the following exquisite lines, and it is feared his latter days were sufficiently sorrow-shaded to account for their morbidness. They are intense in feeling—sweetly poetical—bitterly sad—

“Most musical, most melancholy.”

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May—
 Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
 Where the fragrant hawthorn-brambles,
 With the woodbine alternating,
 Scent the dewy way.
 Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May—
 Longing to escape from study
 To the fair young face and ruddy,

* The fairies in Ireland have the reputation of being great shoemakers; hence the tapping of the “pigmy hammers.” I suppose the fairies thus employ themselves for such ladies as have that personal gift (so be-poetised), a fairy foot.

† Commonly called “fairy-cap” by the Irish—the fairies being supposed to appropriate the flowers of the plant for head-dresses. The literal meaning of lusmore is “great herb.” It is supposed to possess many magical qualities, and really does possess valuable medical ones, for it is the *digitalis purpurea*.

And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.

Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—

Sighing for their sure returning
When the summer-beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
All the winter lay.

Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—

Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.

Ah ! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May.

Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings—
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away—

Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May !



THE ROAD OF LIFE ;

OR, SONG OF THE IRISH POST-BOY.

SAMUEL LOVER. From "Songs and Ballads."

OH ! youth, happy youth ! what a blessing !
In thy freshness of dawn and of dew ;
When hope the young heart is caressing,
And our griefs are but light and but few :
Yet in life, as it swiftly flies o'er us,
Some musing for sadness we find ;
In youth—we've our troubles before us,
In age—we leave pleasure behind.

Aye—*Trouble's* the post-boy that drives us
 Up hill, till we get to the top ;
 While *Joy's* an old servant behind us
 We call on for ever to stop ;
 “ Oh, put on the drag, *Joy*, my jewel,
 As long as the sunset still glows ;
 Before it is dark 'twould be cruel
 To haste to the hill-foot's repose.”

But there stands an inn we must stop at,
 An extinguisher swings for the sign ;
 That house is but cold and but narrow—
 But the prospect beyond it's divine !
 And there—whence there's never returning,
 When we travel—as travel we must—
 May the gates be all free for our journey !
 And the tears of our friends lay the dust !



HARK ! HARK ! THE SOFT BUGLE.

GRiffin.

HARK ! hark ! the soft bugle sounds over the wood,
 And thrills in the silence of even,
 Till faint, and more faint, in the far solitude,
 It dies on the portals of heaven !
 But Echo springs up from her home in the rock,
 And seizes the perishing strain ;
 And sends the gay challenge with shadowy mock,
 From mountain to mountain again,
 And again !
 From mountain to mountain again.

Oh, thus let my love, like a sound of delight,
 Be around thee while shines the glad day,
 And leave thee, unpain'd in the silence of night,
 And die, like sweet music, away.
 While hope, with her warm light, thy glancing eye fills,
 Oh, say, “ Like that echoing strain—
 Though the sound of his love has died over the hills,
 It will waken in heaven again,
 And again !
 It will waken in heaven again.”

SWEET CHLOE.

LYSAGHT.

SWEET Chloe advised me, in accents divine,
 The joys of the bowl to surrender ;
 Nor lose, in the turbid excesses of wine,
 Delights more ecstatic and tender ;
 She bade me no longer in vineyards to bask,
 Or stagger, at orgies, the dupe of a flask,
 For the sigh of a sot's but the scent of the cask,
 And a bubble the bliss of the bottle.

To a soul that's exhausted, or sterile, or dry,
 The juice of the grape may be wanted ;
 But mine is reviv'd by a love-beaming eye,
 And with fancy's gay flow'rets enchanted.
 Oh ! who but an owl would a garland entwine
 Of Bacchus's ivy—and myrtle resign ?
 Yield the odours of love, for the vapours of wine,
 And Chloe's kind kiss for a bottle ?

MARKED YOU HER CHEEK ?

SHERIDAN.

MARK'D you her cheek of rosy hue ?
 Mark'd you her eye of sparkling blue ?
 That eye, in liquid circles moving ;
 That cheek, abashed at Man's approving.
 The *one*, Love's arrows darting round ;
 The *other*, blushing at the wound :
 Did she not speak, did she not move,
 Now *Pallas*—now the Queen of Love !

These lines are generally supposed to have been written upon Miss Linley ; but Moore, in his Life of Sheridan, tells us Lady Margaret Fordyce was the object of this sparkling eulogy. They are part of a long poem in which, to use Moore's words, "they shine out so conspicuously, that we cannot wonder at their having been so soon detached, like ill-set gems, from the loose and clumsy workmanship around them." In the same poem, says Moore, we find "one of those familiar lines which so many quote without knowing whence they come—one of those stray fragments whose parentage is doubtful, but to which (as the law says of illegitimate children), '*pater est populus*,'"—

" You write with ease to show your breeding ;
 But easy writing's curs'd hard reading."



PETRARCH'S INKSTAND.

Miss EDGEWORTH. Born, 1767. Died, 1849.

When the inkstand of Petrarch was presented to Miss Edgeworth, the gift was made to one by whose refinement and sensitiveness it could be most highly appreciated. It may be supposed she was more than ordinarily touched by it, when it hurried her into verse; for the "even tenor" of her thoughts accorded best with prose. She so seldom indulged in the sportive grace of metrical composition, that the following lines derive an additional value from their rarity, superadded to their intrinsic merit of sweet sentiment, gracefully expressed.

But not for the mere recording of these lines are they introduced in this volume; they afford the proud opportunity of gracing our pages with the name of Maria Edgeworth, whose numerous works are so honourable to Ireland—works bright with genius, and rich in usefulness. To her the highest place must be assigned among our lady writers; for her novels and tales are vivid not only with national character, but with the more general forms of universal life; and while they captivate by their entertaining qualities, inculcate the purest lessons of morality.

By beauty won from soft Italia's land,
Here Cupid, Petrarch's Cupid, takes his stand.
Arch suppliant, welcome to thy fav'rite isle,
Close thy spread wings, and rest thee here awhile;
Still the true-heart with kindred strains inspire,
Breathe all a poet's softness, all his fire;
But if the perjured knight approach this font,
Forbid the words to come as they were wont,
Forbid the ink to flow, the pen to write,
And send the false one baffled from thy sight.

In the three first lines Miss Edgeworth pays a graceful compliment at once to her countrywomen and her countrymen—to the beauty of the former, and the devotion which it commands from the latter.

YOUNG TYRANT OF THE BOW.

Rev. GEORGE CROLY, D.D.

YOUNG tyrant of the bow and wings,
Thy altar asks three precious things,
The heart's, the world's, most precious thre,
Courage, and time, and constancy.

Yes ! love must have them all, or none,
By time he's wearied, but not won ;
He shrinks from courage hot and high ;
He laughs at tedious constancy ;
But all his raptures, tender, true, sublime,
Are given to courage, constancy, and time.

EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON.*

GOLDSMITH.

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack :
He lived such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

* This gentleman was educated at Trinity College, Dublin ; but having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's *Henriade*.

DANCE LIGHT, FOR MY HEART IT LIES UNDER YOUR FEET, LOVE.

Air—"Huish the cat from under the table."

JOHN F. WALLER, LL.D.

The editor would not do justice to his own feelings or the author's merits did he fail to notice this song as one of the most charming of its class : full of truth—admirably graphic—and thoroughly national in its sportive tenderness.

" AH, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel—
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning ;
Come trip down with me to the sycamore tree,
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.

The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
 Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley ;
 While all the air rings with the soft, loving things,
 Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
 Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing.
 'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues—
 So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
 And now on the green, the glad groups are seen—
 Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing ;
 And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
 Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now, Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
 And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion ;
 With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground—
 The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
 Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's,
 Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing—
 Search the world all round, from the sky to the ground,
 NO SUCH SIGHT CAN BE FOUND AS AN IRISH LASS DANCING !

Sweet Kate ! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
 Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly,
 Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
 Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly ?
 Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
 Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love ;
 The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with a sigh,
 " *Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!*"



THE WIND AND THE WEATHERCOCK.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE summer wind lightly was playing
 Round the battlement high of the tow'r,
 Where a vane, like a lady, was staying,—
 A lady vain perch'd in her bow'r.
 To peep round the corner the sly wind would try ;
 But vanes, you know, never look in the wind's eye ;
 And so she kept turning shyly away—
 Thus they kept playing all through the day.

The summer wind said, “ She's coquetting :
 But each belle has her points to be found ;
 Before evening, I'll venture on betting,
 She will not then *go* but *come* round ! ”
 So he tried from the east, and he tried from the west,
 And the north and the south, to try which was best ;
 But still she kept turning shyly away—
 Thus they kept playing all through the day.

At evening, her hard heart to soften,
 He said, “ You're a flirt, I am sure ;
 But if vainly you're changing so often,
 No lover you'll ever secure.”
 “ Sweet sir,” said the vane, “ it is you who begin ;
 When *you* change so often, in *me* 'tis no sin ;
 If you cease to flutter, and steadily sigh,
 And only be constant—I'm sure so will I.”

EPIGRAM

ON THE BUSTS IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE. 1732.

DEAN SWIFT.

LEWIS the living learned fed,
 And raised the scientific head :
 Our frugal Queen,* to save her meat,
 Exalts the head that cannot eat.

* Queen Anne.

EPIGRAM.

DEAN SWIFT. Born, 1667. Died, 1745.

The "witty Dean" as he has been justly called, was born in Dublin. His fame is too large and wide-spread to require any elaborate notice of the speciality of his genius here. But it should be noted, in a book so essentially Irish, that his memory must be honoured not only for his genius but for his unflinching patriotism, persevered in, as his friend Doctor Delany declares, "under many severe trials and bitter persecutions, to the manifest hazard of his liberty and fortune." As his greatest works are in prose, the highest examples of his pen cannot be given in a volume of verse, and song was not a mode of the lyre in which the Dean indulged; but some of his lighter effusions, which Doctor Johnson (who was not over-given to laudation) praises for their humour, raciness, and gaiety, may fitly take their place in such a collection—his epigrams especially, which exhibit that satiric power for which his name is so celebrated.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the streets and fled for his life :
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble ;
Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice—
But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning ;
Three duels he fought, thrice ventured his life ;
Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife



ON MRS. BIDDY FLOYD ;

OR,

THE RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY. *

DEAN SWIFT.

WHEN Cupid did his grandsire Jove entreat
To form some beauty by a new receipt,
Jove sent, and found, far in a country scene,
Truth, innocence, good nature, look serene :
From which ingredients first the dexterous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The Graces from the Court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride :
These Venus clears from every spurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain ;
Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd ;
Then call'd the happy composition *Floyd*.

* An elegant Latin version of this poem is in the sixth volume of Dryden's *Miscellanies*.

BEAUTY AND TIME.

SAMUEL LOVER. From "Songs and Ballads."

TIME met Beauty one day in her garden,
 Where roses were blooming fair ;
 Time and Beauty were never good friends,
 So she wondered what brought him there.
 Poor Beauty exclaim'd, with a sorrowful air,
 " I request, Father Time, my sweet roses you'll spare,"
 For Time was going to mow them all down,
 While Beauty exclaim'd—with her prettiest frown,
 " Fie, Father Time ! "

" Well," said Time, " at least let me gather
 A few of your roses here,
 'Tis part of my pride to be always supplied
 With such roses the whole of the year."
 Poor Beauty consented, tho' half in despair ;
 And Time, as he went, ask'd a lock of her hair ;
 And as he stole the soft ringlet so bright,
 He vow'd 'twas for love—but she knew 'twas for spite.
 Oh fie, Father Time !

Time went on and left Beauty in tears ;
 He's a tell-tale the world well knows—
 So he boasted to all of the fair lady's fall,
 And show'd the lost ringlet and rose.
 So shock'd was poor Beauty to find that her fame
 Was ruin'd—tho' she was in nowise to blame,
 That she droop'd, like some flow'r that is torn from its clime,
 And her friends all mysteriously said—" *It was Time.*"
 Oh fie, Father Time !

CORINNA.

DEAN SWIFT. Written, 1712.

THIS day (the year I dare not tell)
 Apollo play'd the midwife's part ;
 Into the world Corinna fell,
 And he endow'd her with his art.

But Cupid with a Satyr comes :
 Both softly to the cradle creep ;
 Both stroke her hands and rub her gums,
 While the poor child lay fast asleep.

Then Cupid thus : " This little maid
 Of love shall always speak and write."
 " And I pronounce" (the Satyr said)
 " The world shall feel her scratch and bite."

SONG.

Dr. PARNELL.

THYRSIS, a young and amorous swain,
 Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
 Who both his heart subdue :
 Gay Cœlia's eyes were dazzling fair,
 Sabina's easy shape and air
 With softer magic drew.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
 Lives in a fond romance of love,
 And seems for each to die ;
 Till, each a little spiteful grown,
 Sabina Cœlia's shape ran down,
 And she Sabina's eye.

Their envy made the shepherd find
 Those eyes which love could only blind ;
 So set the lover free ;
 No more he haunts the grove or stream,
 Or with a true-love knot and name
 Engraves a wounded tree.

“ Ah, Cœlia !” sly Sabina cried,
 “ Though neither love, we're both denied ;
 Now, to support the sex's pride,
 Let either fix the dart.”
 “ Poor girl,” said Cœlia, “ say no more ;
 For should the swain but one adore,
 That spite which broke his chains before
 Would break the other's heart.”

LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW-PANE AT CHESTER.

DEAN SWIFT.

The Dean seems to have been roused to anger at Chester by the extortions of his landlord, if we may judge by some lines beginning—

My landlord is civil,
 But dear as the d——l ;
 Your pockets grow empty,
 With nothing to tempt ye,

And his rage seems to have been inflated to the degree of consigning the whole population to destruction, as follows :—

The walls of this town
 Are full of renown,
 And strangers delight to walk round 'em ;
 But as for the dwellers,
 Both buyers and sellers,
 For me, you may hang 'em or drown 'em.



THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

Translated from the Irish, by CLARENCE MANGAN.

This ballad, which is of a homely cast, was intended as a rebuke to the saucy pride of a woman in humble life, who assumed airs of consequence from being the possessor of three cows. Its author's name is unknown ; but its age can be determined, from the language, as belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century. That it was formerly very popular in Munster may be concluded from the fact, that the phrase, "Easy, oh, woman of three cows," has become a saying in that province on any occasion upon which it is desirable to lower the pretensions of a boastful or consequential person.—*Translator's note.*

O WOMAN of Three Cows, agragh ! don't let your tongue thus rattle !
O don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser ;
And Death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human
brows ;
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows :

See where Mamonia's* heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants,
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants !
 If *they* were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
 Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows !

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning !
Mavrone !† for they were banished, with no hope of their returning—
 Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house ?
 Yet *you* can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows !

Think of Donnell of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted—
 See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, uncharted !
 He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
 Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud, good Woman of Three Cows ?

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in
 story—

Think how their high achievements once made *Erin's* greatest glory—
 Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs,
 And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows !

Th' O'Carrolls also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with *Erin's* best and oldest ;
 Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse ?
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows !

Your neighbour's poor, and you it seems are big with vain ideas,
 Because *inagh* !‡ you've got three cows—one more, I see, than *she* has ;
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows,
 But, if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows !

THE SUMMING UP.

Now, there you go ! you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing ;
 And I'm too poor to hinder you ; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
 If I had but *four* cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
 I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows !

The most comical piece of pride I ever heard of was that attributed to a Dublin basket-woman by an incensed rival, who thus accused her :—“Bad luck to your impudence, Moll Doyle !—there's no standin' the consait o' you since you got that new strap to your basket.” Mrs. Doyle, with a disdainful toss of her head, replied,—“More grandeur to me !”

* Munster.

† My grief.

‡ Forsooth.

MY NATIVE TOWN.

SAMUEL LOVER.

WE have heard of Charybdis and Scylla of old ;
 Of Maelstrom the modern enough has been told ;
 Of Vesuvius's blazes all travellers bold

Have established the bright renown :
 But spite of what ancients or moderns have said
 Of whirlpools so deep, or volcanoes so red,
 The place of all others on earth that I dread
 Is my beautiful native town.

Where they sneer if you're poor, and they snarl if you're rich ;
 They know every cut that you make in your fletch ;
 If your hose should be darn'd, they can tell every stitch ;

And they know when your wife got a gown.
 The old one, they say, was made new—for the brat ;
 And they're sure you love mice—for you can't keep a cat ;
 In the hot flame of scandal how blazes the fat,
 When it falls in your native town !

If a good stream of blood chance to run in your veins,
 They think to remember it not worth the pains,
 For losses of caste are to them all the gains,

So they treasure each base renown.
 If your mother sold apples—your father his oath,
 And was cropp'd of his ears—yet you'll hear of them both ;
 For loathing all low things they never are loath,
 In your virtuous native town.

If the dangerous heights of renown you should try,
 And give all the laggards below the go-by,
 For fear you'd be hurt with your climbing so high,
 They're the first to pull you down.

Should Fame give you wings, and you mount in despite,
 They swear Fame is wrong, and that they're in the right,
 And reckon you there—though you're far out of sight,
 Of the owls of your native town.

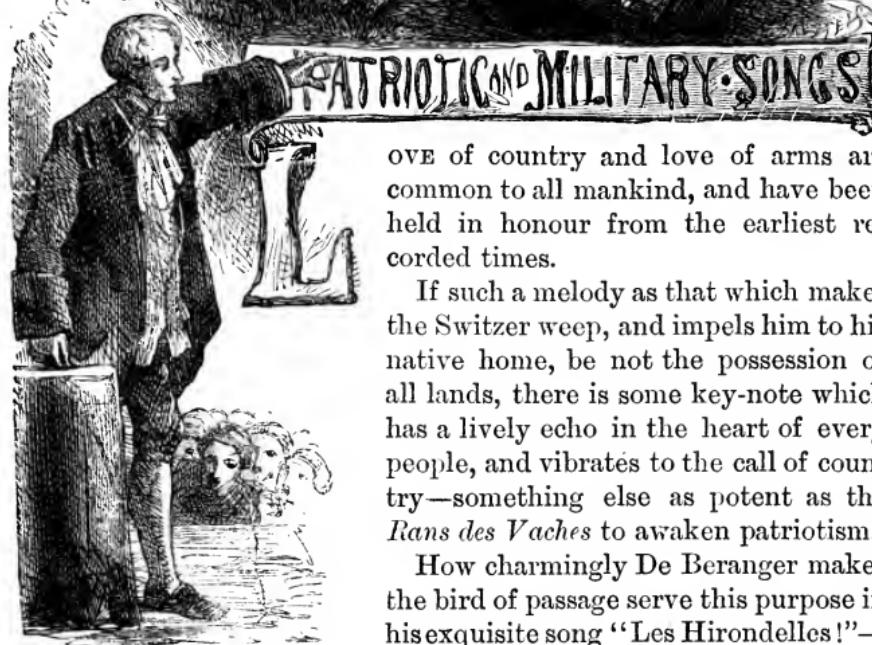
Then give me the world, boys ! that's open and wide,
 Where honest in purpose, and honest in pride,
 You are taken for just what you're worth when you're tried
 And have paid your reckoning down.
 Your coin's not mistrusted—the critical scale
 Does not weigh ev'ry piece, like a huxter at sale ;
 The mint-mark is on it—although it might fail
 To pass in your native town.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

DEAN SWIFT.

- I. LEST it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.
- II. By disputing I will never,
To convince you, once endeavour.
- III. When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.
- IV. When I talk and you are heedless,
I will show no anger needless.
- V. When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.
- VI. When you, furious, argue wrong,
I will grieve and hold my tongue.
- VII. Not a jest or humorous story
Will I ever tell before ye :
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite mistake the meaning.
- VIII. Never more will I suppose
You can taste my verse or prose.
- IX. You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach and you forget.
- X. You shall never hear me thunder
When you blunder on, and blunder.
- XI. Show your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit ;
Give yourself ten thousand airs :
That with me shall break no squares.
- XII. Never will I give advice
Till you please to ask me thrice :
Which if you in scorn reject,
'Twill be just as I expect.





LOVE of country and love of arms are common to all mankind, and have been held in honour from the earliest recorded times.

If such a melody as that which makes the Switzer weep, and impels him to his native home, be not the possession of all lands, there is some key-note which has a lively echo in the heart of every people, and vibrates to the call of country—something else as potent as the *Rans des Vaches* to awaken patriotism.

How charmingly De Beranger makes the bird of passage serve this purpose in his exquisite song “*Les Hirondelles!*”—

“ Captif au rivage du Maure,
 Un guerrier, courbé sous ses fers,
 Disait : Je vous revois encore,
 Oiseaux ennemis des hivers.
 Hirondelles, que l'esperance
 Suit jusqu'en ces brûlants climats,
 Sans doute vous quittez la Francé :
 De mon pays ne me parlez vous pas ?”

The idea of the poet, in this first verse of his lovely elegy, was verified in fact ; for M. Perrotin gives a note in his “Œuvres Complètes” of Beranger, telling us that the French soldiers, made prisoners of war by the Arabs in the late Algerian campaigns, were wont to sing this song, but that, before its conclusion, tears used to choke their utterance.

Not only is love of country universal, but it is the impression of every people that their own country is the best.

“ Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam—
 His first, best country, ever is at home.”

Few are the stoics who boast of being citizens of the world, elevated above what they are pleased to call the prejudice of prizeing one nation above another—whose comprehensive wisdom affects to estimate the whole human race with equal consideration, or, rather, passionate indifference. Few they are, and well they are so ; and perhaps they are fewer than even they themselves think. Why, even that worldly, witty maxim-writer, Rochefoucauld, in the midst of all his satire and sarcasm and mistrust of human virtue, admits the existence of that of patriotism, and in terms of tenderness, rare with him—

“ L'accent du pays où l'on est né, demeure dans l'esprit et dans le cœur, comme dans la language.”

The gentle and conscientious Cowper exclaims—

“ England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
 My country ! ”

Which apostrophe, if I remember rightly, the proud Byron in his angry exile quoted. Again, Byron exhibits recollections of England which all his anger could not quench, thus—

“ On, on, through meadows, managed like a garden,
 A paradise of hops and high production ;
 For, after years of travel by a bard in
 Countries of greater heat but lesser suction,

A green field is a sight which makes him pardon
 The absence of that more sublime construction,
 Which mixes up vines, olives, precipices,
 Glaciers, volcanoes, oranges, and ices."

And then, with characteristic versatility, and love of contrast and the grotesque, he adds—

" And when I think upon a pot of beer—
 But I won't weep! —"

But through this veil of fun peeps out a latent love of country.

As for the love of arms, that is evidently inherent in our nature, from the fact of children playing at soldiers. All arms are imitated; the natural state of infantry is not enough. Tommy aspires to the cavalry, his gouty grandpapa's cane, used to soberer paces, is converted into a war-horse, and he charges round the room, an imaginary guardsman; while Bobby, who affects the artillery, is boring a hole with a spike of red-hot iron into the bone of some timid sheep's trotter, to make a cannon; and possibly the military cocked-hats of both are formed out of some whity-brown, which was once the wrapper of some parcel from the shop of Obediah Smallsoul, of the Peace Society. This love pervades the sports of riper years: it has coloured the national games of the civilised and the savage—the Pyrrhic dance of the accomplished Greek has its counterpart, even now, in the war-dance of the South-sea Islander and the American Red Indian. This love "grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength." To be a soldier is the aspiration of most young men, a desire too often disturbing the equanimity of some long-headed father, who had intended for his young Hotspur a more profitable pursuit. And this admiration of the

"Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,"

is shared by woman; for if she cannot be a soldier herself, she is most ready to bestow her love on him who is one: and this feeling must have been predominant from the earliest ages, for Pagan records bear evidence of it in the myth of Mars and Venus.

Now, these two passions of our nature, always very strong in the Irish, became, from the peculiarity of Ireland's political position, accidentally strengthened. Nearly up to the end of the last century, the great mass of the youth of Ireland were forbidden the honourable profession of arms at home, and were thus forced to leave the land they loved to enjoy the forbidden desire, which they exercised abroad; and in his exile, the love of the Irishman for his country increased—

for when do we love our country so much as when we are absent from it? Other historic evidence might be given to account for an extra, indeed almost morbid, love of country, on the part of the Irish. The Switzer (already alluded to) has been adduced as an example of patriotism by Goldsmith, who says that this land of wilderness, sterility, and poverty is not the less, but the more prized, by the native, and thus accounts for it:—

“ And as the child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother’s breast,
So the wild torrent and the whirlwind’s roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.”

Now, Ireland is not sterile, but wild enough in many respects, and has been (from causes not of her own engendering and beyond her reach to cure) too long impoverished, and the physical tempest is not less potent in making the Switzer cling to “the mother’s breast,” than the political storm has been in similarly attaching the Irishman. I witnessed, once, a touching proof of the passionate love the Irish peasant bears his native land. A party of labourers had just arrived in the packet-boat from England, where they had been reaping the wheat-harvest, and crowded to the vessel’s side, eager to jump ashore; and when they did so, they knelt down and kissed their mother earth.

As for their gallant bearing as soldiers, the annals of England’s wars are sufficient testimony—whether the Irish fought for or against her; and the recently-instituted military order—Victoria cross of valour—gave ample evidence, in its first distribution, of the same still-existing valour of the Irishman on the battle-field. And here may be recorded an anecdote of an Irish regiment, so characteristic in every way, that its appropriateness justifies me, I trust, in relating it, without my being open to the charge of national vaingloriousness. A fort was to be stormed; the day looked to for the assault was the 18th of March, but a request was forwarded to the officer in command by the Irish regiment, suggesting that operations might be a little hastened, and the assault delivered on the 17th—St. Patrick’s day—in which case the whole regiment volunteered to lead the attack, as they would like “to have a bit of a skrimmage, and do something for the honour of ould Ireland on that day.” The request was complied with, and at day-break on the 17th, the band of the regiment struck up “St. Patrick’s Day;” and to that lively measure away they went, with a ringing cheer, and the fort was

carried "in no time." Three national elements of success were here—the remembrance of Ireland and desire to do something for her honour ; the love of music ; and that soldierly dash—that "MILITARY GLEE," which Scott recognised in his gallant heart, and recorded with his glorious pen.*

Can we wonder, then, that poets should be inspired with two such glorious themes, and laud the land that bore them, and glorify the sword that guards its honour ? Perhaps, in doing so, they sometimes shed their ink as recklessly as the soldier sheds his blood, and in their sanguine exuberance indulge in a little exaggeration ; but, in saying this, I do not mean to imply that the Irishman is one whit more exalted in the spirit of laudation than the native of any other country.

Finally, the love of country and love of arms have been honoured in the highest, for they were held worthy of being the theme of holy writ. Yes ; the love of country is a holy thing, for thus saith the Psalmist—

" By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept : when we remembered thee, O Sion.

As for our harps, we hanged them up : upon the trees that are therein.

For they that had led us away captive required of us there a song, and melody in our heaviness : Sing us one of the songs of Sion.

How shall we sing the Lord's song : in a strange land ?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem : let my right hand forget her cunning."

And thus the minstrel king—the smiter of the giant—the warrior poet, thanks the Lord of Hosts for the gift of a courageous manhood :—

" Blessed be the Lord, my strength : who teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight."

* *Vide* Vision of Don Roderic.



THE IRISHMAN.

JAMES ORR. Air—"Vive La."

James Orr was one of those "Men of the North" celebrated in that remarkable volume of vigorous verse, "The Spirit of the Nation." He was a journeyman weaver. Now, weavers have been down in the market ever since the invention of looms—Shakespeare talks ironically of drawing "three souls out of one weaver." But our Ulster weaver redeemed the credit of his class by his deeds. That he wrote good verses the following lines prove; and he fought at the battle of Antrim, in 1798—so that he had the true spirit of the old Troubadours in him, being equally ready to wield the pen or the sword. In short, he had a soul for business, a soul for poetry, and a soul for fighting;—so that he may have been the very weaver Shakespeare had in his prophetic eye—"in a fine frenzy rolling"—when he spoke of drawing three souls out of one weaver.

THE savage loves his native shore,
 Though rude the soil, and chill the air ;
 Then well may Erin's sons adore
 Their isle which nature formed so fair.
 What flood reflects a shore so sweet
 As Shannon great, or pastoral Bann ?
 Or who a friend or foe can meet
 So generous as an Irishman ?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
 But honesty is still his guide ;
 None more repents a deed of harm,
 And none forgives with nobler pride :
 He may be duped, but won't be dared—
 More fit to practise than to plan ;
 He dearly earns his poor reward,
 And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor, for you he'll pay,
 And guide to where you safe may be ;*
 If you're his guest, while e'er you stay
 His cottage holds a jubilee.
 His inmost soul he will unlock,
 And if he may *your* secrets scan,
 Your confidence he scorns to mock—
 For faithful is an Irishman.

* Many a traveller in Ireland has proved the truth of this. If a stranger loses his way and inquires it of an Irish peasant, the peasant will turn back *for miles* out of his own way to put the stranger securely into his.

By honour bound in woe or weal,
 Whate'er she bids he dares to do ;
 Try him with bribes—they won't prevail ;
 Prove him in fire—you'll find him true.
 He seeks not safety, let his post
 Be where it ought,—in danger's van ;
 And if the field of fame be lost,
 It won't be by an Irishman.

Erin ! loved land ! from age to age
 Be thou more great, more famed, more free ;
 May peace be thine, or, should'st thou wage
 Defensive war—cheap victory.
 May plenty bloom in every field
 Which gentle breezes softly fan,
 And cheerful smiles serenely gild
 The home of every Irishman.

THE PLAINT OF THE EXILE.

JOHN O'DONOGHUE.

As I stood on the shore of the stranger,
 When day was at rest—
 And the sun was declining in gold,
 To his throne in the west—
 Dear Erin ! I wept, as I gazed
 On the splendour-paved sea,
 And I panted to trace that high road
 Of glory, to thee !

Tho' far, far away from the scenes
 Of my childhood I roam—
 Oh ! can I forget thee one moment,
 My dear happy home !
 Had I but thy pinions, bright planet,
 How swift would I flee,
 For an instant to gaze, though 'twere death,
 My loved Erin, on thee !

Shall I ever behold thee again ?
 Will the future restore
 One glimpse of thy valleys and hills
 Ere my sorrows are o'er ?

Kind Heaven ! give me but one look
 Ere my pilgrimage cease—
 And death shall come o'er the last throb
 Of my spirit in peace.

These lines, though of no great literary merit, have the redeeming grace of a strong love of native land in them, and find a place here for that reason. The entire of the first verse is too obviously imitated from Moore's exquisite lines—

“ How dear to me the hour when daylight dies
 And sunbeams melt along the silent sea ;
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
 And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

“ And as I watch the line of light that plays
 Along the smooth wave tow'r'd the burning west,
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,
 And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.”

THE IRISH DRAGOON.

CHARLES LEVER. Air—“ Sprig of Shillelah.”

Oh, love is the soul of an Irish dragoon,
 In battle, in bivouac, or in saloon—
 From the tip of his spur to his bright sabertasche.
 With his soldierly gait and his bearing so high,
 His gay laughing look and his light speaking eye,
 He frowns at his rivals, he ogles his wench,
 He springs on his saddle and *chasses* the French—
 With his jingling spur and his bright sabertasche.

His spirits are high and he little knows care,
 Whether sipping his claret or charging a square—
 With his jingling spur and his bright sabertasche.
 As ready to sing or to skirmish he's found,
 To take off his wine or to take up his ground ; •
 When the bugle may call him how little he fears
 To charge forth in column and beat the mounseers—
 With his jingling spur and his bright sabertasche.

When the battle is over he gaily rides back
 To cheer every soul in the night bivouac—
 With his jingling spur and his bright sabertasche.
 Oh ! there you may see him in full glory crown'd,
 And he sits 'mid his friends on the hardly-won ground,
 And hear with what feeling the toast he will give,
 As he drinks to the land where all Irishmen live—
 With his jingling spur and his bright sabertasche.

WAR SONG OF O'DRISCOL.

By GERALD GRIFFIN.

FROM the shieling that stands by the lone mountain river,
 Hurry, hurry down, with the axe and the quiver ;
 From the deep-seated coom,* from the storm-beaten highland,
 Hurry, hurry down to the shores of your island.

Hurry down, hurry down !
 Hurry down, &c.

Galloglach and Kern, hurry down to the sea—
 There the hungry raven's beak is gaping for a prey.
 Farrah ! to the onset ! Farrah ! to the shore !
 Feast him with the pirate's flesh, the bird of gloom and gore.

Hurry down, hurry down !
 Hurry down, &c.

Hurry, for the slaves of Bel are mustering to meet ye ;
 Hurry by the beaten cliff, the Nordman longs to greet ye ;
 Hurry from the mountain ! hurry, hurry from the plain !
 Welcome him, and never let him leave our land again !

Hurry down, hurry down !
 Hurry down, &c.

On the land a sulky wolf, and in the sea a shark,
 Hew the ruffian spoiler down, and burn his gory bark !
 Slayer of the unresisting ! ravager profane !
 Leave the white sea-tyrant's limbs to moulder on the plain.

Hurry down, hurry down !
 Hurry down, &c.



THE LAND OF THE WEST.

SAMUEL LOVER,

OH ! come to the West, love—oh ! come there with me ;
 'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea,
 Where fair Plenty smiles from her Emerald throne—
 Oh, come to the West, and I'll make thee my own !
 I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee the best,
 And you'll say there's no land like the land of the West !

* A close valley between abrupt hills.

The South has its roses and bright skies of blue,
 But ours are more sweet with love's own changeful hue—
 Half sunshine, half tears,—like the girl I love best ;
 Oh ! what is the South to the beautiful West !
 Then come to the West, and the rose on thy mouth
 Will be sweeter to me than the flow'rs of the South !

The North has its snow-tow'rs of dazzling array,
 All sparkling with gems in the ne'er-setting day ;
 There the Storm-king may dwell in the halls he loves best,
 But the soft-breathing Zephyr he plays in the West.
 Then come there with me, where no cold wind doth blow,
 And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow !

The Sun, in the gorgeous East, chaseth the night
 When he riseth, refresh'd, in his glory and might ;
 But where doth he go when he seeks his sweet rest ?
 Oh ! doth he not haste to the beautiful West ?
 Then come there with me ; 'tis the land I love best,
 'Tis the land of my sires !—'tis my own darling West !

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BAD LUCK TO THIS MARCHING.

CHARLES LEVER, From "Charles O'Malley."

Air—"Paddy O'Carroll."

BAD luck to this marching,
 Pipeclaying and starching ;
 How neat one must be to be killed by the French !
 I'm sick of parading,
 Through wet and cold wading,
 Or standing all night to be shot in a trench.
 To the tune of a fife
 They dispose of your life,
 You surrender your soul to some illigant lilt ;
 Now, I like "Garryowen" *
 When I hear it at home,
 But it's not half so sweet when you're going to be kil't.

Then, though up late and early
 Our pay comes so rarely,
 The devil a farthing we've ever to spare ;
 They say some disaster
 Befel the paymaster ;
 On my conscience I think that the money's not there.

* A favourite Irish air, and also a celebrated locality in the city of Limerick.

And, just think, what a blunder !
 They won't let us plunder,
 While the convents invite us to rob them, 'tis clear ;
 Though there isn't a village
 But cries, "Come and pillage !"
 Yet we leave all the mutton behind for Mounseer.*

Like a sailor that's nigh land,
 I long for that island
 Where even the kisses we steal if we please ;
 Where it is no disgrace
 If you don't wash your face,
 And you've nothing to do but to stand at your ease.
 With no sergeant t' abuse us,
 We fight to amuse us,
 Sure it's better beat Christians than kick a baboon ;
 How I'd dance like a fairy
 To see ould Dunleary,†
 And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a dragoon !



MY NATIVE LAND.

Here is a song from an anonymous poet who should not be anonymous, for his name deserves a good mark. This book shows how rich Ireland is in poetic talent. Sprinkled through these leaves we have scores of examples, from the heights of fun to the depths of feeling, from anonymous pens. "Each mode of the lyre" is run through with an intuitive grace, by these amateur minstrels, that might make a professor envious.

WHY are thy sons, though good and brave,
 A weak, divided band,
 Lorn from the cradle to the grave,
 My native land ?
 Why do the meanest of mankind
 Rule thy green isle, with iron hand ?
 Canst thou no god-like leader find—
 No Spartan band
 Thy galling fetters to unbind—
 My native land ?

* A capital line this—the natural comment of a hungry soldier,—illustrating a fact honourable to the British army in the Peninsular war.

† A landing-place in Dublin Bay—now called Kingstown, in commemoration of the visit of George IV., as "Passage," in the Cove of Cork, goes by the higher "style and title" of "Queenstown," since the visit of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Dunleary, of old, could afford shelter but to a few fishing-boats under a small pier. The harbour of Kingstown has anchorage within its capacious sweep of masonry for ships of war; in fact, it is one of the finest works in the British dominions.

The traitor's spoil, the stranger's prey,
 Thy helpless people stand ;
 Unhonour'd, save when they betray *
 Their native land.
 Still ! still ! they're doom'd to writhe and weep,
 And wildly wring the hopeless hand ;
 Far happier should the wave o'ersweep
 Thy velvet strand,
 And 'whelm thee in the raging deep—
 My native land !

THE GIRLS OF THE WEST.

CHARLES LEVER. Air—"Thady ye Gander."

You may talk, if you please,
 Of the brown Portuguese,
 But wherever you roam, wherever you roam,
 You nothing will meet
 Half so lovely or sweet
 As the girls at home, the girls at home.
 Their eyes are not sloes,
 Nor so long is their nose
 But between me and you, between me and you,
 They are just as alarming,
 And ten times more charming,
 With hazel and blue, with hazel and blue.

They don't ogle a man
 O'er the top of their fan
 Till his heart's in a flame, his heart's in a flame ;
 But though bashful and shy,
 They've a look in their eye,
 That just comes to the same, just comes to the same.
 No mantillas they sport,
 But a petticoat short
 Shows an ankle the best, an ankle the best,
 And a leg—but, O murthier !
 I dare not go further,
 So here's to the West, so here's to the West.

* This reminds us of Moore's noble quatrain :—

“ Unprized are her sons till they learn to betray,
 Unnoticed they live if they shame not their sires
 And the torch that would light them thro' dignity's way
 Must be watched from the pile where their country expires.”

FAIR-HILL'D PLEASANT IRELAND.

From the Irish.

TAKE a blessing from the heart of a lonely griever
 To fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland,
 To the glorious seed of Ir and Eivir,*
 In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland,
 Where the voice of birds fills the wooded vale,
 Like the morning harp o'er the fallen Gael—
 And, oh ! that I pine many long days' sail
 From fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland !

On the gentle heights are soft sweet fountains,
 In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland ;
 I would choose o'er this land the bleakest mountains
 In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland—
 More sweet than fingers o'er strings of song,
 The lowing of cattle the vales among,
 And the sun smiling down upon old and young,
 In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland !

There are numerous hosts at the trumpet's warning,
 In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland ;
 And warriors bold, all dangers scorning,
 In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland—
 Oh, memory sad ! oh, tale of grief !
 They are crush'd by the stranger past all relief ;
 Nor tower nor town has its native chief,†
 In fair-hilled, pleasant Ireland ?

* Heber, Eibher, or Eivir, was the son of Ir, who was the second son of Milesius. A Milesian descent, of which the Irish are so proud, is something like the pride of a Saxon descent in England (only some thousand years older); for the Milesians, like the Saxons, were invaders, overcome in time by stronger invaders than themselves. That they were invaders is evident from this passage: "Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadelus should obtain the possession of a western island (which was Ireland), and there inhabit."—Keating. Moore celebrates this point in the ancient history of Ireland in his "Song of Innisfail" in the Irish Melodies, concluding with this verse:—

"Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
 Where now their Day-God's eye
 A look of such sunny omen gave
 As lighted up sea and sky.
 Nor frown was seen thro' sky or sea,
 Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
 When first on their Isle of Destiny
 Our great forefathers trod."

But though thus, according to Moore, the morning of our history was so bright, it turned out a very rainy evening for poor Ireland;—but it is clearing up; we may close our political umbrellas.

† From this passage it is evident the song cannot be very old, though there is an antique air about it. The love of country and yearning for home are characteristically expressed, and certainly very touching, in this ballad.



THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Rev. CHARLES WOLFE.

The Rev. Charles Wolfe, a minister of the Established Church, was a native of Dublin. It is to be regretted that he died in the prime of manhood, for a youth of such promise gave hope of a distinguished future. He furnished another evidence to the truth of that apothegm of the ancients,—"Whom the gods love die young." His lines, entitled as above, at first appeared anonymously, and created such general admiration, that, along with several speculations as to their authorship, not a few absolute claims were made for that honour by impudent aspirants for fame. Medwin, in his "Conversations of Lord Byron," asserts his belief (among the speculators) that they were *written by* the noble poet, though all he establishes is the fact that they were *admired and read* by him. Though the extract is longer than is desirable to be given in a work like the present, yet it is so pregnant with evidence of the high worth at which Wolfe was rated among the highest, that I cannot resist giving it, as tribute due to his memory.

"The conversation turned after dinner on the lyrical poetry of the day, and a question arose as to which was the most perfect ode that had been produced. Shelley contended for Coleridge's on Switzerland, beginning, 'Ye clouds,' &c.; others named some of Moore's Irish Melodies, and Campbell's Hohenlinden; and, had Lord Byron not been present, his own Invocation to Manfred, or Ode to Napoleon, or on Prometheus, might have been cited.

"'Like Gray,' said he, 'Campbell smells too much of the oil; he is never satisfied with what he does; his finest things have been spoiled by over-polish—the sharpness

of the outline is worn off. Like paintings, poems may be too highly finished. The great art is effect, no matter how produced.

“ ‘ I will show you an ode you have never seen, that I consider little inferior to the best which the present prolific age has brought forth.’ With this he left the table, almost before the cloth was removed, and returned with a magazine, from which he read the following lines on Sir John Moore’s burial, which perhaps require no apology for finding a place here.”

Here follow the stanzas, after which Medwin continues—“ The feeling with which he recited these admirable stanzas I shall never forget. After he had come to an end, he repeated the third, and said it was perfect, particularly the lines—

“ ‘ But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.’

“ ‘ I should have taken,’ said Shelley, ‘ the whole for a rough sketch of Campbell’s.’ ‘ No,’ replied Lord Byron ; ‘ Campbell would have claimed it, if it had been his.’

“ I afterwards had reason to think that the ode was Lord Byron’s ; that he was piqued at none of his own being mentioned ; and, after he had praised the verses so highly, could not own them. No other reason can be assigned for his not acknowledging himself the author, particularly as he was a great admirer of General Moore.”

Here we have Coleridge, Campbell, and Moore among the hypothetical authors ; Byron and Shelley, as admirers and conjecturers ; and, after all, it was a young Irishman who produced this poem. Such literary honour is worth recording, not only for the sake of the memory of the departed poet, but for the fame of the land that gave him birth.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral-note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried,
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O’er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam’s misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow’d his narrow bed,
And smooth’d down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o’er his head,
And we far away on the pillow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame, fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone in his glory !

I have said, many claims were laid to the authorship of this ode, but they were all soon silenced by the indubitable evidence existing as to the real author. Among the pseudo claimants, the most unfortunate was a certain Dr. Marshall, whose name laid him open to a very funny squib, let off against him in the shape of a parody on the ode, setting forth how a certain drunken man was discovered in the kennel,

“Where he lay like a gentleman taking a snooze,
 With his MARSHALL cloak around him.”

The parody is too good to be lost to those who love that sort of fun, but respect for the noble lines of the original forbids placing a parody in juxtaposition, therefore it is inserted in the Appendix, with some other information on the subject-matter of the burial of sufficient interest to be recorded, but which would have overloaded, to an inconvenient length, annotations already unusually long.

TO THE BATTLE, MEN OF ERIN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL. Air—“Beside a Rath.”

To the battle, men of Erin,
 To the front of battle go ;
 Every breast the shamrock wearing
 Burns to meet his country's foe.
 What though France, thine eagle standard
 Spreading terror far and nigh,
 Over Europe's skies hath wander'd
 On the wings of victory—

Yet thy vauntings us dismay not,
 Tell us when ye, hand to hand,
 Ever stood the charging bay'net
 Of a right true Irish band ?

Erin, when the swords are glancing
 In the dark fight, loves to see
 Foremost still her plumage dancing
 To the trumpet's jubilee.

This song was written for Bunting's "General Collection of the Ancient music of Ireland." It is pleasant to see a distinguished Scotchman celebrating the valour of Ireland. Campbell must have had a strong feeling for Ireland, or he could not have written the above; still less that finest of lyrics, "There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin."

Another illustrious Scotchman, by the way, pays a high tribute to the military glory of Ireland :—

" Hark, from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
 Mingling wild mirth with war's loud minstrelsy ;
 His jest which each blithe comrade round him flings,
 He moves to death with military glee.
 Roast Erin, boast then, fearless, frank, and free,
 And ^{HE,}* their chieftain—strike the loudest tone
 Of thy proud harp, Green Isle—the hero is thine own ! "

Sir Walter Scott's "Vision of Don Roderic."

OH, ERIN !

JOHN DALTON, M.R.I.A.

OH, Erin ! in thine hour of need,
 Thy warriors wander o'er the earth ;
 For others' liberties they bleed,
 Nor guard the land that gave them birth :
 In foreign fields it is their doom,
 To seek their fame—to find their tomb.†

For them no friend of early days
 A tear of kindred grief shall shed :
 Nor maiden's prayer, nor minstrel's lays,
 Shall hallow their neglected bed.‡
 They sleep beneath the silent stone,
 To country lost—to fame unknown.

* The Duke of Wellington.

† One evil consequence of the penal laws was, that the Irish being denied the exercise of the honourable profession of arms at home, (as alluded to in the introduction to this section,) the high-mettled youth of the land were driven to take service under foreign banners : and England had often to *regret* the valour of such soldiers as their foes in defeat (as at Fontenoy, for instance), instead of *rejoicing* in it, as their friends in victory which they have since done on many a well-fought field in the last half century.

‡ Here, I think, my friend Mr. Dalton does not justice to himself and his brother poets of Ireland ; for, however hard was the lot of the expatriated Irish soldier, his story has not been "neglected," nor his valour unsung by the bard.



SOGGARTH AROON.

JOHN BANIM. Born, 1798. Died, 1842.

The name of John Banim stands high in the record of Irish literature. His tale of "*Crohore na bilhoge*" is of wondrous power; as, also, his "Ghost Hunter." His tragedy of "Damon and Pythias" is of high merit. Many more of his works might be named, but it is unnecessary here. In the lyric vein, Mr. Banim is not so felicitous as in other forms of composition; but his knowledge of Irish character, strength of feeling, and vigorous expression, are valuable counterpoises against blemishes of versification and carelessness of construction. The following address of the Irish peasant to his priest is full of nature, and vividly and forcibly expresses the sources and strength of the ties that exist between them.

Am I the slave they say,
Soggarth aroon ?*
Since you did show the way,
" Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Ould Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth aroon ?

* Priest dear.

Why not her poorest man,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Try and do all he can,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Her commands to fulfil
 Of his own heart and will,
 Side by side with you still,
 Soggarth aroon ?

Loyal and brave to you,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Yet be no slave to you,
 Soggarth aroon,—
 Nor, out of fear to you,
 Stand up so near to you—
 Och ! out of fear to *you* !
 Soggarth aroon !

Who, in the winter's night,
 Soggarth aroon,
 When the cowld blast did bite,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Came to my cabin-door,
 And, on my earthen floor,
 Knelt by me, sick and poor,
 Soggarth aroon ?

Who, on the marriage day,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Made the poor cabin gay,
 Soggarth aroon—
 And did both laugh and sing,
 Making our hearts to ring,
 At the poor christening,
 Soggarth aroon ?

Who, as friend only met,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Never did flout me yet,
 Soggarth aroon ?
 And when my hearth was dim,
 Gave, while his eye did brim,
 What I should give to him,*
 Soggarth aroon ?

* The Irish Roman Catholic priest is supported by voluntary contributions from his flock ; but here (as in many cases), the priest reverses the order of giving, and bestows charity on the poor peasant.

Och ! you, and only you,
 Soggarth aroon !
 And for this I was true to you,
 Soggarth aroon ;
In love they'll never shake,
 When for ould Ireland's sake
 We a true part did take,
 Soggarth aroon !

THE TRIUMPHS OF O'NEILL.

W. H. MAXWELL.

Among the essayists, sketchers, story-tellers, and novelists, Maxwell's name shines brightly. The soldier, the sportsman, and the man of the world, formed a triumvirate in his person which gave a racy variety to his works ; and his "Stories of Waterloo," his "Wild Sports of the West," and that stirring and most amusing tale, "My Life," display that triplicity. His pen was prolific—or I should rather say his pencil ; for it is a fact, within my own knowledge, that he dashed off his copy for the press with a black-lead pencil, which he declared was a much pleasanter and more facile mode of rapid writing than pen and ink. He held a prebend in the Established Church of Ireland, but the exuberance of his animal spirits hurried him, sometimes, beyond the usual limits of clerical phraseology. Let us remember, however, he had been a soldier in early life, as a plea in extenuation. There is an old slang mode of expression employed, when a man who has been educated for the Church goes into the army—they say, in such case, that "*the lobster has been boiled* ;" that is to say, *black* has been turned *red*. But, in the reverse of the case, when a retired soldier turns clergyman, I fear it is very hard to *unboil* him—turn *red* into *black*. Maxwell seldom indulged in verse ; his highest gifts of authorship were exhibited in his prose.

THE song is hushed in Bala's hall,
 The beacon's cold upon the steep,
 The steed has left the empty stall,
 The banner's sunk upon the keep :
 The knight upon Lough Neagh's shore
 Has laid aside the glittering steel ;
 And minstrel strikes the harp no more,
 To tell the triumphs of O'Neill.

The day will come, the day will come,
 When vengeance, bursting from her trance,
 Shall sound the trump, and strike the drum,
 And point the gun, and couch the lance !
 While from hill-top and woodland den,
 The smothered war-cry loud shall peal—
 And grey morass, and mountain glen,
 Echo the triumphs of O'Neill !

THE BOYS OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

Mrs. GORE.

This lively song was written, by the fair and gifted authoress who has favoured the world with so many clever novels, for a dramatic piece she produced for the lamented Power, entitled "King O'Neill." The scene is laid in Paris in the time of Louis XV. O'Neill is an exiled Irishman, an officer in the famous Irish Brigade, who, whenever he is over-excited by wine, fancies himself possessed of all the regal power his ancestors once enjoyed; and hence much amusement arises. It is in a scene at the mess of the Brigade the following song is sung, where O'Neill is floating himself up, upon claret, to the summit-level of his regal delusion.

WHAT for should I sing you of Roman or Greek,
Or the boys we hear tell of in story?
Come match me for fighting, for frolic, or freak,
An Irishman's reign in his glory;
For Ajax, and Hector, and bold Agamemnon
Were up to the tricks of our trade, O,
But the rollicking boys, for war, ladies and noise,
Are the boys of the Irish Brigade, O!

What for should I sing you of Helen of Troy,
Or the mischief that came by her flirting?
There's Biddy M'Clinchy, the pride of Fermoy,
Twice as much of a Helen, that's certain.
Then for Venus, so famous, or Queen Cleopatra,
Bad luck to the word should be said, O,
By the rollicking boys, for war, ladies and noise,—
The boys of the Irish Brigade, O!

What for should I sing you of classical fun,
Or of games, whether Grecian or Persian?
Sure the Curragh's* the place where the knowing one's done,
And Mallow† that flogs for diversion.
For fighting, for drinking, for ladies and all,
No time like our times e'er were made, O,
By the rollicking boys, for war, ladies and noise,—
The boys of the Irish Brigade, O!

The myth of Venus and Mars (already alluded to in the introduction to this section) was but the emblematising of a sentiment that has pervaded the world since its creation. A woman likes and lauds a soldier—not for his handsome dress, as some people have unworthily hinted; no—it is because his noble profession implies courage. Fielding says, with his usual acuteness, that as a woman is by nature timid, she values that most highly which she does not possess herself; and, therefore, no quality in man she so much admires as courage. Hence, we opine, the fair authoress's laudatory lyric of "The Boys of the Brigade."

* The Curragh is an extensive plain in the county of Killare, whereon is the finest race-course in the United Kingdom.

† See "The Rakes of Mallow" in this collection.



THE BIVOUAC.

CHARLES LEVER. From "Charles O'Malley."

Air—"Garryowen."

Now that we've pledged each eye of blue,
And every maiden fair and true,
And our green island home—to you
 The ocean's wave adorning,
Let's give one hip, hip, hip, hurra !
And drink e'en to the coming day,
 When squadron square
 We'll all be there !
To meet the French in the morning.

May his bright laurels never fade,
Who leads our fighting fifth brigade,
Those lads so true in heart and blade,
 And famed for danger scorning ;
So join me in one hip, hurra !
And drink e'en to the coming day,
 When squadron square
 We'll all be there !
To meet the French in the morning.

And when with years and honours crowned,
 You sit some homeward hearth around,
 And hear no more the stirring sound
 That spoke the trumpet's warning ;
 You'll fill, and drink, one hip, hurra !
 And pledge the memory of the day,
 When squadron square
 They all were there
 To meet the French in the morning.



THE BOWLD SOJER BOY.

SAMUEL LOVER.

OH, there's not a trade that's going,
 Worth showing,
 Or knowing,
 Like that from glory growing,
 For a bowld sojer boy ;
 Where right or left we go,
 Sure you know,
 Friend or foe
 We'll have the hand—or toe,
 From a bowld sojer boy !
 There's not a town we march through,
 But the ladies, looking arch through
 The window-panes, will search through
 The ranks to find their joy ;
 While up the street,
 Each girl you meet,
 With look so sly,
 Will cry
 " My eye !
 Oh ! isn't he a darling—the bowld sojer boy ! "

But when we get the route,
 How they pout,
 And they shout,
 While to the right about
 Goes the bowld sojer boy ;
 'Tis then that ladies fair,
 In despair
 Tear their hair,
 But the devil a one I care,
 Says the bowld sojer boy ;

For the world is all before us,
 Where the landladies adore us,
 And ne'er refuse to score us,
 But chalk us up with joy ;
 We taste her tap,
 We tear her cap,
 "Oh, that's the chap
 For me,"
 Says she,
 "Oh, isn't he a darling—the bowld sojer boy."

Then come along with me,
 Gramachree,
 And you'll see
 How happy you will be
 With your bowld sojer boy ;
 Faith, if your up to fun,
 With me run,
 'Twill be done
 In the snapping of a gun,
 Says the bowld sojer boy ;
 And 'tis then without scandal
 Myself will proudly dandle
 The little farthing candle
 Of our mutual flame, my joy ;
 May his light shine
 As bright as mine,
 Till in the line
 He'll blaze
 And raise
 The glory of his corps, like a bowld sojer boy !

THE BANSHEE'S WAIL.

Mrs. DOWNING.

THY life was like the mountain stream,
 That in the rocky dell has birth,
 Now rushing, while its waters gleam,
 Exulting in the sun's warm beam ;
 And, when its wild waves brightest seem,
 Dark sinking in its native earth.

Who, now, shall bid the clansmen speed
 The signal and the gathering-cry ?
 Who, now, shall rein the stalworth steed ?

Who, now, shall urge the glorious deed ?
 Who, now, the warrior clans shall lead,
 When the battle-shout is nigh ?

Though many a noble one lies dead—
 Though groaning heaps around thee lie—
 Though many a gallant chief, who led
 His clans, o'er night, has bravely bled ;
 Though many a daring soul has fled—
 Yet, oh ! what were they all to thee ?

The day-beam breaks on the green hill side,
 And gleams o'er hill and river ;
 And the Saxon banner is floating wide—
 With the blood of the hapless heroes dyed ;
 But M'Caura's boast, and M'Caura's pride,*
 Is faded, and lost, for ever.

WHEN THIS OLD CAP WAS NEW.

SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

SINCE this old cap was new,
 Now fifty-two long years
 (It was at the review
 Of the Dublin Volunteers),
 There have been brought to pass
 With us a change or two ;
 They're altered times, alas !
 Since this old cap was new.

Our Parliament did sit
 Then in our native land,
 What good came of the loss of it
 I cannot understand ;
 Although full plain I see
 That changes not a few
 Have fallen on the country
 Since this old cap was new.

They are very worthy fellows
 (And much I'd be distrest
 To think them else) who tell us
 That all is for the best ;

* M'Caura is the ancient name of M'Carthy. The fair authoress seems to take a deep interest in the valiant sept of M'Caura—see her song of "The Mother to her Son," in this collection.

Though full as ill inclined,
 Now the bargain's closed, to rue,
 Yet I can't but call the times to mind
 When this old cap was new.

What rights we wanted then
 Were asked for above board,
 By a hundred thousand gentlemen,
 And render'd at the word.
 'Twas thus in fair daylight,
 With all the world to view,
 We claimed and gained our right,
 When this old cap was new ! *

But patriots now-a-days,
 And state reformers, when
 A starving people's cry they raise,
 Turn out like trenchermen.
 Ah ! we'd have done the work,
 If it had been to do,
 With other tool than spoon or fork
 When this old cap was new.

The nobles of the country
 Were then our neighbours near,
 And 'mong us squires and gentry
 Made always jolly cheer !
 Ah ! every night, at some one's
 Or other's, was a crew
 Of merry lords and commons,
 When this old cap was new.

They're altered times entirely,
 As plainly now appears ;
 Our landlord's face we barely see
 Past once in seven years.
 And now the man meets scorn
 As his coat is green or blue ;
 We had no need our coats to turn
 When this old cap was new.

Good counsel to propose
 I have but little skill !
 Yet, ere a vain lament I close,
 In humble trust, I will

* This refers to the Declaration of Irish Independence in 1782, which is alluded to, more fully, in a note to "Our Island;"—showing, by this repeated reference, how fondly-cherished is the memory of that glorious event.

Beseech for all His aid,
Who knows what all should do ;
And pray, as I have often prayed,
When this old cap was new.

Among the " Roxburgh Songs and Ballads," there is a black-letter copy of a song entitled " When this old cap was new," dated A.D. 1666, the author unknown. Mr. Ferguson has adopted only the title and the manner of this old song ; the matter is perfectly original, and very superior to the old model.

CUSHLA MA CHREE.

Right Hon. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

Air— "The Bank of Green Rushes."

Dear Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,
An emerald set in the ring of the sea,
Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
Thou queen of the west, the world's *cushla ma chree*.*
Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger—
There smiles hospitality, hearty and free ;
Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
And the wand'rer is welcomed with *cushla ma chree*.

Thy sons they are brave ; but, the battle once over,
In brotherly peace with their foes they agree,
And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover
The soul-speaking blush that says *cushla ma chree*.
Then, flourish for ever, my dear native Erin,
While sadly I wander, an exile from thee,
And, firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,
May heaven defend its own *cushla ma chree* !

THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

JOHN BANIM.

You know it, now—it is betray'd
This moment—in mine eye—
And in my young cheek's crimson shade,
And in my whisper'd sigh ;
You know it, now—yet listen, now—
Though ne'er was love more true,
My plight and troth, and virgin vow,
Still, still I keep from you,

Ever—

* Pulse of my heart.

Ever, until a proof you give
 How oft you've heard me say
 I would not e'en his empress live,
 Who idles life away
 Without one effort for the land,
 In which my fathers' graves
 Were hollow'd by a despot hand—
 To darkly close on slaves—
 Never !

See ! round yourself the shackles hang,
 Yet come you to Love's bowers,
 That only he may soothe their pang,
 Or hide their links in flowers ;—
 But try all things to snap them, first,
 And should all fail, when tried,
 The fated chain you cannot burst
 My twining arms shall hide—
 Ever !

In these lines we see again Mr. Banim's inequality and want of mastery in lyric composition ; but he is happier than usual throughout the last verse, particularly in the two final lines, which are exquisitely touching in feeling, and perfect in execution.

THE PICQUETS ARE FAST RETREATING, BOYS.

CHARLES LEVER. From "Charles O'Malley."

Air—"The Young May Moon."

The picquets are fast retreating, boys,
 The last tattoo is beating, boys ;
 So let every man
 Finish his can,
 And drink to our next merry meeting, boys !

The colonel so gaily prancing, boys,
 Has a wonderful trick of advancing, boys ;
 When he sings out so large,
 "Fix bayonets and charge !"
 He sets all the Frenchmen a-dancing, boys !

Let Mounseer look ever so big, my boys,
 Who cares for fighting a fig, my boys ?
 When we play "Garryowen"
 He'd rather go home,
 For somehow he's no taste for a jig, my boys.



THE MOTHER TO HER SON.

Mrs. DOWNING.

SPEED thee, boy ! the battle cry
Already echoes through the glen ;
And freemen's swords are flashing high
In Erin's sacred cause again ;
From rocky dale, from sunny vale,
From rugged mountain's craggy brow,
Her warrior sons, in gleaming mail,
Are rushing at the signal now.

Speed thee, boy ! thy hand is weak,
'Twas never yet in battle tried ;
The down of youth is on thy cheek,
But think on how thy father died.
Away—the clans are rushing by ;
The Saxon thunders on the plains ;
O'Nial's fire is in thine eye :
M'Caura's blood is in thy veins.

Nay, check not, boy, those manly tears !
The heart that often fiercest proves—
That braves the death-field without fears—
May weep to part from those it loves.

And heed not mine, they've fall'n before,
When from my side thy father fled ;
Remember 'mid the battle's roar
The sacred cause for which he bled.

Away, boy ! be thy bosom strong ;
Again is pealed the signal word,
And now the foeman pours along—
And now the clash of war is heard !
Away !—amid the battle wild,
O'Nial's glittering steel will tell,
When brandished by M'Caura's* child—
Speed thee, my boy !—farewell !—farewell !

—

A SOLDIER TO-NIGHT IS OUR GUEST.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

At a time like the present, when our heroes of the Crimea have been received with such affectionate welcome, and banqueted in the principal cities of the kingdom on their return, these lines have an additional value in the temporary interest which thus attaches to them. How our Irish bard would have rejoiced had he been a living witness of that Crimean banquet given in Dublin to the returned conquerors, that banquet upon which I cannot resist congratulating my native city, as being the largest, the most complete, handsomely provided, and most complimentary in all respects to the army, of all the similar testimonials throughout the kingdom. There the highest in the land sat down to the same feast with the private soldier. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland† proposed the toast to their honour, and that address was so surpassingly fine as to put all others of the kind into the shade.

FAN, fan the gay hearth, and fling back the barr'd door,
Strew, strew the fresh rushes around on the floor,
And blithe be the welcome in every breast,
For a soldier—a soldier to-night is our guest.

All honour to him who, when danger afar
Had lighted for ruin his ominous star,
Left pleasure, and country, and kindred behind,
And sped to the shock on the wings of the wind.

If you value the blessings that shine at our hearth—
The wife's smiling welcome, the infant's sweet mirth—
While they charm us at eve, let us think upon those
Who have bought with their blood our domestic repose.

* Mrs. Downing loves the theme of M'Carthy, M'Caura being M'Carthy.

† The Right Honourable the Earl of Carlisle.

Then share with the soldier your hearth and your home,
 And warm be your greeting whene'er he shall come ;
 Let love light a welcome in every breast
 For a soldier—a soldier to-night is our guest.

O'BYRNE'S BARD TO THE CLANS OF WICKLOW.

Translated from the Irish, by SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

GOD be with the Irish host !
 Never be their battle lost !
 For, in battle, never yet
 Have they basely earned defeat.

Host of armour, red and bright,
 May ye fight a valiant fight !
 For the green spot of the earth,
 For the land that gave you birth.

Who in Erin's cause would stand
 Brother of avenging band,
 He must wed immortal quarrel,
 Pain and sweat, and bloody peril.

On the mountain bare and steep,
 Snatching short but pleasant sleep,
 Then, ere sunrise, from his eyrie,
 Swooping on the Saxon quarry,*

What although you've failed to keep
 Liffey's plain or Tara's steep,
 Cashel's pleasant streams to save,
 Or the meads of Cruachan Maev ?

* The Clans of Wicklow were very troublesome neighbours to the English Pale. Their impending power and hardy mountaineer resistance are noticed by Spenser. He says, "They are so far emboldened that they threaten peril even to Dublin, over whose neck they continually hang." He then alludes to "the great strength and fastness of of Glen Malor" (Glenmalure, County Wicklow), and further on he commemorates one Feagh Mac-Hugh as having drawn unto him "many thieves and outlaws, which fled to the succour of that Glynn as to a sanctuary," and laments that Feagh MacHugh, by the assistance of his brave mountaineers, whom Spenser would degrade by the title of thieves and outlaws, "has got unto himself a great name among the Irish, and hath through many unhappy occasions increased his said name and the opinion of his greatness, insomuch, that now he has become a dangerous enemy to deal withal."—*Spenser's View of the State of Ireland*. One of the "unhappy occasions," as the courtly Spenser calls them, by which Glenmalure was celebrated, was the signal defeat of the gallant and unfortunate Essex.

Want of conduct lost the town,
Broke the white-walled castle down,
Moira lost, and old Taltin,
And let the conquering stranger in.

'Twas the want of right command,
Not the lack of heart or hand,
Left your hills and plains to-day,
'Neath the strong Clan Saxon's sway.

Ah, had Heaven never sent
Discord for our punishment,
Triumphs few o'er Erin's host
Had Clan London now to boast.

Woe is me, 'tis God's decree
Strangers have the victory :
Irishmen may now be found
Outlaws upon Irish ground.

Like a wild beast in his den
Lies the chief by hill and glen,
While the strangers, proud and savage,
Creevan's richest valleys ravage.

Woe is me, the foul offence,
Treachery and violence,
Done against my people's rights—
Well may mine be restless nights !

When old Leinster's sons of fame,
Heads of many a warlike name,
Redden their victorious hilts
On the Gaul, my soul exults.

When the grim Gaul, who have come
Hither o'er the ocean foam,
From the fight victorious go,
Then my heart sinks deadly low.

Bless the blades our warriors draw,
God be with Clan Ranelagh !*
But my soul is weak for fear,
Thinking of their danger here.

* Clan Ranelagh—One of the southern outlets of Dublin, leading towards Wicklow, still retains the name of the gallant clan.

Have them in thy holy keeping,
 God be with them lying sleeping,
 God be with them standing fighting,*
 Erin's foes in battle smiting!

THE GRAVE OF M'CAURA.

Mrs. DOWNING.

At Callan, a pass on an unfrequented road leading from Glanerought (the vale of the Roughty) to Bantry, the country people point out a flat stone by the pathway, which they name as the burial-place of Daniel M'Carthy, who fell there in an engagement with the Fitzgeralds in 1261. The stone still preserves the traces of the characters, which are, however, illegible. From the scanty records of the period, it would appear that this battle was no inconsiderable one. The Geraldines were defeated, and their leader, Thomas Fitzgerald, and his son, eighteen barons, fifteen knights, and many others of his adherents, slain. But the honour and advantage of victory were dearly purchased by the exulting natives, owing to the death of their brave and noble chieftain.

AND this is thy grave, M'Caura,
 Here by the pathway lone,
 Where the thorn blossoms are bending
 Over thy mouldered stone.
 Alas ! for the sons of glory ;
 Oh ! thou of the darkened brow,
 And the eagle plume, and the belted clans,
 Is it here thou art sleeping now ?

Oh ! wild is the spot, M'Caura,
 In which they have laid thee low—
 The field where thy people triumphed
 Over a slaughtered foe ;
 And loud was the Banshee's wailing,
 And deep was the clansmen's sorrow,
 When, with bloody hands and burning tears,
 They buried thee here, M'Caura.

And now thy dwelling is lonely—
 King of the rushing horde ;
 And now thy battles are over—
 Chief of the shining sword ;
 And the rolling thunder echoes
 O'er torrent and mountain free,
 But, alas ! and alas ! M'Caura,
 It will not awaken thee.

* One cannot help remembering that famous prayer of the old Scotchwoman—
 “ God be wi' Hamilton's regiment—right or wrang !!! ”

Farewell to thy grave, M'Caura,
 Where the slanting sunbeams shine,
 And the briar and waving fern
 Over thy slumbers twine ;
 Thou, whose gathering summons
 Could waken the sleeping glen ;
 M'Caura ! alas for thee and thine,
 'Twill never be heard again.

Here, for a third time in this volume, Mrs. Downing makes the Clan M'Carthy the theme of her song, and always with effect. The name M'Carthy, as spelt in Irish, would be (represented in Roman characters) M'Cartha. But it would be pronounced M'Caura the *th*, or dotted *t*, having, in the Irish tongue, the soft sound of *h*.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN MY OWN PARLOUR.

J. F. WALLER.

Air—"St. Patrick's Day."

THE white and the orange, the blue and the green, boys,
 We'll blend them together in concord to-night ;
 The orange most sweet amid green leaves is seen, boys—
 The loveliest pansy is blue and white.
 The light of the day
 As it glides away,
 Paints with orange the white clouds that float in the west,
 And the billows that roar
 Round our own island shore
 Lay their green heads to rest on the blue heaven's bosom,
 Where sky and sea meet in the distance away.
 As Nature thus shows us how well she can fuse 'em,
 We'll blend them in love on St. Patrick's Day.

The hues of the prism, philosophers say, boys,
 Are nought but the sunlight resolved into parts ;
 They're beauteous, no doubt, but I think that the ray, boys,
 Unbroken, more lights up and warms our hearts.
 Each musical tone,
 Struck one by one,
 Makes melody sweet, it is true, on the ear—
 But let the hand ring
 All at once every string—
 And, oh ! there is harmony now that is glorious,
 In unison pealing to heaven away ;
 For union is beauty, and strength, and victorious,
 Of hues, tones, or hearts, on St. Patrick's Day.

Those hues in one bosom be sure to unite, boys ;
 Let each Irish heart wear those emblems so true ;
 Be fresh as the green, and be pure as the white, boys—
 Be bright as the orange, sincere as the blue.
 I care not a jot
 Be your scarf white or not,
 If you love as a brother each child of the soil ;
 I ask not your creed,
 If you'll stand in her need
 To the land of your birth in the hour of her dolours,
 The foe of her foes, let them be who they may ;
 Then, “ FUSION OF HEARTS, AND CONFUSION OF COLOURS ! ”
 Be the Irishman's toast on St. Patrick's Day.

A V O N D H U.

CALLANAN.

The following lines are but an extract from a larger poem, in which the poet gives expression to a sentiment common to us all—a tender recollection of our native land, more particularly of the places wherein the joyous days of youth were spent. But Callanan gives that sentiment with a graphic detail for which his writings are remarkable, and the fondness with which he particularises the “whereabouts” shows how deeply-rooted were his local attachments. Not only are hill and glen, rill and river, distinctly noted, but their varied aspects under different circumstances—whether they are shrouded in mist, or bathed in the glow of sunset or pale gleam of moonlight. Even the voice of the wind, or, to use his own words, the

“ Wild Minstrel of the dying trees,”

had a loving echo in the heart of Callanan :—all are endeared to the poet who bids them—and her who, possibly, made “each scene of enchantment more dear”—his passionate farewell. It is evident he thought Avondhu worthy of special remark, by the following note being appended to his poem :—

“Avondhu means the Blackwater (Avunduff of Spenser). There are several rivers of this name in the counties of Cork and Kerry, but the one here mentioned is by far the most considerable. It rises in a boggy mountain called Meenganine, in the latter county, and discharges itself into the sea at Youghal. For the length of its course and the beauty and variety of scenery through which it flows, it is superior, I believe, to any river in Munster.”

OH, Avondhu, I wish I were,
 As once, upon that mountain bare,
 Where thy young waters laugh and shine
 On the wild breast of Meenganine.
 I wish I were by Cleada's* hill,
 Or by Glenruachra's rushy rill ;
 But no, I never more shall view
 Those scenes I loved by Avondhu.

* Cleada and Cahirbearna (the hill of the four gaps) form part of the chain of mountains which stretches westward from Mill-street to Killarney.

Farewell, ye soft and purple streaks
 Of evening on the beauteous Reeks ;*
 Farewell, ye mists, that loved to ride
 On Cahirbearna's stormy side ;
 Farewell, November's moaning breeze,
 Wild minstrel of the dying trees :
 Clara ! a fond farewell to you,
 No more we meet by Avondhu.

No more—but thou, O glorious hill,
 Lift to the moon thy forehead still ;
 Flow on, flow on, thou dark, swift river,
 Upon thy free wild course for ever.
 Exult, young hearts, in lifetime's spring,
 And taste the joys pure love can bring ;
 But, wanderer, go, they're not for you—
 Farewell, farewell, sweet Avondhu.

So much for the love of the living ; but it would seem that this love of native land is so superlative in the Irish, that it survives this life ; and Moore, in the "Irish Melodies," avails himself of the following strange note from Paul Zealand, stating that there is a mountain in Ireland, *where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people.* If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to mount Hecla, and disappear immediately. This strange legend is beautifully wrought by Moore in his song "Oh, ye Dead !" where the ghosts, after being accosted, thus answer :—

" It is true, it is true, we are shadows cold and wan,
 And the fair and the brave whom we love on earth are gone ;
 But still thus, e'en in death,
 So sweet the living breath
 Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth we wander'd o'er,
 That ere, condemn'd, we go
 To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,
 We would taste it awhile, and think we live once more ! "



A SIGH FOR KNOCKMANY.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

Here is another of the great names in Irish literature, and here, as in the "Avondhu" of Callanan, we see strong love of the native sod ; we find the man who has achieved celebrity, and, to use his own words "given his name to future time," tenderly looking back on the past, yearning for the *unambitious* boyhood—the echoes of his native mountains, rather than those of fame. Of the latter he has had enough, but not more

* Macgillicuddy's Reeks, in the neighbourhood of Killarney.

than he deserves ; and though sometimes he may be accused of carelessness, or exaggeration, or coarseness, into which hurry, and party spirit, and excessive vigour have betrayed him, nevertheless, his works, considered in general, are among the highest of their class ; his descriptions of Irish life, and delineation of Irish character, being full of truth, and power, and tenderness. It is needless to enumerate them—they are tolerably well known to the world ; but for exhibiting the qualities particularised, the tales of "The Black Prophet," "Fardarougha the Miser," and "The Poor Scholar," are good examples. William Carleton has dealt less with verse than prose, wherein his great power lies ; but the following lines are full of feeling.

TAKE, proud ambition, take thy fill
 Of pleasures won through toil or crime ;
 Go, learning, climb thy rugged hill,
 And give thy name to future time :
 Philosophy, be keen to see
 Whate'er is just, or false, or vain,
 Take each thy meed, but, oh ! give me
 To range my mountain glens again.

Pure was the breeze that fann'd my cheek,
 As o'er Knockmany's brow I went ;
 When every lonely dell could speak
 In airy music, vision sent :
 False world, I hate thy cares and thee,
 I hate the treacherous haunts of men ;
 Give back my early heart to me,
 Give back to me my mountain glen.

How light my youthful visions shone,
 When spann'd by Fancy's radiant form ;
 But now her glittering bow is gone,
 And leaves me but the cloud and storm,
 With wasted form, and cheek all pale—
 With heart long seared by grief and pain ;
 Dunroe, I'll seek thy native gale,
 I'll tread my mountain glens again.

Thy breeze once more may fan my blood,
 Thy valleys all are lovely still ;
 And I may stand, where oft I stood,
 In lonely musings on thy hill.
 But, ah ! the spell is gone ;—no art
 In crowded town, or native plain,
 Can teach a crush'd and breaking heart
 To pipe the song of youth again.

VOICES OF THE PAST.

MISS HERBERT.

THERE'S a weary voice of sighing
 In the murmurs of the breeze—
 There's a dream of grief undying
 In the foaming of the seas !
 There's a whispering from our mountains,
 From our valleys, and our streams !
 And a moaning from our fountains
 Like the grief of troubled dreams.

Oh ! that voice—it is the sighing
 Of the spirits of the dead,
 Down by vale and dingle lying,
 Where the free-born fought and bled ;
 In the forest breezes stealing,
 And the murmurs of the sea,
 From their lonely graves appealing
 To the spirits of the free.

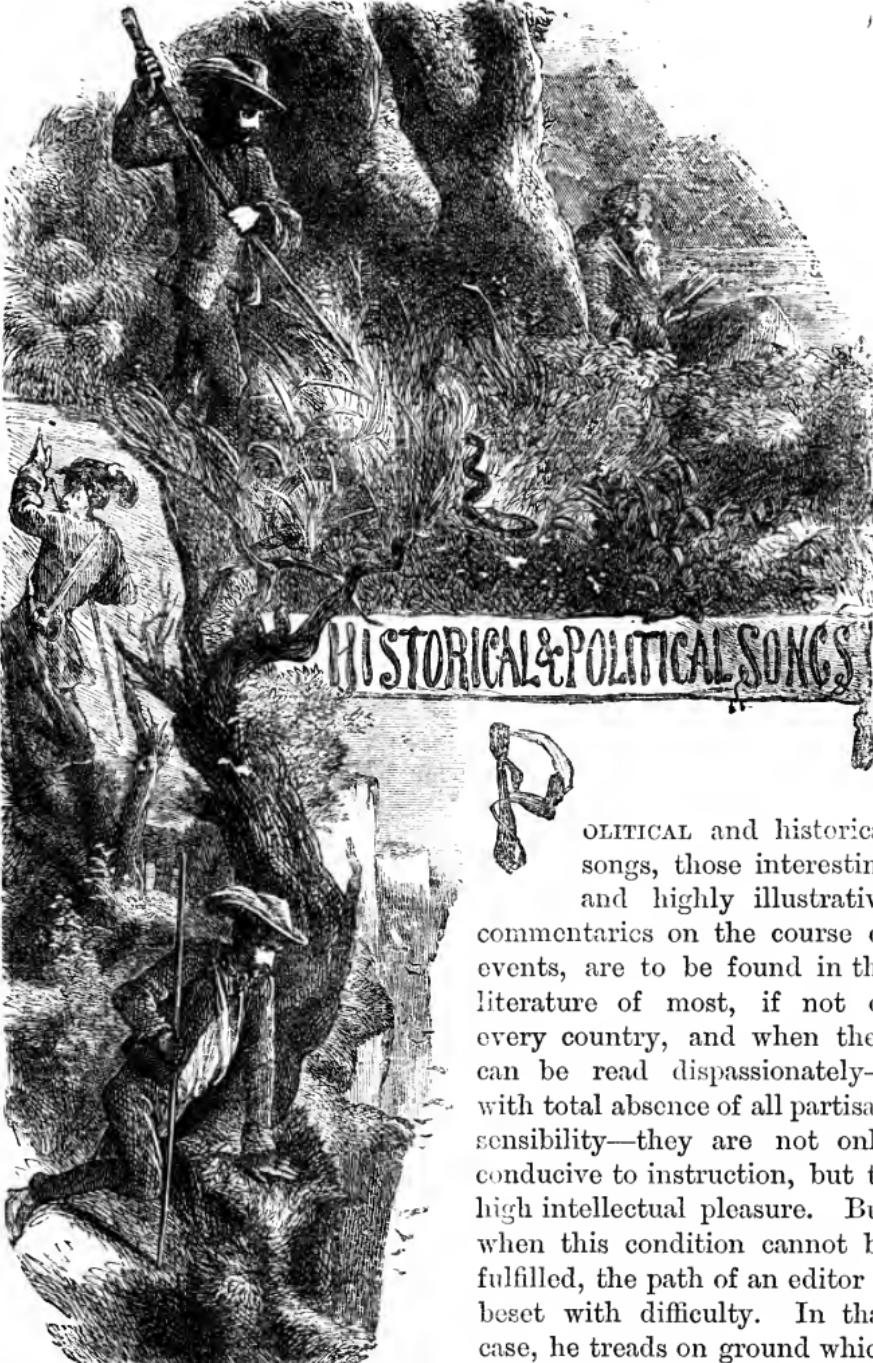
Isle of mist, and bardic story,
 Isle of many a hero lay,
 Where is all thine ancient glory ?
 Have thine honours passed away ?
 Oh, that sigh ! it is for freedom,
 Freedom to thy fathers' graves :
 Has the voice of Heaven decreed them,
 E'en in ashes to be slaves ?

These lines remind us of Moore's more vigorous song, "Where shall we bury our shame?"—that passionate outburst of indignation supposed to be made by a Neapolitan patriot. The concluding quatrain has great similarity of idea.

"Thus to live cowards and slaves !—
 Oh, ye free hearts that lie dead,
 Do you not, e'en in your graves,
 Shudder as o'er you we tread ?"

"Alas ! poor ghosts!"—King Bomba still reigns.





HISTORICAL & POLITICAL SONGS



POLITICAL and historical songs, those interesting and highly illustrative commentaries on the course of events, are to be found in the literature of most, if not of every country, and when they can be read dispassionately—with total absence of all partisan sensibility—they are not only conducive to instruction, but to high intellectual pleasure. But when this condition cannot be fulfilled, the path of an editor is beset with difficulty. In that case, he treads on ground which may still be considered “debate-

able”—where some war-cry or watch-word may unexpectedly arouse

the borderers ; or while he seeks but some flower characteristic of the soil, he may wake some serpent under it he would rather should lie sleeping. And these are the difficulties that pre-eminently exist in dealing with the political songs of Ireland, as political strife has existed there, in an aggravated form, longer and later than in any other part of the United Kingdom. Hence it is that this section is more barren than I could wish—more barren than it might have been under more favourable circumstances ; but, however incomplete, it was felt that in a volume where specimens of all other classes of lyric poetry of Ireland were given, this class of composition must not be totally overlooked, however limited in its range, however guarded a circumspection might be required in its execution.

With respect to the historical songs of Ireland, few exist, that I know of, written in English, and most of the translations that I have seen from the Irish are somewhat tedious, and often rather a special lament for, or glorification of, some chieftain, than a general treatment of the subject. Moore, it is true, sometimes made historic allusions, in his Irish Melodies ; but it is equally true that, though such of his songs were worthy of his fame, they never became popular, with the exception of "The harp that once through Tara's hall" and "Rich and rare were the gems she wore." All of his historical and political pieces would be welcome and valuable additions in the following section, but their proprietors forbid their use. Even the historical songs that are treated in the following selection are mostly by modern hands ; and it may be observed that, when the authorship of such belongs to the time of the event recorded, the execution is very rough indeed ; as in "The Boyne Water" and "Siege of Carrickfergus," which are only interesting as cotemporaneous verifications of salient points of history, with occasional touches of local precision and record of names, which impart that sort of interest to them which documentary papers, with all their dryness, often possess. Exception to this remark may be made, however, regarding one of the historical songs that follow, and that a translation from the Irish—"John O'Dwyer of the Glen," which, I think, will be acknowledged to possess much poetic merit.

Respecting the political pieces, the specimens given, while sufficiently characteristic of their time, have no present sting ; for, as more than half a century has passed away since most of them had temporary interest or significance, it is hoped they cannot be offensive to any, but may be looked upon merely as literary remnants of eventful times.

To treat of any Irish political subject, without offence, was always difficult enough any time for the last five-and-twenty years, but the difficulty has been much increased by the somewhat recent doings of a small party whose fatal self-esteem too often hurried them into acts of presumption—whether it was to instruct the veteran O'Connell, as a politician, or criticise the accomplished Thomas Moore, as a bard.

Of their doings, as politicians, it is not my desire, nor is this the place, to enlarge, but one significant remark *may* be made, that their total, it may be said ludicrous, failure, was the most convincing proof of their incapacity. But respecting their conduct to Moore, I will not be silent; and no fitter place than this could be found to expose the injustice and ingratitude with which he was treated.

Moore undoubtedly did more for Ireland than all her other bards put together. His winning lay insinuated a sympathy for Ireland into bosoms impervious to open assault. The cold circle of prejudice that had hitherto guarded many a heart in high places was opened to the magic of his song, and, for the first time, the harp of Ireland became more than an emblem of her fame—it was turned to an instrument for her good.

And what was the return Moore had at the hands of the Young Ireland party for this?—They “*cautioned*” the people of Ireland that Moore had “*corrupted*” their melodies. That was the word—*corrupted*. Careful patriots !!—But they also begged to assure the world they had no desire to “*run down* Mr. Moore.” The phrase might move indignation, were it not more provocative of laughter.

As to the corruption of melodies, a word may be said on that subject, *en passant*. It is well known, by those conversant with the subject, that different sets (or varieties) of the same melody are to be found in different counties—or even in the same county from different singers or players. Which is the genuine? Who is to pronounce judgment? Who is entitled to fling in any one's teeth that ugly word “*corruption*?”

Judging from their works, the aggressors in this case are not entitled to arbitrate. Their own volumes of song, with musical settings, under the modest name of “*The spirit of the Nation*,” gives sufficient proof of this. There they may sometimes be seen incapable of accomplishing that which they were so rashly-ready to criticise. As a special example of this, one song may be named from that collection adapted to the exquisite air of “*The Wheelwright*”—an air soaring and musical as a lark; and yet to this brilliant air a woeful ditty is written, beginning, “*Oh! weep those*

days, those penal days." A more signal failure in literary and musical combination could scarcely be made ; yet the very author of this poor attempt had the presumption to caution Ireland against Moore.

At last they attempted to usurp the rights of Omnipotence—to supersede Nature herself in one of her divinest offices—by issuing general instructions for the making of *POETS-PROPER* for Ireland, forgetting the Latin adage, that poets are *born*—not *made*. But their proposed manufactory of poets proved as barren a speculation as the rest of their schemes. No child of song was ground out of their mill ; Nature would not be hurried in her process of poet-birth ; and having given Moore to the present century, she thinks, perhaps, Ireland may be content for a while, and wait.

One of the self-elected law-givers in this new temple of The Muses goes so far as to "fix arbitrarily" the number of lines of which a song shall consist ; he even goes the length of limiting the number of syllables that should constitute a certain composition he calls by the affected name of "Songlet." This gentleman may be called the bedmaker of The Young Ireland College of Criticism ; but he makes his bed after the fashion of Procrustes, and cuts to the proper measure all that he would consign to eternal sleep under his wet blanket.

I have only to observe, in conclusion, that the following pieces are arranged in chronological order, where it could be observed, and throughout the whole section the *audi alteram partem*, that golden rule, has been kept in view. Each party speaks for itself—sometimes with sufficient spirit—sometimes with sufficient bitterness. If it be noticed that one of these parties has been allowed a larger space than the other—the greater share of speech—let me not be accused of unfairness, but be it remembered, that those who struggle against power have been always more prolific in bardic effusion than its supporters ; that the generous spirit of minstrelsy has always shown a chivalrous preference for the weaker side. While the Jacobite songs of Scotland furnished brilliant proof of the heroic spirit and poetic power of the partisans of James, the Georges had few to sing their praises. If the pen had been the only instrument of warfare, the result of the battle had been different ; but experience has not been flattering to the poet ; the course of events establishes the fact, that the "paper pellets of the brain" are fearfully counterbalanced by those of lead, and that nimble Pegasus is overmatched by heavy dragoons.

THE BATTLE OF DUNDALK.

Mr Henry R. Montgomery, in his interesting volume entitled "Specimens of the Early Native Poetry of Ireland," thus speaks of this battle:—

"A naval engagement is recorded as having taken place at Dundalgin, the present Dundalk, in the tenth century, with the Danes and Northmen, under the command of Magnus, Sitric, and Tor, in which the invaders were completely routed."

The following translation of an Irish song written in commemoration of this naval victory appeared anonymously in the *Belfast Chronicle*:—

Now sheathed is the sword, and the battle is o'er,
The shouts of the victors have ceased on the shore,—
With blood, O Dundalgin, thy billows are dyed,
O'er the mighty of Lochlin thy deep waters glide.

O fierce was the conflict our warriors maintain'd,
But bright is the triumph their valour has gain'd ;
Long Erin her tears and her praises shall give,
For life they resigned that her glory might live.

Though no cairns do the bones of the valiant enclose,
On the sands of the ocean though deep they repose,
The patriot shall turn from the high-trophied grave,
And seek, O Dundalgin, thy sanctified wave.

There, in grateful remembrance, their fame shall recall,
Exult in their glory, and envy their fall,
Who each in his death-grasp encircled a foe,
And plung'd with his prize in the billows below.*

C O U L I N .

CAROLL MALONE.

In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., an act was made respecting the habits and dress in general of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing glibbes, or Coulins (long locks) on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear Coulin (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired.—*Walker, as quoted in Moore's Melodies*

It so happens, however, on turning to the above statute, that no mention is to be found therein of the Coulin. But in the year 1295 a Parliament was held in Dublin, and then an act was passed which more than expressly names the Coulin, and minutely

* Reminding us of the two Mexicans who attempted to make CORTEZ share their fate in the famous death-plunge from the Great Tower.

describes it for its more effectual prohibition. This, the only statute made in Ireland that names the Coulin, was passed two hundred and forty-two years before the act cited by Mr. Moore ; and, in consequence of it, some of the Irish chieftains who lived near the seat of English government, or wished to keep up intercourse with the English districts, did, in or soon after that year, 1295, cut off their Coulins, and a distinct memorial of the event was made in writing by the officers of the Crown. It was on this occasion that the bard, ever adhesive to national habits, endeavoured to fire the patriotism of a conforming chieftain ; and, in the character of some favourite virgin, declares her preference for her lover with the Coulin, before him who complaisantly assumed the adornments of foreign fashion.—*Dublin Penny Journal*.

THE last time she looked in the face of her dear,
She breathed not a sigh, and she shed not a tear ;
But she took up his harp, and she kissed his cold cheek—
“ Tis the first and the last for thy Norah to seek.”

For beauty and bravery Cathan was known,
And the long flowing coulin he wore in Tyrone ;
The sweetest of singers and harpers was he,
All over the North, from the Bann to the sea.

O'er the marshes of Dublin he often would rove,
To the glens of O'Toole, where he met with his love ;
And at parting they pledged that, next Midsummer's day,
He would come for the last time and bear her away.

The king had forbidden the men of O'Neal,
With the coulin adorned, to come o'er the pale ;
But Norah was Irish, and said, in her pride,
“ If he wear not his coulin, I'll ne'er be his bride.”

The bride has grown pale as the robe that she wears,
For the Lammas is come, and no bridegroom appears ;
And she harkens and gazes, when all are at rest,
For the sound of his harp and the sheen of his vest.

Her palfrey is pillioned, and she has gone forth
On the long rugged road that leads down to the North ;
Where Eblana's* strong castle frowns darkly and drear,
Is the head of her Cathan upraised on a spear.

The Lords of the Castle had murdered him there,
And all for the wearing that poor lock of hair :
For the word she had spoken in mirth or in pride,
Her lover, too fond and too faithful, had died.

’Twas then that she looked in the face of her dear,
She breathed not a sigh, and she dropped not a tear ;
She took up his harp, and she kissed his cold cheek :
“ Farewell ! ’tis the first for thy Norah to seek.”

* Eblana, Dublin.

And afterward, oft would the wilderness ring,
 As at night, in sad strains, to that harp she would sing
 Her heart-breaking tones—we remember them well—
 But the words of her wailing no mortal can tell.

Mr. Malone has caught the true spirit of the ballad in these lines, so touchingly commemorative of an historic epoch, and the two leading notes given above are rather curious. We may further notice, here, the singularity in the changes of fashion. We see, from the above, that short hair was enjoined in those days as a mark of loyalty, whereas short hair in 1798 was the mark of a rebel. See "The Croppy Boy" and "A Prospect" in this volume.



JOHN O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.

Translated from the Irish, by THOMAS FURLONG.

BLITHE the bright dawn found me,
 Rest with strength had crown'd me,
 Sweet the birds sang round me—
 Sport was all their toil

The horn its clang was keeping,
 Forth the fox was creeping,
 Round each dame stood weeping,
 O'er the prowler's spoil.

Hark ! the foe is calling,
 Fast the woods are falling,
 Scenes and sights appalling
 Mark the wasted soil.

War and confiscation
 Curse the fallen nation ;
 Gloom and desolation
 Shade the lost land o'er.

Chill the winds are blowing,
 Death aloft is going,
 Peace or hope seems growing
 For our race no more.

Hark ! the foe is calling,
 Fast the woods are falling,
 Scenes and sights appalling
 Throng the blood-stained shore.

Nobles, once high-hearted,
 From their homes are parted,
 Scattered, scared, and started
 By a base-born band.

* * * *

Spots that once were cheering,
 Girls beloved, endearing,
 Friends from whom I'm steering,
 Take this parting tear,

Hark ! the foe is calling,
 Fast the woods are falling,
 Scenes and sights appalling
 Plague and haunt me here.

There is an antique character in this song, and the refrain

“ Hark ! the foe is calling,
 Fast the woods are falling,”

strengthens the idea of its being of an early date, for in the early days of the invasion of Ireland the woods, which then abounded, were used for shelter and concealment ; hence they were objects of wholesale destruction to the invaders, and this often proved a source of national lament. One of the very old Irish airs, full of plaintive melody and a certain antique quaintness, is called “ The Woods are Cutting.”

Here are two remarks on the subject, even as late as Elizabeth's time :—

“A flying enemy, hiding himself in woods and bogs, from whence he will not draw forth but into some strait passage, or perilous ford, where he knows the army must needs pass ; there will he lie in wait, and, if he find advantage fit, will dangerously hazard the troubled soldier.”

“I wish that order were taken for cutting and opening all places through woods, so that a wide way, of the space of one hundred yards, might be laid open in every one of them.”—*Spenser's View of the State of Ireland*.



THE CHAIN OF GOLD.

SAMUEL LOVER. From “Songs and Ballads.”

The Earl of Kildare, Lord-Deputy of Ireland, ruled justly, and was hated by the small oppressors whose practices he discountenanced. They accused him of favouring the Irish, to the detriment of the king's interest ; but he, in the presence of the king (Henry VII.), rebutted their calumnies. They said at last, “Please your Highness, all Ireland cannot rule this Earl.” “Then,” said Henry, “he is the man to rule all Ireland.” And he took the golden chain from his neck, and threw it over the shoulders of the Earl, who returned with honour to his government.

OH, Moina, I've a tale to tell,
 Will glad thy soul, my girl ;
 The King hath giv'n a chain of gold
 To our noble-hearted Earl.
 His foes they rail'd, the Earl ne'er quail'd,
 But with a front so bold,
 Before the King did backward fling
 The slanderous lie they told ;
 And the King gave him no iron chain,
 No—he gave him a chain of gold !

Oh, 'tis a noble sight to see,
 The cause of truth prevail ;
 An honest cause is always proof
 Against a treach'rous tale.
 Let fawning false ones court the great,
 The heart in virtue bold,
 Will hold the right in pow'rs despite
 Until that heart be cold :
 For falsehood's the bond of slavery ;
 But truth is the chain of gold !

False Connal wed the rich one,
 With her gold and jewels rare,
 But Dermid wed the maid he lov'd,
 And she clear'd his brow from care.

And thus, in our own hearts love,
 We may read this lesson plain—
 Let outward joys depart love,
 So peace within remain :
 For falsehood is an iron bond,
 But love is the golden chain !

In a later day there was another Earl of Kildare went over on a similar piece of business, but the affair did not turn out so well. A false report was spread, by the enemies of the Geraldines, that the Earl had been committed to the Tower of London and beheaded. Whereupon his son, Lord Thomas, known as "Silken Thomas," broke out into rebellion, which ended as his enemies wished.

ROISIN DUBH.*

Translated from the Irish, by THOMAS FURLONG.

"Roisin Dubh (*Little Black Rose*) is an allegorical ballad, in which strong political feelings are conveyed, as a personal address from a lover to his fair one. The allegorical meaning has been long since forgotten, and the verses are now remembered and sung as a plaintive love ditty. It was composed in the reign of Elizabeth of England, to celebrate our Irish hero, *Hugh Ruadh O'Donnell*, of Tyrconnel. By *Roisin Dubh* (supposed to be a beloved female) is meant Ireland. The toils and sufferings of the patriot soldier are throughout described as the cares and feelings of an anxious lover addressing the object of his affection. The song concludes with a bold declaration of the dreadful struggle which would be made before the country should be surrendered to the embraces of our hero's hated and implacable rival. The air is a good specimen of the characteristic melancholy which pervades Irish music."—*Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy*, vol. i., p. 254.

OH ! my sweet little rose, cease to pine for the past,
 For the friends that come eastward shall see thee at last ;
 They bring blessings and favours the past never knew,
 To pour forth in gladness on my Roseen Dhu.

Long, long with my dearest, thro' strange scenes I've gone,
 O'er mountains and broad valleys I still have toil'd on ;
 O'er the Erne I have sailed as the rough gales blew,
 While the harp pour'd its music for my Roseen Dhu.

Tho' wearied, oh ! my fair one ! do not slight my song,
 For my heart dearly loves thee, and hath loved thee long ;
 In sadness and in sorrow I shall still be true,
 And cling with wild fondness round my Roseen Dhu.

* Pronounced *Roseen Dhu*, in which form of spelling I think it preferable to leave it, for the sake of those who are not Irish scholars.

There's no flower that e'er bloomed can my rose excel,
 There's no tongue that e'er moved half my love can tell ;
 Had I strength, had I skill, the wide world to subdue,
 Oh ! the queen of that wide world should be Roseen Dhu.

Had I power, oh ! my lov'd one ! but to plead thy right,
 I should speak out in boldness for my heart's delight ;
 I would tell to all round me how my fondness grew,
 And bid them bless the beauty of my Roseen Dhu

The mountains, high and misty, thro' the moors must go,
 The rivers shall run backward, and the lakes overflow ;
 And the wild waves of old ocean wear a crimson hue,
 Ere the world sees the ruin of my Roseen Dhu.

The translation given above would very nearly sing to the ancient melody entitled the *Roisin Dubh*, in Bunting's "Ancient Music of Ireland;" but there is a quaint wildness in the air which makes adaption difficult to the poet. In fact, to suit the measure of the music perfectly, unequal and very unusual metre should be adopted. There is a second setting of the air, in Bunting, entitled *Roisin bheag dubh* (little black rose-bud), which perfectly agrees in ryhthm with the stanzas above.



DARK ROSALEEN.

Translated from the Irish, by JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Here is another version of this celebrated ballad. Sufficient points of resemblance will be found in them to show they were taken from the same original, but there is much more richness in Mr. Mangan's translation, and the reverberation of certain words smacks of orientalism, and hence is more Irish : this is particularly apparent in the second verse. In the first stanza the allusion to "Roman wine" and "Spanish ale" are sufficiently intelligible without a note.

O MY dark Rosaleen,
 Do not sigh, do not weep !
 The priests are on the ocean green,
 They march along the deep.
 There's wine from the royal Pope,
 Upon the ocean green ;
 And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
 My dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
 Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
 My dark Rosaleen !

Over hills, and through dales,
 Have I roamed for your sake ;
 All yesterday I sailed with sails
 On river and on lake.
 The Erne at its highest flood,
 I dashed across unseen,
 For there was lightning in my blood,
 My dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 Oh ! there was lightning in my blood,
 Red lightning lightened through my blood,
 My dark Rosaleen !

All day long in unrest
 To and fro, do I move,
 The very soul within my breast
 Is wasted for you, love !
 The heart in my bosom faints
 To think of you, my queen,
 My life of life, my saint of saints,
 My dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
 My life, my love, my saint of saints,
 My dark Rosaleen !

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
 Are my lot night and noon,
 To see your bright face clouded so,
 Like to the mournful moon.
 But yet will I rear your throne
 Again in golden sheen ;
 'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
 My dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
 'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
 My dark Rosaleen !

Over dews, over sands,
 Will I fly, for your weal :
 Your holy delicate white hands
 Shall girdle me with steel.
 At home in your emerald bowers,
 From morning's dawn till e'en,
 You'll pray for me my flower of flowers.
 My dark Rosaleen !
 My fond Rosaleen !
 You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
 My virgin flower, my flower of flowers
 My dark Rosaleen !

I could scale the blue air,
 I could plough the high hills,
 Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
 To heal your many ills !
 And one beamy smile from you
 Would float like light between
 My toils and me, my own, my true,
 My dark Rosaleen !
 My fond Rosaleen !
 Would give me life and soul anew,
 A second life, a soul anew,
 My dark Rosaleen !

O ! the Erne shall run red
 With redundancy of blood,
 The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
 And flames wrap hill and wood,
 And gun-peal, and slogan-cry,
 Wake many a glen serene,
 Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
 My dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
 Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
 My dark Rosaleen !

GRAINNE MAOL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A.D. 1575.

From the Irish. Hardiman's Minstrelsy.

The following epitomised narrative of some of the most remarkable passages in the life of our romantic Sea Queen is taken from Owen Connellan's translation of that most interesting work, the "Annals of the Four Masters." The note is a closely-condensed compilation from articles in *Authologia Hibernica* (for the year 1793), Lodge's *Peerage of Ireland*, and other authorities. I had already made extracts from the *Authologia*, when I chanced to find Mr. Connellan's note, and found it so much preferable that I did not hesitate to adopt it.

"Grace O'Malley, called in Irish *Grainne Maol*, commonly pronounced *Granu Wail*, is celebrated in Irish history. She was first married to O'Flaherty, Chief of West Connaught; and secondly to Sir Richard Burke, by whom she had a son Theobald, who was a commander of note on the side of the English, in Connaught, in the reign of Elizabeth. He was called Sir Theobald Burke, and was created Viscount of Mayo by Charles I. Her father, Owen O'Malley, was a noted chief, and had a small fleet with which he made many expeditions, partly for commercial purposes, but chiefly in piracy.

Grace, in her youth, frequently accompanied her father on these expeditions ; and after his death, her brother being a minor, she took upon herself the command of her galleys, and made with her crews many bold expeditions. Her chief rendezvous was at Clare Island, off the coast of Mayo, where she kept her large vessels moored, and had a fortress; but she had her small craft at Carrigahooly * Castle (in the bay of Newport, county Mayo), which was her chief residence and stronghold ; and there was a hole to be seen in the ruined walls through which a cable was run from one of her ships, for the purpose of communicating an alarm to her apartment on any sudden danger. It is said that her piracies became so frequent that she was proclaimed, and £500 offered as a reward for her apprehension, and troops were sent from Galway to take the Castle of Carrigahooly ; but after a siege of more than a fortnight, they were forced to retire, being defeated by the valour of Grace and her men. These exploits were performed by her before and after her marriage with O'Flaherty, but after his death, and her marriage with Sir Richard Burke, she became reconciled to the Government, and, with her followers, assisted the English forces in Connaught, and for her services it is said that Queen Elizabeth wrote her a letter of invitation to the Court, in consequence of which Grace, with some of her galleys, set sail for London, about the year 1575, and she was received at court with great honour by the Queen, who offered to create her a Countess, which honour Grace declined, answering, that both of them being Princesses, they were equal in rank, and they could therefore confer no honours on each other ; but Grace said that her Majesty might confer any title she pleased on her young son, a child that was born on ship-board during her voyage to England ; and it is said that the Queen knighted the child, who was called by the Irish *Tioboid-na-Lung*, signifying Theobald of the Ships, from the circumstance of his being born on ship-board ; and this Sir Theobald Burke was created Viscount of Mayo by Charles I.

"The well-known circumstance of her carrying off the young heir of St. Laurence from Howth, as a punishment for his father's want of hospitality in having the Castle gates closed during dinner-time, occurred on her return from England.

"Grace endowed a monastery on Clare Island, off the coast of Mayo, where she was buried, and it is said some remains of her monument are still to be seen there.

"Grace O'Malley has been long famous as an Irish heroine in the traditions of the people, and her name is still remembered in song. In various poetical compositions, both in English and Irish, her name is celebrated ; and in these songs Ireland is generally personified under the designation of *Granu Wail*. One of these, which was very popular, was composed by the celebrated Jacobite Munster Bard, *Shane Clarach Mac Donnell*."

MILD as the rose its sweets will breathe,
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreath ;
Undeck'd by gold or diamond rare,
Near Albion's throne stood Grana fair.†

* Carrigahooly—in Irish, *Carrick-a-Uile*—signifying, The rock in the Elbow.

† The Queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country—a long uncouth mantle covered her head and body ; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin ; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat. The Court stared with surprise at so strange a figure."—*Anthologia Hibernica*.

The vestal Queen in wonder view'd
 The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude—
 The azure eye, whose light could prove
 The equal power in war or love.

“ Some boon,” she cried, “ thou lady brave,
 From Albion's Queen in pity crave ;
 E'en name the rank of Countess high,
 Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny.”

“ Nay, sister-Queen,” the fair replied,
 “ A Sov'reign, and an hero's bride ;
 No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—
 I'll honours give, but none receive.

“ But grant to him—whose infant sleep
 Is lull'd by rocking o'er the deep—
 Those gifts, which now for Erin's sake
 Thro' pride of soul I dare not take.”

The Queen on Grana gaz'd and smil'd,
 And honour'd soon the stranger child
 With titles brave, to grace a name
 Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

“ Grana Uile ” was one of the many names typical of Ireland, and continued to be so to a late period. The mere playing of the tune, which is an old pipe march, had always a political significance.





THE MAIDEN CITY.

By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, authoress of "The Siege of Derry," &c

Here is a political song by a lady, and—*place aux dames*—it holds the leading place among the poems of the time. It is by "Charlotte Elizabeth." And who is she? We know not; but as the lady rejoices in a *nom de guerre*, it is quite natural she should choose a siege for her subject, and "A Maiden City" is a fit theme for rejoicing at a lady's hands. Thus our fair authoress has a double right to be the spirited chronicler of the spirited defence of that famous old maid, Derry.—I hope one may say *old maid*, without offence, to a *city*.

WHERE Foyle his swelling waters
Rolls northward to the main,
Here, Queen of Erin's daughters,
Fair Derry fixed her reign :
A holy temple crowned her,
And commerce graced her street,

A rampart wall was round her,
 The river at her feet ;
 And here she sate alone, boys,
 And, looking from the hill,
 Vow'd the Maiden on her throne, boys,
 Would be a Maiden still.

From Antrim crossing over,
 In famous eighty-eight,
 A plumed and belted lover
 Came to the Ferry Gate :
 She summon'd to defend her
 Our sires—a beardless race—*
 They shouted No SURRENDER !
 And slamm'd it in his face.
 Then, in a quiet tone, boys,
 They told him 'twas their will
 That the Maiden on her throne, boys,
 Should be a Maiden still.

Next, crushing all before him,
 A kingly wooer came
 (The royal banner o'er him,
 Blushed crimson deep for shame) ;
 He show'd the Pope's commission,
 Nor dream'd to be refused,
 She pitied his condition,
 But begg'd to stand excused.
 In short, the fact is known, boys,
 She chased him from the hill,
 For the Maiden on the throne, boys,
 Would be a Maiden still.

On our brave sires descending,
 'Twas then the tempest broke,
 Their peaceful dwellings rending,
 'Mid blood, and flame, and smoke.
 That hallow'd graveyard yonder,
 Swells with the slaughter'd dead—
 Oh, brothers ! pause and ponder,
 It was for *us* they bled ;
 And while their gifts we own, boys—
 The fane that tops our hill,
 Oh, the Maiden on her throne, boys,
 Shall be a Maiden still.

* The famous "Prentice Boys."

Nor wily tongue shall move us,
 Nor tyrant arm affright,
 We'll look to One above us
 Who ne'er forsook the right ;
 Who will, may crouch and tender
 The birthright of the free,
 But, brothers, No SURRENDER !
 No compromise for me !
 We want no barrier stone, boys,
 No gates to guard the hill,
 Yet the Maiden on her throne, boys,
 Shall be a Maiden still.

The gallant defence of Derry is too prominent a point in history to need any editorial assistance to the memory of the reader. This general observation may be made, however, that the courage of both parties in that civil war was equally displayed on many a hard-fought field, and the Derry of the North had a counterpart of obstinate defence in the Limerick of the South. O'Driscoll, in his History of Ireland, says, "The defence of Derry has been much celebrated, but never beyond, hardly ever as much, as it merited." This seems to be the opinion of the writer of some spirited lines, which cannot be quoted at length in a note, beginning—

" Derriana ! lovely dame,
 By many suitors courted ; "

thus treating the subject in the commencement as the fair authoress above has done, but afterwards indulging in a classic vein, he concludes with these four admirable verses :—

" What was proud Troy compared to thee,
 Though Hector did command her ?
 How great thy Foyle would seem to be
 Near Homer's old Scamander !

 Like thee, two sieges sharp she stood,
 By timid friends forsaken ;
 But, unlike thee, twice drenched in blood,
 She fainted and was taken.

 What was her cause compared to thine ?
 A harlot she protected ;
 But thou for liberty divine
 All compromise rejected.

 But Troy a bard of brilliant mind
 Found out to sing her glory,
 Whilst thou canst only dunces find
 To mar thy greater story."

The modest writer of these lines himself, and the fair authoress of "The Maiden City," are exceptions to the censure expressed in the last verse.

KING JAMES'S WELCOME TO IRELAND.

1690.

The king entered Dublin on the 24th March. It is said he "rid on a pad-nag in a plain cinnamon-coloured cloth suit, and black slouching hat, and a George hung over his shoulder with a blue ribbon." Now, whether it was the king or the pad-nag that wore the cinnamon-coloured suit and the slouched hat, we are left in doubt. As far as the grammatical construction goes, the pad-nag has the best of it by far, as to the coat and hat ; but we incline to believe, nevertheless, that it was the king who was the wearer of the aforesaid ; besides, putting other probabilities aside, what pad-nag would dare to wear his hat under the king's nose in that manner ? Well, leaving that matter, there was a line of soldiers, and the streets were gravelled ; and it would have been well for poor King James if that was the only path of his, so bestrewed, in Ireland. There was a platform erected at a certain part, covered with tapestry, whereon were two harpers playing and persons singing ; and forty girls, dressed in white, danced along by the side of the king, here and there strewing flowers. Those who wished to make light of this ceremonial declared these dancing girls, so arrayed, were but "oyster-wenches"—they who strewed the flowers, "herb-women." Here, however, follows the song, supposed to be sung upon the occasion :—

PLAY, piper, play—
 Come, lasses, dance and sing,
 And old harpers strike up
 To harp for the King.
 He is come—he is come—
 Let us make Ireland ring
 With a loud shout of welcome,
 May God save the King.

Bring ye flowers—bring ye flowers,
 The fresh flowers of spring,
 To strew in the pathway
 Of James, our true King.
 And, better than flowers,
 May our good wishes bring
 A long life of glory
 To James, our true King.

Huzza, then—huzza, then,
 The news on the wing,
 Triumphant he comes
 Amid shouts for the King.
 All blessings attend him,
 May every good thing
 Be showered on the brave head
 Of James, our true King.

ILLI BURLERO.

In a section devoted to the historical and political songs of Ireland, it is impossible to omit Lilli Burlero ; but it is only as a matter of *curiosity* it is entitled to a place, for such wretched rubbish has no *literary* claim to be recorded. Pages of notes might be made upon it ; but for the general reader they would have no interest, and those who are curious on such matters either know its history already, or can refer to the proper quarters to find it. Bishop Percy, in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," speaks of it. It is noticed in "Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Times." The former goes so far as to say it contributed not a little to the great revolution of 1688. Can we believe it ? The latter very properly calls it "a foolish ballad," but adds, "it made an impression on the army that cannot be imagined by those who saw it not." That it was wonderfully popular there can be no doubt, for it is alluded to in many publications of the period. And that the tune continued to hold the public ear is evident, by Sterne, in his "Tristram Shandy" (eighty years after Lilli Burlero was written), making Uncle Toby whistle it on various occasions. Indeed, for that matter, the tune has reached our own times, and has created discussion as to its authorship. By some it is attributed to the celebrated Henry Purcell ; others say it is derived from an old air printed in 1661, in a collection entitled "An Antidote to Melancholy," to which verses were attached, beginning—

"There was an old fellow at Walton-cross,
Who merrily sang when he liv'd by the loss."

As political songs, however, are generally adapted to some air *already* popular (thus suiting the thing it is desired should fly abroad, with ready-made wings), I think it more likely the rhymes were written to some then-existing air than that an air was composed for them ; and this seems to be the opinion, also, of my friend, Mr. William Chappell, as may be inferred from a passage in his admirable and most interesting work, "Popular Music of the Olden Time," where the music and words of the old song are given (p. 262) with the following note :—

"The four last bars of the air are the prototype of *Lilli burlero*, and still often sung to the chorus—

"A very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one."

That so much discussion should have taken place about a matter which is not of the slightest importance is collateral proof of the hold which this strange stuff took of the public mind. The authorship of the words was attributed to Lord Wharton.

Ho ! brother Teague, dost hear de decree,
Lilli burlero bullen a la ;
Dat we shall have a new debittie (*deputy*),
Lilli burlero bullen a la,
Lero, lero, lero, lero, lilli burlero bullen a la,
Lero, lero, lero, lilli burlero bullen a la,

Ho ! by my shoul, it is a T——t (*Talbot*),
Lilli, &c.
And he will cut all the English t——t (*throat*),
Lilli, &c.

Though by my shoul de English do prat,
 Lilli, &c.

De law's on dare side, and Chreist knows what,
 Lilli, &c.

But if dispense do come from de Pope,
 Lilli, &c.

We'll hang Magno Carto and demselves in a rope,
 Lilli, &c.

And the good T——t (*Talbot*) is made a lord,
 Lilli, &c.

And he with brave lads is coming aboard,
 Lilli, &c.

Who all in France have taken a swear,
 Lilli, &c.

Dat dey will have no Protestant h—r (*heir*).
 Lilli, &c.

O! but why does he* stay behind ?
 Lilli, &c.

Ho ! by my shoul, 'tis a Protestant wind, †
 Lilli, &c.

Now T——l (*Tyrconnel*) is come ashore,
 Lilli, &c.

And we shall have commissions gillore,
 Lilli, &c.

And he dat will not go to m—ss (*mass*),
 Lilli, &c.

Shall turn out and look like an ass,
 Lilli, &c.

Now, now de heretics all go down,
 Lilli, &c.

By Chreist and St. Patrick de nation's our own,
 Lilli, &c.

There was an old prophecy found in a bog,
 Lilli, &c.

That Ireland should be rul'd by an ass and a dog :
 Lilli, &c.

* King James.

† At the time the Prince of Orange was expected to sail from Holland, the direction of the wind was regarded with much anxiety : if it blew in the direction of England, it was called a Protestant wind ; if in the contrary, a Catholic wind.

And now this prophecy is come to pass,
 Lilli, &c.
 For T—but's (*Talbot's*) the dog, and Tyr—nel's (*Tyrconnel's*)* the ass,
 Lilli, &c.

DRIMMIN DHU.

An Irish Jacobite relic. Translated by SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

“Drimmin Dhu” was a political password among the Irish Jacobites, and it is rather amusing here to find the Jacobite bard wrapping himself up in his cloak of mystery for the first three lines, and then coming out plump with

“Expecting King James with the crown on his brow.”

It reminds one of that intelligent sentinel who, being given the password, and desired to let no one enter within his guard who did not repeat it, told the first person who asked for admission, that he couldn't come in unless he said so-and-so—naming the very password.

AH ! Drimmin Dhu deelish, a pride of the flow, †
 Ah ! where are your folks ? Are they living or no ?
 They're down in the ground, 'neath the sod lying low,
 Expecting King James with the crown on his brow,

But if I could get sight of the crown on his brow,
 By night and day travelling to London I'd go ;
 Over mountains of mist and soft mosses below,
 Till I'd beat on the kettle-drums, Drimmin Dhu, O !

Welcome home, welcome home, Drimmin Dhu, O !
 Good was your sweet milk, for drinking, I trow ;
 With your face like a rose, and your dew-lap of snow,
 I'll part from you never, ah, Drimmin Dhu, O !

There is a very sweet and plaintive air called “Drimmin Dhub,” to which is sung an old Irish song called “The poor Irishman's lament for the loss of his cow,” “Drimmin Dhub” signifying black-back, a pet name for the cow. In “Bunting's Ancient Music of Ireland” (Dublin, 1840), the following translation is given—

“ As I went out on a Sunday morning,
 I found my Drimmin Dhu drown'd in a moss-hole ;
 I clapp'd my hands, and gave a great shout,
 In hopes this would bring my Drimmin to life again.”

I have heard other versions of this ditty, more modern, but equally absurd.

* In some versions it has been given—“ and James is de ass.”

† The soft, grassy part of a bog.

O ! SAY, MY BROWN DRIMMIN.

An Irish Jacobite relic. Translated by J. J. CALLANAN.

Here is another form of the foregoing ballad. Points of resemblance are sufficiently apparent between them, but even in their original state they must have existed "with a difference," as Ophelia says, the latter version being more copious, and including proper names that could not have been introduced at the option of the translator. It seems to me this latter version comes from a better original than the preceding, as saying the people will arise "as leaves on the trees;"—and the mention of the "five ends of Erin," gives an air of old Irish idiom and old Irish lore to the production.

O ! SAY, my brown Drimmin, thou silk* of the kine,
 Where, where are thy strong ones, last hope of thy line ?
 Too deep and too long is the slumber they take ;
 At the loud call of freedom why don't they awake ?

My strong ones have fallen—from the bright eye of day
 All darkly they sleep in their dwelling of clay,
 The cold turf is o'er them—they hear not my cries,
 And since Lewist† no aid gives, I cannot arise.

O ! where art thou, Lewis ? our eyes are on thee—
 Are thy lofty ships walking in strength o'er the sea ?
 In freedom's last strife if you linger or quail,
 No morn e'er shall break on the night of the Gael.

But should the king's son, now bereft of his right,
 Come proud in his strength for his country to fight ;
 Like leaves on the trees, will new people arise,
 And deep from their mountains shout back to my cries.

When the prince, now an exile, shall come for his own,
 The isles of his father, his rights, and his throne,
 My people in battle the Saxons will meet,
 And kick them before, like old shoes from their feet.

O'er mountains and valleys they'll press on their rout,
 The five ends of Erin† shall ring to their shout ;
 My sons, all united, shall bless the glad day
 When the flint-hearted Saxon they've chased far awav.

* Silk of the kine is an idiomatic expression in the Irish language to express superior cattle.

† The king of France.

‡ Ireland, now divided into four provinces, was anciently divided into five sections, or rather kingdoms.

THE BOYNE WATER.

Here are some fragments of what is supposed to be the original song whence the succeeding one of "The Battle of the Boyne" was taken. They possess more of the allad character, in simplicity of expression and accuracy of detail, than the later composition.

JULY the first, of a morning clear, one thousand six hundred and ninety,

King William did his men prepare, of thousands he had thirty ;
To fight King James and all his foes, encamped near the Boyne Water,

He little feared, though two to one, their multitudes to scatter.

King William called his officers ; saying, " Gentlemen, mind your station,

And let your valour here be shown, before this Irish nation ;
My brazen walls let no man break, and your subtle foes you'll scatter,
Be sure you show them good English play, as you go over the water."

* * * * *

Both foot and horse they marched on, intending them to batter,
But the brave Duke Schomberg he was shot, as he crossed over the water.

When that King William he observ'd the brave Duke Schomberg falling,

He rein'd his horse, with a heavy heart, on the Enniskilleners* calling ;

" What will you do for me, brave boys, see yonder men retreating,
Our enemies encouraged are—and English drums are beating ;"
He says, " My boys, feel no dismay at the losing of one commander,
For God shall be our King this day, and I'll be general under."†

* * * * *

Within four yards of our fore-front, before a shot was fired,
A sudden snuff they got that day, which little they desired ;
For horse and man fell to the ground, and some hung in their saddles,

Others turned up their forked ends, which we call coup de ladle.

Prince Eugene's regiment was the next, on our right hand advanced,
Into a field of standing wheat, where Irish horses pranced—
But the brandy ran so in their heads, their senses all did scatter,
They little thought to leave their bones that day at the Boyne Water.

* It is interesting to find this early mention of a regiment that has since been so distinguished on many a battle-field. They fought triumphantly throughout the last Peninsular war, and against the Cuirassiers of Napoleon the First, at Waterloo ; and their last achievement was at Balaklava, where (to use the words of our eloquent countryman, William Russell, the correspondent of the *Times*), in company with the Scots Greys and the Dragoon Guards of England, they swept through the solid masses of the Russian cavalry, *like a flash of lightning*.

† This fine line is preserved in the later song.

Both men and horse lay on the ground, and many there lay bleeding,
I saw no sickles there that day—but sure, there was sharp shearing.

* * * * *

Now, praise God, all true Protestants, and heaven's and earth's
Creator,
For the deliverance that he sent our enemies to scatter.
The church's foes will pine away, like churlish-hearted Nabal,
For our deliverer came this day like the great Zorobabel.

So praise God, all true Protestants, and I will say no further,
But had the Papists gain'd the day, there would have been open
murder.*

Although King James and many more was ne'er that way inclined,
It was not in their power to stop what the rabble they designed.†



THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

This is the version of the Battle of the Boyne which superseded the former, and is
the one that is always sung.

JULY the first, in Oldbridge-town
There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground
By cannons that did rattle.
King James he pitched his tents between
The lines for to retire ;
But King William threw his bomb-balls in,
And set them all on fire.

Thereat enraged, they vowed revenge
Upon King William's forces,
And oft did vehemently cry
That they would stop their courses.
A bullet from the Irish came,
And grazed King William's arm, .
They thought his Majesty was slain,
Yet it did him little harm.

* This also is imitated in the same.

† This clearing of King James and the leaders of the opposite party from all intention
of such barbarous doings as are imputed to the "rabble," is a stroke of generosity seldom
seen in a party effusion, and much to be admired. How often have great names been
stained by the misdeeds of their followers, which it was out of their power to prevent.

Duke Schomberg then, in friendly care,
 His King would often caution
 To shun the spot where bullets hot
 Retained their rapid motion ;
 But William said, " He don't deserve
 The name of Faith's Defender,
 Who would not venture life and limb
 To make a foe surrender."

When we the Boyne began to cross,
 The enemy they descended ;
 But few of our brave men were lost,
 So stoutly we defended ;
 The horse was the first that marched o'er,
 The foot soon followed after ;
 But brave Duke Schomberg was no more,
 By venturing over the water.

When valiant Schomberg he was slain,
 King William he accosted
 His warlike men for to march on,
 And he would be the foremost ;
 " Brave boys," he said, " be not dismayed
 For the loss of one commander,
 For God will be our King this day,
 And I'll be General under."

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,
 To give the enemies battle ;
 Our cannon, to our foes great cost,
 Like thund'ring claps did rattle.
 In majestic mein our prince rode o'er ;
 His men soon followed after,
 With blows and shout put our foes to the rout
 The day we crossed the water.

The Protestants of Drogheda
 Have reason to be thankful,
 That they were not to bondage brought,
 They being but a handful.
 First to the Tholsel they were brought,
 And tied at Millmount after ;*
 But brave King William set them free,
 By venturing over the water.

* To elucidate this line, it is necessary to refer to an assertion, which it is only fair to say was made by an anonymous writer, to the effect, that the Protestant prisoners in the hands of the garrison of Drogheda were tied together on the Mount, in Drogheda, that, in case of William bombarding the town, they must have been exposed to the fire.—*Memoirs of Ireland*, by the author of the *Secret History of Europe*, 1716 ; p. 221.

The cunning French near to Duleek
 Had taken up their quarters,
 And fenced themselves on every side,
 Still waiting for new orders ;
 But in the dead time of the night
 They set the fields on fire,
 And long before the morning light
 To Dublin they did retire.

Then said King William to his men,
 After the French departed,
 “ I’m glad,” said he, “ that none of ye
 Seem to be faint-hearted ;
 So sheathe your swords and rest awhile,
 In time we’ll follow after.”
 Those words he uttered with a smile
 The day he crossed the water.

Come, let us all with heart and voice
 Applaud our lives’ defender,
 Who at the Boyne his valour showed,
 And made his foe surrender.
 To God above the praise we’ll give
 Both now and ever after ;
 And bless the glorious memory
 Of King William that crossed the water.



THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

COLONEL BLACKER.

It cannot be wondered at that, from the great importance of the Battle of the Boyne, it should have been so celebrated in song by the party which triumphed. Having given the more modern song on the occasion, and the fragments of the ancient one, a third ballad on the subject may seem excessive ; but it seems to me so well done as to have an undeniable claim to appear ; and the soldier-minstrel, in a true soldier spirit, has done justice to the gallantry of his countrymen on *both sides* of the fight, with a liberality as rare as it is honourable in party chroniclers.

IT was upon a summer’s morn, unclouded rose the sun,
 And lightly o’er the waving corn, their way the breezes won ;
 Sparkling beneath that orient beam, ’mid banks of verdure gay,
 Its eastward course a silver stream held smilingly away.

A kingly host upon its side a monarch camp’d around,
 Its southern upland far and wide their white pavilions crowned ;
 Not long that sky unclouded show’d, nor long beneath the ray
 That gentle stream in silver flowed, to meet the new born day.

Through yonder fairy-haunted glen, from out that dark ravine,*
 Is heard the tread of marching men, the gleam of arms is seen ;
 And plashing forth in bright array along yon verdant banks,
 All eager for the coming fray, are rang'd the martial ranks.

Peals the loud gun—its thunders boom the echoing vales along,
 While curtain'd in its sulph'rous gloom moves on the gallant throng ;
 And foot and horse in mingled mass, regardless all of life,
 With furious ardour onward pass to join the deadly strife.

Nor strange that with such ardent flame each glowing heart beats high,
 Their battle-word was William's name, and "Death or Liberty!"
 Then, Oldbridge, then thy peaceful bowers with sounds unwonted
 rang,

And Tredagh, 'mid thy distant towers, was heard the mighty clang ;
 The silver stream is crimson'd wide, and clogg'd with many a corse,
 As floating down its gentle tide came mingled man and horse.
 Now fiercer grows the battle's rage, the guarded stream is cross'd,
 And furious, hand to hand engage each bold contending host ;

He falls—the veteran hero falls,† renowned along the Rhine—
 And he, whose name, while Derry's walls endure, shall brightly shine,‡
 Oh ! would to heav'n that churchman bold, his arms with triumph
 blest,
 The soldier spirit had controll'd that fir'd his pious breast.

And he, the chief of yonder brave and persecuted band,§
 Who foremost rush'd amid the wave, and gained the hostile strand ;—
 He bleeds, brave Caillemote—he bleeds—'tis clos'd, his bright career ;
 Yet still that band to glorious deeds his dying accents cheer.

And now that well-contested strand successive columns gain,
 While backward James's yielding band are borne across the plain.
 In vain the sword green Erin draws, and life away doth fling—||
 Oh ! worthy of a better cause and of a nobler king.

In vain thy bearing bold is shown upon that blood-stain'd ground ;
 Thy tow'ring hopes are overthrown, thy choicest fall around.
 Nor, sham'd, abandon thou the fray, nor blush, though conquer'd
 there,
 A power against thee fights to-day no mortal arm may dare.

Nay, look not to that distant height in hope of coming aid—
 The dastard thence has ta'en his flight, and left thee all betray'd.¶
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! the victor shout is heard on high Donore ;
 Down Platten's vale, in hurried rout, thy shatter'd masses pour.

* King William's Glen, near Townley Hall.

† Duke Schomberg.

‡ Walker, the gallant defender of Derry.

§ Caillemote, who commanded a regiment of French Protestants.

|| This is fair and handsome testimony to the gallantry of the Jacobite Irish that day.

¶ It might be more truly said that James's courage *forsook* him that day, for he was not constitutionally a coward.

But many a gallant spirit there retreats across the plain,
Who, change but kings, would gladly dare that battle-field again.*
Enough ! enough ! the victor cries ; your fierce pursuit forbear,
Let grateful prayer to heaven arise, and vanquished freeman spare !

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for liberty, for her the sword we drew,
And dar'd the battle, while on high our Orange banners flew ;
Woe worth the hour—woe worth the state, when men shall cease to
join
With grateful hearts to celebrate the glories of the Boyne !

THE WHITE COCKADE.

Translated from the Irish, by J. J. CALLANAN.

Ireland is not strong in Jacobite songs. She could not be expected to compete in this particular with Scotland, where the very heart of the Jacobite cause lay, and whose Jacobite relics are some of the finest things in lyric poetry. But Ireland always fought for the "white cockade;" and it may be that love for the white rose, which dated much further back than the cause of the Stuarts, had something to do with it. One of the Dukes of the house of York had been Lord Deputy in Ireland, and about the best Ireland ever had, and Ireland never forgot that to the white rose.

KING CHARLES he is King James's son,
And from a royal line is sprung ;
Then up with shout, and out with blade,
And we'll raise once more the white cockade.
O ! my dear, my fair-hair'd youth,
Thou yet hast hearts of fire and truth ;
Then up with shout, and out with blade—
We'll raise once more the white cockade.

My young men's hearts are dark with woe ;
On my virgins' cheeks the grief-drops flow ;
The sun scarce lights the sorrowing day,
Since our rightful prince went far away ;
He's gone, the stranger holds his throne ;
The royal bird far off is flown ;
But up with shout, and out with blade—
We'll stand or fall with the white cockade.

* This alludes to the expression attributed to Sarsfield—"Only change kings, and we will fight the battle over again." A braver soldier than Sarsfield never drew sword. His regiment, after repeatedly repulsing the enemy, was obliged to leave the field as body-guard to the king. Sarsfield was very indignant at this ; and as his regiment was the first to retire, he insisted afterwards, on the retrograde movement southward, that it should be the last to cover the retreat. Sarsfield afterwards fell in battle in Flanders, and as his life-blood flowed from him, he exclaimed, "Would that it were shed for Ireland !"

No more the cuckoo hails the spring,
 The woods no more with the stanch-hounds ring ;
 The song from the glen, so sweet before,
 Is hush'd since Charles has left our shore.
 The prince is gone : but he soon will come,
 With trumpet sound, and with beat of drum :
 Then up with shout, and out with blade—
 Huzza for the right and the white cockade.

To show, however, that Ireland was not deficient in wit on the subject of the white rose, the following anecdote may serve :—The celebrated Lord Chesterfield, who governed Ireland “with rare ability and a most rare liberality”* in 1744, when told by an alarmist that the “Papists were dangerous,” replied he had never seen but one dangerous Papist, and that was Miss ——, a particularly lovely woman. This lady, sharing in the admiration and gratitude of the Roman Catholics, wished to show the Earl how thoroughly she could overcome political prejudice, and on a public occasion at Dublin Castle wore a breast-knot of orange ribbon. The Earl, pleased at the incident, requested St. Leger (afterwards Lord Doneraile), celebrated for his wit, to say something handsome to her on the occasion. The request occasioned the following impromptu :—

“ Say, little Tory, why this jest
 Of wearing orange on thy breast,
 Since the same breast, uncover'd, shows
 The whiteness of the rebel rose ?”

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

Jacobite Song, 1715.

From the Irish. Translated by E. WALSH.

ONCE I bloom'd a maiden young ;
 A widow's woe now moves my tongue ;
 My true-love's barque ploughs ocean's spray.
 Over the hills and far away.

Chorus—Oh ! had I worlds, I'd yield them now,
 To place me on his tall barque's prow,
 Who was my choice through childhood's day,
 Over the hills and far away !

Oh ! may we yet our lov'd one meet,
 With joy-bells' chime, and wild drums' beat ;
 While summoning war-trump sounds dismay,
 Over the hills and far away !
 Oh ! had I worlds, &c.

* Pict. Hist. Eng.

Oh ! that my hero had his throne,
 That Erin's cloud of care were flown,
 That proudest prince would own his sway,
 Over the hills and far away !

Oh ! had I worlds, &c.

My bosom's love, that prince afar,
 Our king, our joy, our orient star ;
 More sweet his voice than wild bird's lay,
 Over the hills and far away !

Oh ! had I worlds, &c.

A high green hill I'll quickly climb,
 And tune my harp to song sublime,
 And chant his praise the live-long day,
 Over the hills and far away !

Oh ! had I worlds, &c.



THE WILD GEESE.*

DR. DRENNAN.

How solemn sad by Shannon's flood
 The blush of morning sun appears !
 To men who gave for us their blood,
 Ah ! what can woman give but tears ?
 How still the field of battle lies !

No shout upon the breeze has blown !
 We heard our dying country's cries,
 We sit deserted and alone.

Ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone,
 Ah ! what can woman give but tears ?

Why thus collected on the strand
 Whom yet the God of mercy saves ?
 Will ye forsake your native land ?
 Will you desert your brothers' graves ?

* This song of Dr. Drennan's celebrates the occasion alluded to in the note (†) to the "Flower of Finae," (p. 270), when the garrison of Limerick, in a body, left their native land. The Shannon being named in the song, signally marks the occasion to which the action of the song refers; added to which, the wailing of the women coincides with what is said to have happened on that melancholy occasion, when the moment of embarkation arrived.

Their graves give forth a fearful groan—
 Oh ! guard your orphans and your wives ;
 Like us, make Erin's cause your own,
 Like us, for her yield up your lives.
 Ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone,
 Like us, for her yield up your lives.

◆◆◆

KATHALEEN NY-HOULAHAN.*

A Jacobite relic—translated from the Irish. By JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

LONG they pine in weary woe, the nobles of our land,
 Long they wander to and fro, proscribed, alas ! and banned ;
 Feastless, houseless, altarless, they bear the exile's brand ;
 But their hope is in the coming-to of Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan !

Think her not a ghastly hag, too hideous to be seen,
 Call her not unseemly names, our matchless Kathaleen ;
 Young she is, and fair she is, and would be crowned a queen,
 Were the king's son at home here with Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan !

Sweet and mild would look her face, O none so sweet and mild,
 Could she crush the foes by whom her beauty is reviled ;
 Woollen plaids would grace herself and robes of silk her child,
 If the king's son were living here with Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan !

Sore disgrace it is to see the arbitress of thrones,
 Vassal to a *Saxoneen* of cold and sapless bones !
 Bitter anguish wrings our souls—with heavy sighs and groans
 We wait the Young Deliverer of Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan !

Let us pray to Him who holds life's issues in His hands—
 Him who formed the mighty globe, with all its thousand lands ;
 Girdling them with seas and mountains, rivers deep, and s'nds,
 To cast a look of pity upon Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan !

He who over sands and waves led Israel along—
 He who fed, with heavenly bread, that chosen tribe and throng—
 He who stood by Moses when his foes were fierce and strong—
 May he show forth His might in saving Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan !

* One of the many names by which Ireland was typified.

THE BLACKBIRD.

This queer old bit is undoubtedly Irish, although it has appeared in a Scottish collection. Its Hibernian origin could not be questioned, for a moment, by any one familiar with the phraseology and peculiar structure of Anglo-Irish songs: besides which, there is no Scotticism in the verses; and the air, moreover, to which it is sung, is Irish, and given in Bunting's last collection (*Ancient Music of Ireland: Dub. 1840*), under the title of "The Blackbird" (*an londubh*), and a noble air it is.

In Ireland, "The Blackbird" was well understood to mean Prince Charles Edward, and the flight or song of a bird was a poetic pretence for lamenting the exiled Stuart, common to Ireland and Scotland. In the "Jacobite Relics" of the latter, there is that most pathetic song, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," with the peculiarities of Scottish dialect throughout :

" A wee bird cam' to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
An' aye the o'ercome o' his sang
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie."

I have noticed, elsewhere, that Ireland has nothing to be proud of in Jacobite songs, while the "Jacobite Relics" of Scotland are among the very treasures of *her* minstrelsy.

ONCE on a morning of sweet recreation,
I heard a fair lady a-making her moan,
With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,
Aye singing, " My Blackbird for ever is flown !
He's all my heart's treasure, my joy, and my pleasure !
So justly, my love, my heart follows thee ;
And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather.
To seek out my Blackbird, wherever he be.

" I will go, a stranger to peril and danger,
My heart is so loyal in every degree ;
For he's constant and kind, and courageous in mind :
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !
In Scotland he's loved and dearly approved,
In England a stranger he seemeth to be ;
But his name I'll advance in Ireland or France.
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be.

" The birds of the forest are all met together,
The turtle is chosen to dwell with the dove,
And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,
Once in the spring-time to seek out my love.
But since fickle Fortune, which still proves uncertain,
Hath caused this parting between him and me,
His right I'll proclaim, and who dares me blame ?
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be."



THE SOLDIER.

From "Songs and Ballads," by SAMUEL LOVER.

This soldier is supposed to be one of the many whom the penal laws forced to fight under foreign banners, and we may imagine the battle-field to have been in Flanders.

"TWAS a glorious day, worth a warrior's telling,

Two kings had fought, and the fight was done,
When, 'midst the shout of victory swelling,

A soldier fell on the field he won.

He thought of kings and of royal quarrels,

And thought of glory, without a smile :

For what had he to do with laurels ?

He was only one of the rank and file !

But he pull'd out his little *cruiskeen*,*

And drank to his pretty *colleen*.†

" Oh, darling ! " says he, " when I die

You won't be a widow—for why ?

Ah ! you never would have me, *vourneen*."‡

A raven tress from his bosom taking,

That now was stain'd with his life-stream shed,

A fervent pray'r o'er that ringlet making,

He blessings sought on the lov'd one's head.

* Dram-bottle.

† Girl.

‡ Darling.

And visions fair of his native mountains
 Arose—enchanting his fading sight,
 Their emerald valleys and crystal fountains
 Were never shining more fair and bright ;
 And grasping his little *cruiskeen*,
 He pledg'd the dear island of green ;
 “ Though far from thy valleys I die,
 Dearest isle, to my heart thou art nigh,
 As though absent I never had been.”

A tear now fell—for, as life was sinking,
 The pride that guarded his manly eye
 Was weaker grown—and his last fond thinking
 Brought heaven, and home, and his true love nigh.
 But, with the fire of his gallant nation,
 He scorn'd to surrender without a blow !
 He made with death capitulation,
 And with warlike honours he still *would* go !
 For, draining his little *cruiskeen*,
 He drank to his cruel *colleen*,
 To the emerald land of his birth—
 And lifeless he sank to the earth,
 Brave a soldier as ever was seen.



THE FLOWER OF FINAE.

THOMAS DAVIS.

This charming ballad, in its descriptiveness, its tenderness, and dramatic power, is well worthy of the author's high reputation.

BRIGHT red is the sun on the waves of Lough Sheelin,
 A cool, gentle breeze from the mountain is stealing,
 While fair round its islets the small ripples play,
 But fairer than all is the Flower of Finae.

Her hair is like night, and her eyes like grey morning,
 She trips on the heather as if its touch scorning,
 Yet her heart and her lips are as mild as May day,
 Sweet Eily MacMahon, the Flower of Finae.

But who down the hill side than red deer runs fleeter ?
 And who on the lake side is hastening to greet her ?
 Who, but Fergus O'Farrell, the fiery and gay,
 The darling and pride of the Flower of Finae.

One kiss and one clasp, and one wild look of gladness ;
 Ah ! why do they change on a sudden to sadness ?—
 He has told his hard fortune, nor more he can stay ;
 He must leave his poor Eily to pine at Finae.

For Fergus O'Farrell was true to his sire-land,
 And the dark hand of tyranny drove him from Ireland ;
 He joins the Brigade, in the wars far away,
 But he vows he'll come back to the Flower of Finae.

He fought at Cremona—she hears of his story ;
 He fought at Cassano—she's proud of his glory ;
 Yet sadly she sings “ Shule Aroon ”* all the day,
 “ Oh, come, come, my darling, come home to Finae.”

Eight long years have passed, till she's nigh broken-hearted,
 Her “ reel,” and her “ rock,” and her “ flax ” she has parted ; *
 She sails with the “ Wild Geese ” to Flanders away, †
 And leaves her sad parents alone in Finae.

Lord Clare on the field of Ramillies is charging—
 Before him, the Sasanach squadrons enlarging—
 Behind him, the Cravats ‡ their sections display—
 Beside him rides Fergus and shouts for Finae.

On the slopes of La Judoigne the Frenchmen are flying,
 Lord Clare and his squadrons the foe still defying,
 Outnumbered, and wounded, retreat in array ;
 And bleeding rides Fergus and thinks of Finae.

* * * * *

In the cloisters of Ypres a banner is swaying,
 And by it a pale, weeping maiden is praying ;
 That flag's the sole trophy of Ramillies' fray ;
 This nun is poor Eily, the Flower of Finae.

* This is an allusion to an old Irish song called *Shule Aroon*, named in the verse above, belonging to the period of which this ballad treats, in which occurs this verse :

“ I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
 I'll sell my only spinning-wheel
 To buy for my love a sword of steel.”

It may be necessary to say that a rock is an old-fashioned distaff ; for though the word is still to be found in our dictionaries, many modern readers do not know its meaning.

† The Irish who expatriated themselves after the celebrated siege of Limerick were called “ The Wild Geese ; ” they afterwards formed the famous Irish Brigade in the service of France, and all recruits raised for the Brigade in Ireland were, ever after, familiarly known by the name of “ Wild Geese.”

‡ I have endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to discover the origin and meaning of this sobriquet.

A most plaintive melody, said to have been sung by the women who wailed and wept the departure of the heroes of Limerick, is given in Bunting's "Ancient Music of Ireland" (Dublin, 1840), and called "The Wild Geese." To that air Moore wrote his beautiful song entitled "The Origin of the Harp," beginning—

" 'Tis believ'd that this harp which I wake now to thee,
Was a Syren of old who sung under the sea."

The song proceeds to tell how her love for a youth was rejected; and, in pity to her unrequited passion, a spell was wrought—

" And chang'd to this soft harp the sea maiden's form."

Moore then elaborates with great felicity an idea which, he tells us, he derived from a design prefixed to an ode on St. Cecilia's day, thus—

" Still her bosom rose fair, still her cheek smil'd the same,
While her sea-beauties grace-fully curl'd round the frame,
And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings,
Fell over her white arm to make the gold strings."

The Bard then tells his mistress that this harp used to give forth mingled notes of love's gladness and tones of sorrow, until, as the Bard says, with exquisite grace, to his mistress—

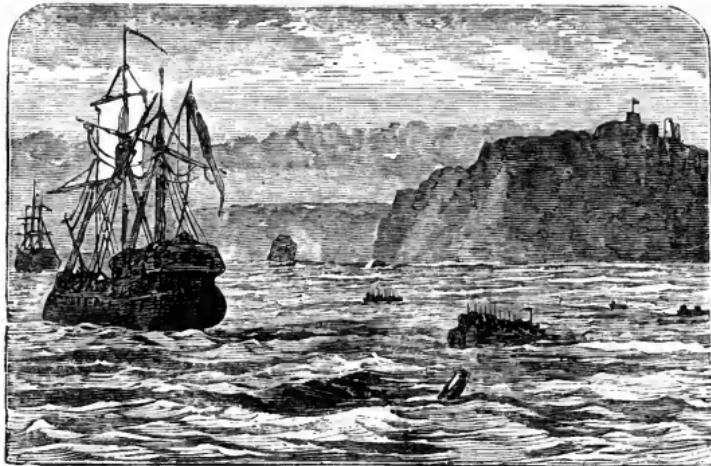
" Thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love, when I'm near thee—and grief when away."

It is not unworthy of remark that Moore, with his excessive love of polish, altered the verse I have quoted in full, in the last edition of his collected works, thus—

" Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smil'd the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully formed the light frame,
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
Was chang'd to bright chords utt'ring melody's spell."

Though it may savour of presumption to criticise so polished a versifier as Moore, I cannot help saying I think the alteration, with the exception of the word "*chang'd*" for *curl'd*, is not an improvement. The image is more perfectly presented to the mind in the two last lines of the verse as it originally stood; and the "*let loose*" in the second version, implies *intentional* disposition of the hair, far less pleasing than the unpremeditated grace with which it "*fell*" in the first form of the stanza. Then, "*utt'ring*" is a word so unmusical, that one almost wonders how it could have satisfied Moore's delicate ear.





THE SIEGE OF CARRICKFERGUS.

In the year 1759, France made great exertions for the invasion of the British dominions. Admiral Thurot was appointed to command an expedition from Dunkirk. Admiral Conflans a still larger one from Brest. Sir Edward Hawke watched Brest; a storm drove him from his blockade. Conflans took the opportunity of sailing; but the British Admiral caught him out at sea, and defeated him off Belleisle, which glorious action is more commonly spoken of as "Hawke's Victory." Dunkirk was watched by Commodore Boys, whom Thurot contrived to evade. He sailed with six ships up the North Sea, and went, north about, to Ireland; severe weather scattered his ships, and only three reached Ireland. Thurot entered the Bay of Carrickfergus, and landed; the garrison of the castle was very small, but fought the French with great gallantry. Their numbers were too insignificant for lengthened resistance, and finally they surrendered. Thurot's success was of but short duration. Troops were despatched to the spot with hot haste, and Thurot, after having obtained a supply of provisions from Belfast, was obliged to retire. He sailed south, and the next morning an English squadron, under Captain Elliot, gave chase to the French ships, brought them to action, and captured them. In this action Thurot fell; and thus ended the contemplated invasion of 1759.

The following song has no literary merit whatever, but is a curious specimen of its class; and coming fairly within the series of historic and political songs, in which I have endeavoured to establish a succession, I think it cannot be considered out of place, more particularly as the attack on Carrickfergus, and laying Belfast under contribution, is alluded to elsewhere, and a note of reference to this very song appended.

FROM Dunkirk, in France, in the month of September,
Fitted out was a fleet, and away they did sail;
And Monsieur Thurot, their only commander,
With him at their head they were sure not to fail.

So away they did steer, without dread or fear,
 And searchèd and plunder'd the coasts all around ;
 Till at length they arriv'd on the shore of old Ireland,
 And landed their men on our Irish ground.

It was at Carrickfergus, in the north of this kingdom,
 They landed their men and march'd up to our walls ;
 Then cry'd the undaunted, brave Colonel Jennings,
 " My boys, let's salute them with powder and balls."
 The battle began, and guns they did rattle,
 And bravely we fought under Jennings' command,
 Said he, " Play away, play away, my brave boys,
 The beggars the force of our fire cannot stand."

The town then they took without any resistance,
 The castle they thought was as easy likewise ;
 So they came marching up in grand divisions,
 To storm it, then guarded by the brave Irish boys ;
 But we kept constant fire, and made them retire,
 Till our ammunition entirely was gone ;
 Then aloud we did say, brave boys let's away,
 And sally out on them with sword in hand.

But says our brave colonel, " We cannot defend it,
 For to make a sally it is but in vain,
 As our ammunition, you see is expended ;
 We'll therefore submit, and good terms will obtain,
 For plainly you see, that to one they are three,
 'Tis best then in time for to capitulate ;
 For if they take it by storm, by the law of arms,
 Then death without mercy will sure be our fate."

Then these beggars obtained possession of Carrick,
 Where they revell'd and sotted, and drank all the while,
 Poor people they did sorely ransack and plunder,
 And hoisted it all on board the Belleisle ;
 But Elliott soon met them, nor away did he let them,
 But forc'd them to yield up their ill-gotten store ;
 Now, Monsieurs, lament in the deepest contrition,
 For now you can brag of your Thurot no more.

Let's exalt the brave Elliott, who gainèd this action,
 And sing to his praise in the joyfulllest song ;
 For we of our foes have got satisfaction,
 And Thurot lies rotting in the Isle of Man.
 Their general is wounded, his schemes are confounded,
 The brave British tars they can never withstand ;
 The fire of the fierce and the bold British lions
 Appear'd in the men under brave Captain Bland.

But now to bring my story to a conclusion,
 Let's drink a good health to our officers all ;
 First brave Colonel Jennings, likewise Bland our captain,
 Yet never forgetting the brave Mr. Hall.
 Let's drink and be jolly, and drown melancholy,
 So merrily let us rejoice too, and sing ;
 So fill up your bowls, all ye loyal souls,
 And toast a good health to great George our king.



From a medal by Mossor, of Dublin.

A noble statue of Grattan, by Chantrey, stands in the Royal Exchange of Dublin, with this suitable inscription on the pedestal—

Filio
 Optimo Carissimo
 Henrico Grattan
 Patria
 non ingrata
 1829.

THE MAN WHO LED THE VAN OF IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

EDWARD LYSAGHT.

“Air—“The British Grenadiers.”

The man thus celebrated was HENRY GRATTAN, the most illustrious of Irish patriots. The Irish Volunteers had existed, but in separate corps, until 1780, when an increase

and general organisation of that force took place. The military establishments had been so drained to recruit the regiments in America, that there were not sufficient left in the kingdom to defend the seaports from attack ; and when the town of Belfast, which had been closely visited eighteen years before by invasion, applied to Government for support against the common enemy that threatened to invade them again, Government could not grant it ; and in that state of things the expansion of the volunteer institution was looked upon as the best national safeguard, and with marvellous rapidity men of all conditions and opinions enrolled themselves in these patriot ranks, clothing and arming themselves at their own expense. Henry Grattan's eloquence in the senate increased the national enthusiasm of the volunteers, who looked upon Grattan with a passionate admiration. Some time before, his indomitable energy in Parliament had obtained freedom of commerce for his country, and now he sought, by the force of his argument and the ardour of his eloquence, to rouse the Parliament of Ireland to assert its independence, which it did in the year 1782, as noticed under the song of "Our Island," and obtained the repeal of the objectionable act of the English Parliament, 6th Geo. I.

Much as may be granted to the powers of eloquence, it is too much to suppose that such a triumph could have been obtained by mere oratory. Grattan had 80,000 volunteers of the same opinion as himself, not an insurrectionary band, but a legalised association of armed gentlemen, who had been loyally protecting their country from *foreign* invasion for years, and now determined to obtain *domestic* independence. To use Mr. Grattan's own words, " It seemed as if the subjects of Ireland had met at the altar, and communicated a national sacrament. Juries, cities, counties, commoners, nobles, volunteers, gradations, religions, a solid league, a rapid fire." That it was thus looked upon by the Government of the day is proved by the address made to Grattan by Mr. J. H. Hutchinson, his Majesty's principal Secretary of State, when he was charged with communicating a message to the House of Commons from the Lord Lieutenant, by command of his Majesty, as preliminary to assenting to their claim. On that occasion Mr. Hutchinson said, " Not only the present age, but posterity would be indebted to Mr. Grattan for the greatest of all obligations, and would, but he hoped at a great distance of time, inscribe on his tomb that he had redeemed the liberties of his country."

When a Secretary of State thus spoke of that memorable event, it is quite clear that it could not be tainted with the smallest particle of what a people should not ask, nor a sovereign grant. Moore speaks of this era in the history of Ireland as possessing " a character of grandeur, as passing as it was bright, but which will be long remembered with melancholy pride by her sons, and as long recall the memory of that admirable man to whose patriotism she owed her brief day of freedom, and upon whose name that momentary sunshine of her sad history rests." He pays a tribute also to the memory of Charles James Fox, in thus alluding to " the frank and cordial understanding entered into with Ireland, which identifies the memory of Mr. Fox and this Ministry* with the only *oasis* in the desert of Irish history."—*Moore's Life of Sheridan*, 8vo, pp. 359 to 375.

THE gen'rous sons of Erin, in manly virtue bold,
With hearts and hands preparing our country to uphold,
Tho' cruel knaves and bigot slaves disturb'd our isle some years,
Now hail the man who led the van of Irish Volunteers.

* The Rockingham Ministry.

Just thirty years are ending,* since first his glorious aid,
 Our sacred rights defending, struck shackles from our trade ;
 To serve us still, with might and skill, the vet'ran now appears,
 That gallant man, who led the van of Irish Volunteers.

He sows no vile dissensions ; good-will to all he bears ;
 He knows no vain pretensions, no paltry fears or cares ;
 To Erin's and to Britain's sons, his worth his name endears ;
 They love the man, who led the van of Irish Volunteers.

Oppos'd by hirelings sordid, he broke oppression's chain ;
 On statute-books recorded, his patriot acts remain ;
 The equipoise his mind employs of Commons, King, and Peers,
 The upright man, who led the van of Irish Volunteers.

A British constitution (to Erin ever true),
 In spite of State pollution, he gained in “*Eighty-two* ;”
 “*He watched it in its cradle, and bedew'd its hearse with tears*,” †
 This gallant man, who led the van of Irish Volunteers.

While other nations tremble, by proud oppressors gall'd,
 On hustings‡ we'll assemble, by Erin's welfare call'd ;
 Our Grattan, there we'll meethim, and greet him with three cheers ;
 The gallant man, who led the van of Irish Volunteers.



THE SHAN VAN VOGH. §

1796.

OH! the French are on the sea,||
 Says the Shan Van Vogh ;
 The French are on the sea,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh ;

* This would make the date of the song somewhere about 1809.

† Mr. Grattan's feeling and impressive words were these—“I watched by the cradle of Irish Independence, and I followed its hearse.”

‡ This shows it to be an electioneering song, and for such an occasion far above the ordinary mark.

§ Properly spelt, *An t-sean bhean bhochd*, meaning the Poor Old Woman—another name for Ireland.

|| An expedition sailed from France, 1796. It was scattered by a storm, a few ships only reached Ireland, and the force they carried was not sufficient to risk a landing. A copious note relating to this and other such expeditions will be found under the song, “Up for the Green.”

Oh ! the French are in the Bay,*
 They'll be here without delay,
 And the orange will decay,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.

Oh ! the French are in the Bay,
 They'll be here by break of day
 And the orange will decay,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.

And where will they have their camp ?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh ;
 Where will they have their camp ?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.
 On the Curragh of Kildare,†
 The boys‡ they will be there
 With their pikes in good repair,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.

To the Curragh of Kildare
 The boys they will repair,
 And Lord Edward§ will be there,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.

Then what will the yeomen do ?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh ;
 What *will* the yeomen do ?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh ;
 What *should* the yeomen do,
 But throw off the red and blue,
 And swear that they'll be true
 To the Shan Van Vogh ?
 What should, &c.

And what colour will they wear ?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh ;
 What colour will they wear ?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh ;

* Bantry.

† A noble plain in the county of that name, often used for encampment. A famous race-course is also there.

‡ A familiar name for the rebels. In the following line there is something comically expressive in talking of their pikes being "in good repair," as if a pike was a sort of thing in Ireland one should always have ready for use.

§ Lord Edward Fitzgerald—a worthy descendant of the illustrious Geraldine. The Geraldines always espoused the cause of Ireland, the country of their adoption ; fulfilling the truth of the accusation made, of old, by England, against settlers in Ireland—"That they became more Irish than the Irish themselves." See "History of England" for the Earl of Kildare and Henry VII. See also, "The Chain of Gold," in this collection, p. 243.

What colour should be seen
 Where our Fathers' homes have been,
 But their own immortal Green ?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.
 What colour, &c.

And will Ireland then be free ?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh ;
 Will Ireland then be free ?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh ;
 Yes ! Ireland SHALL be free,
 From the centre to the sea ;
 Then hurra for liberty !
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.
 Yes ! Ireland, &c.

There are many versions of this song, which has always been a favourite with the people at all times of political excitement, either varied or rewritten, according to circumstances. At the time of the celebrated Clare election, carried by Daniel O'Connell while the "Catholic Emancipation" cause was yet pending, I remember two verses of a street ballad in Dublin running thus :—

" Into Parliament you'll go (meaning O'Connell), says the Shan Van Vogh,
 To extricate our woe, says the Shan Van Vogh ;
 Our foes you will amaze,
 And all Europe you will plaze ;
 And ould Ireland's now at aise,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.

" Our worthy brave O'Connell, says the Shan Van Vogh,
 To have you in we're longing, says the Shan Van Vogh ;
 Sure you we well have tried,
 And you're always at our side,
 And you never took a bribe,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh."

During the "Repeal" movement (about 1840) the original song was revived, with the exception of the first verse, and the name of O'Connell substituted for that of Lord Edward.



SHAN VAN VOUGH.

A Street Ballad.

I have said, in the notes to the foregoing song of the same title, composed in 1796, that it was a favourite form of expressing popular opinion at all times of political excitement. The following version I remember hearing sung in the streets of Dublin, soon after a debate in the House of Lords on some Irish question.

OH, I'm told that Anglesea,*
 Says the Shan Van Vough ;
 Oh, I'm told that Anglesea,
 Says the Shan Van Vough ;
 Oh, I'm told that Anglesea,
 In the House of Lords one day,
 Said the Papists he would slay,
 Says the Shan Van Vough.

But faith, at Waterloo,
 Says the Shan Van Vough ;
 But faith, at Waterloo,
 Says the Shan Van Vough ;
 But faith, at Waterloo,
 He'd have looked very blue,
 Hadn't Paddy been there too,†
 Says the Shan Van Vough.

Yet, if he needs must fight,
 Says the Shan Van Vough ;
 Yet, if he needs must fight,
 Says the Shan Van Vough ;
 Yet, if he needs must fight,
 Oh, he's always in the right
 To keep Erin in his sight,
 Says the Shan Van Vough.

For Pat is fond of fun,
 Says the Shan Van Vough ;
 For Pat is fond of fun,
 Says the Shan Van Vough ;
 For Pat is fond of fun,
 And was never known to run
 From cannon, sword, or gun,
 Says the Shan Van Vough.

And though Rock,‡ alas, is gone,
 Says the Shan Van Vough ;
 And though Rock, alas, is gone,
 Says the Shan Vough ;

* The Marquis of Anglesea. Pronounced by the ballad-singers *Ang-gla-séy*.

† This was suggested by a passage in a speech of Daniel O'Connell's at that time, wherein he said that the Duke of Wellington kept all his objections against the Irish for his place in Parliament ; but that he had no objection to them on the field of Waterloo.

‡ Captain Rock. The supposititious leader of insurrectionary movements. His memoirs, by Moore, are well worth reading by any one who wishes to be briefly acquainted with the political disturbances of Ireland from the earliest times down to 1824.

And though Rock, alas, is gone,
 I'll hold you ten to one
 He'd be with us here anon,
 Says the Shan Van Vough.

But no Hussar* we'll see,
 Says the Shan Van Vough ;
 But no Hussar we'll see,
 Says the Shan Van Vough ;
 But no Hussar we'll see,
 For old Erin shall be free,
 An "So help me God" says she,
 The Shan Van Vough.

Strange enough, it was the Duke of Wellington who, after making many strong speeches against "Catholic Emancipation," introduced and carried that measure. And the Marquis of Anglesea was, after the period when the above ballad was sung, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—and one of the most popular who ever held that place—so popular indeed, *that he was recalled*, and his farewell procession from Dublin to his place of embarkation at Kingstown was one of the most remarkable public exhibitions of affectionate demonstration I ever witnessed. He passed through hundreds of thousands covering the ample shores of the harbour ; and at the final moment of departure the deep emotion of the gallant veteran could not be concealed. The scene was equally honourable to the feelings of the Governor and the people he had governed.

Such events are proofs of what extraordinary changes may take place in opinion.

UP FOR THE GREEN !

A song of the United Irishmen, 1796. Air—"Wearing of the Green."

'Tis the green—oh, the green is the colour of the true,
 And we'll back it 'gainst the orange, and we'll raise it o'er the blue !
 For the colour of old Ireland alone should here be seen—
 'Tis the colour of the martyr'd dead—our own immortal green.
 Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green !
 Oh, 'tis down to the dust, and a shame to be seen ;
 But we've hands—oh, we've hands, boys, full strong enough I
 ween,
 To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green !

They may say they have power 'tis vain to oppose—
 'Tis better to obey and live, than surely die as foes ;
 But we scorn all their threats, boys, whatever they may mean ;
 For we trust in God above us, and we dearly love the green.

* The Marquis of Anglesea, it may be remembered, was famous as an Hussar officer ; or, I should rather say, *it can never be forgotten*.

So, we'll up for the green, and we'll up for the green !
 Oh, to *die* is far better than be curs'd as we have been !
 And we've hearts—oh ! we've hearts, boys, full true enough, I
 ween,
 To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green !

They may swear, as they often did, our wretchedness to cure ;
 But we'll never trust John Bull again, nor let his lies allure.
 No, we won't—no, we won't, Bull, for now nor ever more !
 For we've hopes on the ocean,* and we've trust on the shore.

Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green !
 Shout it back to the Sasanach, “We'll *never* sell the green !”
 For our TONE† is coming back, and with men enough, I ween,
 To rescue, and avenge us and our own immortal green.

Oh, remember the days when their reign we did disturb,
 At Limerick and Thurles, Blackwater and Benburb ;
 And ask this proud Saxon if our blows he did enjoy,
 When we met him on the battle-field of France—at Fontenoy.

Then we'll up for the green, boys, and up for the green !
 Oh, 'tis *still* in the dust, and a shame to be seen ;
 But we've hearts and we've hands, boys, full strong enough, I
 ween,
 To rescue and to raise again our own unsullied green !

* Alluding to the expected succour from France.

† Theobald Wolfe Tone, one of the most active of the United Irishmen. He presented himself to the Directory of the French Republic, as the accredited agent of his party, and it is worthy of remark that, in the course of his negotiations, he had one interview with Napoleon Bonaparte. After much labour and many disappointments he obtained, in 1796, the aid he sought for. He was made *Chef de Brigade*, and placed on the staff of General Hoche, to whom the command of the expedition was intrusted. It was one of great importance. The fleet consisted of forty-three sail, seventeen being of the line, carrying some fifteen thousand French troops, with ample supply of war-like stores, and forty-five thousand stand of arms for distribution among the disaffected in Ireland. That expedition was scattered by a storm. A few ships anchored in Bantry Bay, and remained for some days ; but the admiral, chief in command, never reached an anchorage—neither did Hoche, the general in chief, and the expedition proved utterly abortive. Many of the ships were wrecked, some were taken by the British cruisers, and the remainder returned to Brest in a very shattered condition. Tone, though thus baffled for the moment, persevered in soliciting foreign aid ; and a new and equally formidable expedition was ordered to attempt a descent upon Ireland from the Batavian Republic, in the following year, and again under Hoche's command. That expedition was detained for six weeks by contrary winds in the Texel, and the stores being consumed, the army of invasion was debarked. During that time of detention the memorable mutiny in the British fleet, at the Nore, took place, paralysing, for the time, the naval power of England, and leaving her fearfully exposed to the intended attack. The mutiny was suppressed before the Texel fleet, under Admiral De Winter, could put to sea, and gave Admiral Duncan the opportunity of meeting it at Camperdown, and obtaining his famous victory of the 11th of October,

1797 ; a conquest which seriously crippled the naval power of the confederated Republics of France and Batavia, and placed a coronet on the head of the victorious admiral. The indefatigable Tone still urged the French to make a descent upon Ireland, and a third expedition was undertaken, in August, 1798, under the command of General Humbert, which landed at Killala, but too small to be influential, unsupported as it then was ; and Humbert, after some partial successes, surrendered. The intended support, under the command of General Hardy and Commodore Bompard, sailed from Brest in September, and appeared off the coast of Donegal in October ; but a British fleet, under the command of Captain Sir John Borlaze Warren, had watched this hostile movement, and a general action resulted in the defeat of the enemy. Tone was in the French commodore's ship (the *Hoche*), and it is stated that he displayed great gallantry throughout the action, but death in hot blood was not to be his fate. On the arrival of the captured ship in Lough Swilly he was recognised, transmitted to Dublin, tried by court martial, and condemned to death. He appeared on his trial in a French uniform, and as an officer in the French service requested to be shot. This was refused, and to avoid the ignominy of the scaffold, he laid violent hands on himself the evening before the day appointed for his execution.

The air to which the foregoing song was sung is very sweet and plaintive, as well as the ballad entitled "*For the wearing of the Green*," setting forth the sufferings of the adherents of that colour. There was another, entitled "*For the Green on the Cape*," which I myself remember to have heard when a child from the lips of the street ballad-singer, and at a time, too, when it was anything but safe to sing it. In that ballad a conversation was supposed to take place between Bonaparte and an Irishman, and Bonaparte inquires—

" And how is ould Ireland, and how does she stand ? "

To which the reply follows—

" "Tis a poor distressed coun-the-ry, oh, poor I-ar-land."

The refrain being—

" For the green on the cape, for the green on the cape,
"Tis a poor distressed country for the green on the cape."

This hope in Bonaparte was a very false one, for Tone, in his memoirs, says that when he urged on Napoleon the striking at England through this vulnerable point, the suggestion was met with coldness, and the selfish remark, that Ireland had already proved enough for all that the French Directory wanted, in having been a *useful diversion* in their favour. From this, and certain observations in Bourienne's Memoirs of the Emperor, it seems questionable if ever he seriously contemplated the invasion of England, and probable, that even all his overt preparations at Boulogne were only *diversions* to cover other movements.



WHEN ERIN FIRST ROSE.

This is so remarkable a song that I hope an editor may be pardoned for taking more than ordinary notice of it. Moore calls it "that beautiful but rebellious song;" but as Dr. Drennan wrote at a period when party passion was at boiling-heat, we cannot wonder at the intensity of his political feelings, and the uncompromising vigour with which they are expressed. His taste, however, was too good to permit him to indulge in any revolting terms of antagonism, which is more than can be said for much of the writing of that day. In the following poem the feelings of an unflinching patriot of the period are eloquently poured forth, and no one, I think, can deny much poetic power and artistic accomplishment in these lines: forcible imagery, and antithetic point, are given in flowing verse and good language. Some exception may be critically made to these qualities, as, here and there, they are open to the charge of carelessness and magniloquence; but we must remember that bombast was the vice of his day, and the very nature of the poem excuses, if it cannot justify, exuberance of expression. The similes are not always quite perfect, and the poem is not quite equal throughout; for in the last verse, where the poet should rise, he decidedly sinks. But greater men than Dr. Drennan have made the same mistake: many think Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic" would have been better without the last verse. Take it for all in all, however, the ode is worthy of admiration, and suggests proof to a thinking reader of *these* days (when we may calmly consider events more than half a century past) that the disaffection existing in Ireland at that time did not, as it has sometimes been misrepresented, exist principally among the lower and ignorant classes. Such lines as these could never have been inspired in the back lanes of low-lived conspiracy; they bear internal evidence of being the work of a gentleman. Moreover, it appears to me the whole heart of a nation must have been roused *before* such lines *could* have been written; they are rather the effect than the cause of commotion—the fringe of foam on the dark rush of the torrent.

WHEN Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,
God bless'd the green island, and saw it was good ;
The em'rald of Europe, it sparkled and shone,
In the ring of the world, the most precious stone ;
In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blessed,
With her back towards Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands proudly insular, on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
The dark chain of silence * is thrown o'er the deep ;

* Dr. Drennan here anticipates Moore in his allusion to an old bardic custom. Walker tells us of the assembled bards, on a certain occasion, resorting to this custom to repress a military commotion. "To effect this, they shook *the chain of silence*, and flung themselves into the ranks, extolling the sweets of peace," &c. Moore pleasantly calls this shaking of the chain of silence "a practical figure of rhetoric." But how beautifully Moore has adopted this image in his farewell to the harp, in the well-known lines—

" Dear Harp of my Country ! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long ;
When proudly, my own Island Harp ! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song !"

As George Withers improved on an idea of Sir Walter Raleigh, alluded to in another part of this volume, so Moore transcended *his* antecessor.

At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes,
 And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise.
 O ! sons of green Erin, lament o'er the time,
 When religion was war, and our country a crime—
 When man in God's image, inverted his plan,
 And moulded his God in the image of man.

When the int'rest of state wrought the general woe,
 The stranger a friend, and the native a foe ;
 While the mother rejoic'd o'er her children oppressed,
 And clasp'd the invader more close to her breast.
 When with pale for the body and pale for the soul,
 Church and State joined in compact to conquer the whole ;
 And as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood,
 Ey'd each other askance and pronounced it was good.

By the groans that ascend from our forefathers' grave,
 For their country thus left to the brute and the slave,
 Drive the demon of bigotry home to his den,
 And where Britain made brutes now let Erin make men.
 Let my sons like the leaves of the shamrock unite,
 A partition of sects from one footstalk of right,
 Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
 Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.*

Alas ! for poor Erin that some are still seen,
 Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to green ; †
 Yet, oh ! when you're up and they're down, let them live,
 Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.
 Arm of Erin be strong ! but be gentle as brave !
 And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save !
 Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
 The cause of, or men of, the Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
 And the green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue !
 And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall share,
 With the full swelling chest, and the fair flowing hair,
 Their bosoms heave high for the worthy and brave,
 But no coward shall rest in that soft-swelling wave ;
 Men of Erin ! awake ! and make haste to be blest,
 Rise—Arch of the Ocean, and Queen of the West.

* In allusion to the Irish soil not harbouring any venomous reptile.

† How forcible is this image—a hatred so intense that it would alter even the works of God by dyeing the grass. And what colour?—Red—how fearfully suggestive !

Having ventured to speak of these verses so critically, I wish to support my opinion by referring to the text. It will be observed that the author is fond of indulging in epithet, as, "steep shore"—"high harp"—"deep roar;" and often double epithet, as, "dark-swelling"—"full-swelling"—soft-swelling"—"fair-swelling"—tending somewhat to turgidity. In the fourth and sixth lines the metre is defective; a little care would have made the sixth smooth, and the sentiment even more bitter. The original stands thus—

"With her back towards Britain, her face to the West;"

"with," being expletive and inelegant; "towards," false in metre unless mispronounced. I think the line stands better thus—

Her back turn'd to Britain,—her face to the West.

The metre perfect; composition more compact; and *turning* the back, increasing the expression of dislike.

The four last lines of the second verse, and the entire of the third and fourth, are rich in antithesis, powerful in expression, and faultless in versification, with the one exception of an affected pronunciation of "Milesian."

The last verse is, unfortunately, the weakest; and the image "soft-swelling wave," forced—a bosom cannot be called a wave; and the homely phrase "make haste" is infelicitous at the end of so lofty a strain. But whatever its faults may be, this ode may be ranked among the highest examples of patriotic exhortation and political invective.



OUR ISLAND!

EDWARD LYSAGHT. Born, 1763.

Air—"The Rogue's March."

Edward Lysaght was a gentleman of the county of Clare, whose convivial nature won for him the *sobriquet* of "Pleasant Ned." He passed through Trinity College, Dublin, with credit. He was a fluent song writer. Some of his lighter pieces are graceful, and indicate a nice ear for euphony (*vide* "Kate of Garnailla," in this volume), but his patriotic songs are, perhaps, his best. He does the light cavalry business of political warfare with much spirit, cutting and giving point as he dashes along.

MAY God, in whose hand
Is the lot of each land—
Who rules over ocean and dry land—
Inspire our good king
From his presence to fling
Ill advisers who'd ruin our island.

Don't we feel 'tis our dear native island !
 A fertile and fine little island !
 May Orange and Green*
 No longer be seen
 Bestain'd with the blood of our island.

The fair ones we prize
 Declare they despise
 Those who'd make it a slavish and vile land ;
 Be their smiles our reward,
 And we'll gallantly guard
 All the rights and delights of our island—
 For, oh ! 'tis a lovely green island !
 Bright beauties adorn our dear island !
 At St. Patrick's command
 Vipers quitted our land—
 But he's wanted again in our island !
 For her interest and pride,
 We oft fought by the side
 Of England, that haughty and high land ;
 Nay, we'd do so again,
 If she'd let us remain
 A free and a flourishing island—

* Orange and green are the distinctive and antagonistic colours of the two great parties long dividing Ireland ; but, as orange and green are harmonious in the artistic arrange-



ment of colour, let us hope that a similar result may take place in political chromatics, and that neither of the parties will continue to grind their colours with such intensity as formerly—the occasional mixture of a little more oil would make them work more smoothly. And, apropos, the olive, that emblem of peace, has good oleaginous qualities.

But she, like a crafty and sly land,
 Dissension excites in our island,
 And, our feuds to adjust,
 She would lay in the dust
 All the freedom and strength of our island.

A few years ago—
 Though now she says no—
 We agreed with that surly and sly land,
 That each, as a friend,
 Should the other defend,
 And the Crown be the link of each island !
 'Twas the final state-bond of each island ;
 Independence we swore to each island.*
 Are we grown so absurd
 As to credit her word,
 When she's breaking her oath with our island ?

Let us steadily stand
 By our king and our land,
 And it shan't be a slavish or vile land ;
 Nor impudent Pitt
 Unpunished commit
 An attempt on the rights of our island.
 Each voice should resound through our island—
 You're my neighbour, but, Bull, this is my land !†
 Nature's favourite spot—
 And I'd sooner be shot
 Than surrender the rights of our island !

* This alludes to the celebrated Declaration of Irish Independence in 1782. In an address to the Crown, moved as an amendment by Henry Grattan, and carried *nem. con.* (too long to quote *in extenso*), occurs the following passage :—"That there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind this nation, except the King, Lords, and Commons, of Ireland ; or any other Parliament which hath any authority or power of *any sort whatever*, in this country, save only the Parliament of Ireland." The address further declares the people of Ireland "never expressed a desire to *share the freedom of England*, without declaring a determination to *share her fate* likewise—**STANDING OR FALLING WITH THE BRITISH NATION.**"—Address to the Crown, moved by Mr. Grattan in the Irish Parliament, 16th April, 1782. The Ministry that lost America to England had just gone out. The Rockingham Administration came in, and in a milder spirit of rule the English Parliament not only repealed the obnoxious statute complained of (6th of George I.), but subsequently renounced all claim to bind Ireland.

† This neighbourly call reminds us of a funny dialogue in the old farce of "The Citizen," where the spendthrift son, George, wishing to make his avaricious father believe he is very thrifty, says, friendship is all very well, but must not interfere with self-interest. "Love your neighbour, sir ; but don't pull down your own hedge." The father replies, "Very good, indeed, George ! Love your neighbour, and pull down his hedge."

GREEN WERE THE FIELDS.

GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS.

Air—"Savourneen Deelish."

GREEN were the fields where my forefathers dwelt, O ;
 Erin, *ma vourneen ! slan leat go brah !**
 Tho' our farm it was small, yet comforts we felt, O.
 Erin, &c.

At length came the day when our lease did expire,
 Fain would I live where before lived my sire ;
 But, ah ! well-a-day ! I was forced to retire.
 Erin, &c.

Tho' the laws I obey'd, no protection I found, O,†
 Erin, &c.
 With what grief I beheld my cot burn'd to the ground, O !
 Erin, &c.
 Forc'd from my home, yea, from where I was born,
 To range the wide world—poor, helpless, forlorn !
 I look back with regret—and my heart-strings are torn.
 Erin, &c.

With principles pure, patriotic, and firm,
 Erin, &c.
 To my country attached, and a friend to reform,
 Erin, &c.
 I supported old Ireland—was ready to die for it ;
 If her foes e'er prevail'd I was well known to sigh for it ;
 But my faith I preserv'd, and am now forced to fly for it.
 Erin, &c.

‡ But hark ! I hear sounds, and my heart is strong beating,
 Erin, &c.
 Loud cries for redress, and avaunt on retreating,
 Erin, &c.
 We have numbers, and numbers do constitute power,
 Let us will to be free—and we're free from that hour :
 Of Hibernia's brave sons, oh ! we feel we're the flower.
 Erin, &c.

This song, supposed to have been written some time about 1792, was given in one of the volumes emanating from the Young Ireland party, under the title of "The Exile of Erin"—that title being *usurped* for the purpose of giving colour to a most unworthy

* Ireland, my darling ! for ever adieu !

† The saying "there is one law for the rich and another for the poor," which we hear so often, "*even in England*," in *these* days, was more lamentably pregnant with truth in Ireland in *those* days.

‡ This verse, I apprehend, is an interpolation.

attempt, which is treated of hereafter. I say *usurped*—for the original and true title of the song is that given to it here ; but it was called the Exile of Erin in the publication named above, with a view to make it appear as the *first part* of a subject carried out in a higher form in the second part by the same author—thus attempting to create a belief in two equally improbable (or rather impossible) things—namely, that the author of “ Green were the Fields ” could ever have written the noble lyric of Campbell, or that Campbell could have been guilty of the meanness of literary piracy. The internal evidence borne by the two compositions is sufficient to establish the impossibility of the first, and the pre-eminent literary reputation of Campbell (my honoured and lamented friend) is sufficient for the second part of the question. It is worthy of remark, too, that the word “ exile ” never once occurs in this song—while “ Exile of Erin ” is in the first line of Campbell’s, and, most naturally, suggested its title.



THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL. Born, 1777. Died, 1844.

This celebrated lyric is remarkable in two ways—first, for its intrinsic merits, and, next, that its touching expression of sentiment, as that of an exiled Irishman, sprang from the sympathy of a man who was not a native of Ireland. But that man had a

deep love of liberty in his soul ; he could feel for Ireland as he felt for Poland, and the author of that often-quoted line--

“ And freedom shriek’d—as Kosciusko fell,”

sympathised with the humble exile of Erin.

I cannot help expressing my regret, and almost a sense of shame, that any in Ireland could be so forgetful of what was due to Campbell for such a song, as to make the attempt (alluded to in the note to the preceding song) to brand with the charge of literary piracy the man who had so sympathised with the Irish exile.

The charge that Campbell did not write this song, which he published under his name, was first made in 1830, twenty-nine years after the song was written. Why was not the charge made and substantiated (if it could be) before? In law, if a man holds an estate for twenty years, unchallenged, it is reckoned a good title. Is there to be no protection on Parnassus? Campbell publicly denied this charge, under his own hand, while he lived ; the charge was revived when he was in the grave. What can be said of this?

“ A lion preys not upon carcases.”

But the charge was too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment by any person of critical acumen. Campbell’s lyric has his own mint-mark upon it, and all the scrubbing of presumptuous meddlers cannot efface it.

“ There is nothing new under the sun,” saith the preacher. This desire to damage reputation has ever been—

“ A falcon towering in her pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawked at—”

There is a passage of Moore’s so singularly applicable to the present subject that I quote it.

“ In a late work, professing to be the memoirs of Mr. Sheridan, there are some wise doubts expressed as to his being really the author of ‘The School for Scandal,’ to which, except for the purpose of exposing absurdity, I should not have thought it worth while to allude. It is an old trick of detraction, and one of which it never tires, to father the works of eminent writers upon others ; or, at least, while it kindly leaves the author the credit of his worst performances, to find some one in the background to ease him of the fame of his best. When this sort of charge is brought against a contemporary, the motive is intelligible ; but such an abstract pleasure have some persons in merely unsettling the crowns of Fame, that a worthy German has written an elaborate book to prove that the *Iliad* was written, not by that particular Homer the world supposes, but by some *other* Homer! In truth, if mankind were to be influenced by those *qui tam* critics, who have, from time to time, in the course of the history of literature, exhibited informations of plagiarism against great authors, the property of fame would pass from its present holders into the hands of persons with whom the world is but little acquainted. Aristotle must refund to one Ocellus Lucanus—Virgil must make a *cessio bonorum* in favour of Pisander. The metamorphoses of Ovid must be credited to the account of Parthenius of Nicæ, and (to come to a modern instance) Mr. Sheridan must, according to his biographer, Dr. Watkins, surrender the glory of having written the ‘School for Scandal’ to a certain anonymous young lady, who died of consumption in Thames Street !”—*Moore’s Life of Sheridan.* Svo. Vol. I. p. 254.

The Americans seem determined not to be surpassed by the rest of the world in this, as in many other achievements. When a planet, before it was ever seen in the unexplored depths of space, was declared to exist, by Le Verrier, and when, to the delight

of every generous mind at this marvellous triumph of science, it *did* appear in the very place where Le Verrier prophesied it would be found at a certain time, a jealous Yankee star-gazer published a letter to declare that the planet thus revealed was not the planet Le Verrier thought it was. Another American, but the other day, favoured us with the amusing information that the Plays of Shakspeare (so called) were written by Lord Bacon.

But, enough of such odious theme ! Let us turn from this miserable spirit of detraction to the generous outburst of a poet's soul.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill ;
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill :
 But the day-star attracted his eyes' sad devotion,
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger ;
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee ;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not for me.
 Never again in the green sunny bowers,
 Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh.

Erin, my country, tho' sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore,
 But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
 Oh cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me ?
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me ?
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore !

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood ?
 Sisters and sire, did you weep for its fall ?
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood ?
 Where is the bosom-friend dearer than all ?
 Oh ! my sad heart ! long abandon'd by pleasure,
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure,
 Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw :
 Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !
 Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !

Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
 Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the ocean,
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
 Erin, ma yourneen ! Erin go bragh !*

This song surpasses by far all that were ever written to the lovely air of *Savourneen Deelish*. Moore felt that a melody of such beauty *must* appear in his "Irish Melodies," but he abstained from using it for a long time, conscious of the formidable rivalry he had to encounter. He says himself, "I must express my diffidence in treading upon the same ground with Mr. Campbell, whose beautiful words to this fine air have taken too strong possession of all ears and hearts for me to think of following in his footsteps with any success."



THE CROPPY BOY.

A Ballad of '98.

CARROLL MALONE.

The revolutionary party in Ireland of this period wore their hair short, like the round-heads of Cromwell's day—hence the term "crop," or "croppy." The dramatic spirit of the ballad imparts to it a strange interest.

"Good men and true ! in this house who dwell,
 To a stranger *bouchal*† I pray you tell
 Is the priest at home ? or may he be seen ?
 I would speak a word with Father Green."

"The priest's at home, boy, and may be seen ;
 'Tis easy speaking with Father Green ;
 But you must wait till I go and see
 If the holy Father alone may be."

The youth has entered an empty hall—
 What a lonely sound has his light foot-fall !
 And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,
 With a vested priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins :
 " *Nomine Dei*," the youth begins ;
 At " *mea culpa* " he beats his breast,
 And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.

* Ireland, my darling ! Ireland for ever !

† Boy,

“ At the siege of Ross did my father fall,
 And at Gorey my loving brothers all.
 I alone am left of my name and race ;
 I will go to Wexford* and take their place.

“ I cursed three times since last Easter day—
 At mass-time once I went to play ;
 I passed the churchyard one day in haste,
 And forgot to pray for my mother’s rest.

“ I bear no hate against living thing ;
 But I love my country above my king.
 Now, Father ! bless me, and let me go
 To die, if God has ordained it so.”

The priest said nought, but a rustling noise
 Made the youth look up with wild surprise ;
 The robes were off, and in scarlet there
 Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare.

With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,
 Instead of blessing, he breathed a curse :—
 “ Twas a good thought, boy, to come here and shrive,
 For one short hour is your time to live.

“ Upon yon river three tenders float,†
 The priest’s in one, if he isn’t shot—
 We hold his house for our lord the King,
 And, amen say I, may all traitors swing ! ”

At Geneva Barrack‡ that young man died,
 And at Passage they have his body laid.
 Good people who live in peace and joy,
 Give a prayer and a tear for the Croppy Boy.

* The rebels made a desperate stand at Wexford, which was in their hands for some time ; and there the sanguinary spirit of *both* parties was fearfully displayed. It was not the first time Wexford beheld a massacre, for Cromwell, in 1649, placed a red letter before his name there, in the page of history.

† Guard-ships were anchored off Wexford, which served as prisons for the captured rebels, or suspected persons.

‡ A military station in Wexford county.



MARY LE MORE.

The Maniac of 1798.

GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS. Air—"Savourneen Deelish."

This is among the best of Mr Reynolds' poetical effusions, and gives a fearful picture of the times it represents.

As I stray'd o'er the common on Cork's rugged border,
 While the dew-drops of morn the sweet primrose array'd,
 I saw a poor maiden whose mental disorder
 Her quick-glancing eye and wild aspect betray'd.
 On the sward she reclin'd, by the green fern surrounded,
 At her side speckled daisies and wild flow'rs abounded ;
 To its inmost recesses her heart had been wounded ;
 Her sighs were unceasing—'twas Mary le More.

Her charms by the keen blasts of sorrow were faded,
 Yet the soft tinge of beauty still play'd on her cheek ;
 Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,
 And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck.
 While with pity I gaz'd, she exclaim'd, "O my Mother !
 See the blood on that lash, 'tis the blood of my brother ;
 They have torn his poor flesh, and they now strip another—
 'Tis Connor, the friend of poor Mary le More.

" Though his locks were as white as the foam of the ocean,
 Those wretches shall find that my father is brave ;
 My father ! " she cried with the wildest emotion,
 " Ah ! no, my poor father now sleeps in the grave ! *
 They have tolled his death-bell, they've laid the turf o'er him ;
 His white locks were bloody ! no aid could restore him ;
 He is gone ! he is gone ! and the good will deplore him,
 When the blue waves of Erin hide Mary le More."

* This is an allusion to a song written some time previously, entitled "Mary le More," in which the burning of a cabin, accompanied with murder and violation, is the subject, and in which I remember this verse occurs—

" One cold winter's night, as poor Dermot sat musing,
 Hoarse curses alarm'd him, and crash went the door ;
 The fierce soldiers enter'd, and straight 'gan abusing
 The mild but brave father of Mary le More ;
 To their taunts he replied not—with blows they assail'd him—
 He felt all indignant, his patience now fail'd him—
 He return'd their vile blows ; and all Munster bewail'd him—
 For stabb'd was the father of Mary le More."

A lark, from the gold-blossom'd furze that grew near her,
 Now rose, and with energy caroll'd his lay ;
 " Hush, hush !" she continued, " the trumpet sounds clearer ;
 The horsemen approach ! Erin's daughters, away !
 Ah ! soldiers, 'twas foul, while the cabin was burning,
 And o'er a pale father a wretch had been mourning—
 Go, hide with the sea-mew, ye maids, and take warning,
 Those russians have ruin'd poor Mary le More.

" Away, bring the ointment : O God ! see those gashes !
 Alas ! my poor brother, come dry the big tear ;
 Anon we'll have vengeance for these dreadful lashes ;
 Already the screech-owl and raven appear.
 By day the green grave, that lies under the willow,
 With wild flow'rs I'll strew, and by night make my pillow,
 Till the ooze and dark sea-weed, beneath the curl'd bellow,
 Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary le More."

Thus rav'd the poor maniac, in tones more heart-rending
 Than sanity's voice ever pour'd on my ear,
 When, lo ! on the waste, and their march tow'rds her bending
 A troop of fierce cavalry chanc'd to appear ;
 " O, ye fiends !" she exclaim'd, and with wild horror started ;
 Then through the tall fern, loudly screaming, she darted ;
 With an overcharg'd bosom I slowly departed,
 And sigh'd for the wrongs of poor Mary le More.



" HARRY'S SWORD."

The following spirited and tender lines, which are attributed to a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman, are supposed to be addressed to the sword of Harry M'Cracken by his sister. Harry M'Cracken was engaged, and distinguished himself by his courage, in open battle ; was subsequently taken prisoner, and died heroically on the scaffold, where, up to the last moment, he was made conscious of the unflinching love and Spartan fortitude of that very sister. Scott makes us wonder at the heroism of Flora M'Ivor in making the shroud for her brother Fergus. How near fiction may come to truth !—or did Scott derive his incident from fact ? To what a fearful pitch must nerve be wrought by such times of excitement !

'Tis the sword of my Harry—its own native hue—
 The emerald handle—and steel's glossy blue :
 I know the curv'd sweep of the well-temper'd blade,
 With shamrock of gold and sweet myrtle inlaid.
 How oft has it shone on the mountains afar,
 When it marshall'd the sons of green Erin for war—
 The avenger of wrong and the scourge of the foe !
 But the hand that could wield it, alas ! is laid low.

How long has it slumber'd secure in the sheath !
 And years have roll'd on since it flash'd on the heath ;
 From its hilt the green shamrocks that once bloom'd so gay,
 Fair emblems of freedom, have all died away.
 The tooth of fell Time has been trying the blade,
 And a spot of dark rust marks the pressure it made ;
 How it drinks up my tears, as it shar'd in my woe—
 For the hand that could wield it, alas ! is laid low.

Oh ! would that these tears might its splendour restore !
 But ne'er can it shine as it oft shone before,
 When, like heaven's fires, it the conflict began,
 And Harry and Victory blaz'd in the van :
 Then rout and dismay urg'd the proud Saxon horde,
 And death mark'd each whirl of the conquering sword—
 But no more shall it hurl such despair on the foe,
 Since the hand that could wield it, alas ! is laid low.

THE PATRIOT MOTHER.

A Ballad of '98

“ COME, tell us the name of the rebell'y crew
 Who lifted the pike on the Curragh with you :
 Come, tell us their treason, and then you'll be free,
 Or by heavens you shall swing from the high gallows tree.”

“ *Alanna! alanna!** the shadow of shame
 Has never yet fallen upon one of your name,
 And, oh ! may the food from my bosom you drew,
 In your veins turn to poison, if you turn untrue.

“ The foul words—oh ! let them not blacken your tongue,
 That would prove to your friends and your country a wrong,
 Or the curse of a mother, so bitter and dread,
 With the wrath of the Lord—may they fall on your head !

“ I have no one but you in the whole world wide,
 Yet, false to your pledge, you'd ne'er stand at my side ;
 If a traitor you liv'd, you'd be farther away
 From my heart than, if true, you were wrapp'd in the clay.

“ Oh ! deeper and darker the mourning would be
 For your falsehood so base, than your death proud and free ;
 Dearer, far dearer than ever to me,
 My darling, you'll be on the brave gallows tree.

* *Alaneacht* signifies beauty :—the exclamation is therefore equivalent to the English “ My beautiful ! ” and the subsequent text proves she might have added, “ my brave ! ”

“ ‘Tis holy, *agra* ! * with the bravest and best
 Go ! go ! from my heart, and be join’d with the rest ;
Alanna ma chree ! O, alanna ma chree ! †
 Sure a ‘stag’ ‡ and a traitor you never will be.”

There’s no look of a traitor upon the young brow
 • That’s raised to the tempters so haughtily now ;
 No traitor e’er held up the firm head so high—
 No traitor e’er show’d such a proud flashing eye.

On the high gallows tree ! on the brave gallows tree !
 Where smil’d leaves and blossoms, his sad doom met he ;
 But it never bore blossom so pure or so fair,
 As the heart of the martyr that hangs from it there.

The heroism described in the foregoing lines was not uncommon. My father witnessed a case somewhat similar : a mother stood by while her young son (little more than a boy) was undergoing the agony of the lash, exhorting him never to disgrace himself by becoming an informer.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

These lines are from that remarkable volume entitled “The Spirit of the Nation ;” and are remarkable among things of mark. Much in that volume abounds in high poetic qualities, but the period in which it appeared is too near our own times not to suggest the question to an editor how far it is wise to make extracts bearing upon a period of great political excitement, in which the feelings of the present generation were engaged. But, in this particular section of the volume, devoted especially to political songs of all parties, the following is entitled to a place for its high literary merit. It is vigorous, tender, and enthusiastic ; and the free flow of the versification vouches for the spontaneity of this spirit-stirring song.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight—
 Who blushes at the name ?
 When cowards mock the patriot’s fate,
 Who hangs his head for shame ?
 He’s all a knave, or half a slave,
 Who slighted his country thus ;
 But a *true* man, like you, man,
 Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
 The faithful and the few—
 Some lie far off beyond the wave—
 Some sleep in Ireland, too ;
 All—all are gone—but still lives on
 The fame of those who died—
 All true men, like you, men,
 Remember them with pride.

* My love.

† Beauty of my heart.

‡ An informer.

Some on the shores of distant lands
 Their weary hearts have laid,
 And by the stranger's heedless hands
 Their lonely graves were made ;
 But though their clay be far away
 Beyond the Atlantic foam—
 In true men, like you, men,
 Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth ;
 Among their own they rest ;
 And the same land that gave them birth
 Has caught them to her breast ;
 And we will pray that from their clay
 Full many a race may start
 Of true men, like you, men,
 To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
 To right their native land ;
 They kindled here a living blaze,
 That nothing shall withstand,
 Alas ! that Might can vanquish Right—
 They fell and passed away ;
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite.
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as their's your fate ;
 And true men be you, men,
 Like those of Ninety-Eight.

A PROSPECT.

EDWARD LYSAGHT. Air—"Let the Toast Pass."

In this song Lysaght prefigures, in a vein of bitter mirth, the impending ruin of Dublin by the projected measure of the Union.

How justly alarmed is each Dublin cit
 That he'll soon be transformed to a clown, sir !
 By a magical move of that conjurer, Pitt,
 The country is coming to town, sir !
 Give Pitt, and Dundas, and Jenky a glass,
 Who'd ride on John Bull, and make Paddy an ass.

Thro' Capel Street soon as you'll rurally range,
 You'll scarce recognise it the same street,
 Choice turnips shall grow in your Royal Exchange,
 And fine cabbages down along Dame-street.*
 Give Pitt, &c.

Wild oats in the college won't want to be till'd ;
 And hemp in the Four-Courts may thrive, sir !
 Your markets again shall with muttons be fill'd—
 By St. Patrick, they'll graze there alive, sir !
 Give Pitt, &c.

In the Parliament House, quite alive, shall there be
 All the vermin the island e'er gathers ;
 Full of rooks, as before, Daly's club-house you'll see,
 But the pigeons won't have any feathers.
 Give Pitt, &c.

Our Custom House quay, full of weeds, oh, rare sport !
 But the Ministers' minions, kind elves, sir !
 Will give us free leave all our goods to export,†
 When we've got none at home for ourselves, sir !
 Give Pitt, &c.

Says an alderman—"Corn will soon grow in your shops ;
 This Union must work our enslavement."
 "That's true" says the Sheriff, "for plenty of *crops* ‡
 Already I've seen on the pavement."
 Give Pitt, &c.

Ye brave loyal yeomen dress'd gaily in red,
 This Ministers' plan must elate us ;
 And well may John Bull, when he's robbed us of bread,
 Call poor Ireland "the land of potatoes."
 Give Pitt, &c.

* Dame Street and Capel Street, two great thoroughfares. The former was then the "Bond Street" of Dublin.

† The limitation of exports and imports was a source of great discontent.

‡ Those of the democratic party wore short hair—hence they were called "crops" or "croppies." The croppy of Ireland was equivalent to the English "roundhead" of a century and a half before. In both these cases the people cut short their hair and their allegiance together.





THE RECONCILIATION.

JOHN BANIM.

This ballad is said to have been founded on a fact which occurred in a remote country chapel at the time when exertions were made to put down faction-fights among the peasantry.

THE old man he knelt at the altar
His enemy's hand to take,
And at first his weak voice did falter,
And his feeble limbs did shake ;
For his only brave boy, his glory,
Had been stretch'd at the old man's feet,
A corpse, all so haggard and gory,
By the hand which he now must greet.

And soon the old man stopp'd speaking,
And rage which had not gone by,
From under his brow came breaking
Up into his enemy's eye—
And now his limbs were not shaking,
But his clench'd hand his bosom cross'd,
And he look'd a fierce wish to be taking
Revenge for the boy he had lost !

But the old man he looked around him,
And thought of the place he was in,
And thought of the promise which bound him,
And thought that revenge was sin—

And then, crying tears, like a woman,
 "Your hand!" he said—"aye, *that* hand!
 And I do forgive you, foeman,
 For the sake of our bleeding land!"

A certain gallant major, a stipendiary magistrate, some thirty years ago, was quizzed by the English press for a bull he committed in an official report to Government on the state of the south-western provinces. He said the best proof of returning *tranquillity* was that the people had *recommenced their faction-fights*. Now, a most expressive meaning lay beneath this apparent contradiction, as is frequently the case in that figure of speech entitled an Irish bull; for it was a fact that, whenever the peasantry were leagued in unlawful combinations against constituted authority, they ceased to fight among themselves.



DEAR LAND.

WHEN comes the day all hearts to weigh,
 If staunch they be, or vile,
 Shall we forget the sacred debt
 We owe our mother isle?
 My native heath is brown beneath,
 My native waters blue;
 But crimson red o'er both shall spread,
 Ere I am false to you,

Dear land—
 Ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains bold—
 Your noble lakes and streams—
 A mingled tide of grief and pride
 Within my bosom teems.
 I think of all your long dark thrall—
 Your martyrs brave and true;
 And dash apart the tears that start—
 We must not weep for you,

Dear land—
 We must not weep for you.

My grandsire died, his home beside;
 They seized and hanged him there;
 His only crime, in evil time,
 Your hallowed green to wear.
 Across the main his brothers twain
 Were sent to pine and rue;
 And still they turn'd, with hearts that burn'd,
 In hopeless love to you,

Dear land—
 In hopeless love to you.

My boyish ear still clung to hear
 Of Erin's pride of yore,
 Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
 Her independent shore :
 Of chiefs, long dead, who rose to head
 Some gallant patriot few,
 Till all my aim on earth became
 To strike one blow for you,
 Dear land—
 To strike one blow for you.

What path is best your rights to wrest
 Let other heads divine ;
 By work or word, with voice or sword,
 To follow them be mine.
 The breast that zeal and hatred steel,
 No terrors can subdue ;
 If death should come, that martyrdom
 Were sweet, endured for you,
 Dear land—
 Were sweet, endured for you,

No name is given to claim the authorship of these passionate lines. There are many who would not like to father the politics of the song—there are none who might not be proud of its poetic paternity. But, passing its higher claims, it is worthy of notice for facility of expression. The meaning is never involved for an instant, though it runs through difficult passages of double rhymes, thus increasing the mechanical difficulty. The model of its rythmical structure is to be found, if I am not much mistaken, in one of the most beautiful of Moore's songs in his *National Melodies* :—

“ Then fare thee well, my own dear love,
 This world has now, for us,
 No greater grief, nor pain above
 The pain of parting thus,
 Dear love,
 The pain of parting thus.”

I knew a young man of great talent and strong feeling who loved that song, and the writer of that song, and all the writer of that song loved ; and I am inclined to think that early acquaintance of mine was the author of this fervid song, “ Dear Land.”



In the introduction to this section I spoke of the difficulty of dealing with such a class of songs ; and in making the foregoing selection, a careful abstinence has been desired, and I hope observed, from the use of any specimen in which expressions of extreme bitterness or harsh offensiveness occur. There are a good many of the political

songs of Ireland much more emphatic in *epithet*, much more intense in *terms*, on both sides of the question, which, however safe, I will even say interesting, to read by those who can look upon them as mere literary relics—the ashes of fires burnt out—might nevertheless arouse feelings in many readers which the pages of this book were never meant to awaken.

I wish it to be believed that it is not want of information, on my part, of the existence of such combustible material that prevented me from making a blazing section in my book, but a desire, which I am sure the wise and the gentle-hearted will respect, to avoid even the risk of exciting angry passions.

I could give examples, from what might be called specially the REBEL and ORANGE songs of Ireland, of the extreme ferocity to which political feelings may hurry us—and by a contrast (not unusual in human nature) touches of tenderness are close beside these passionate outbreaks, like spots of verdure on the edge of the volcano ; but I will content myself with merely *touching* on two or three *small portions* of such fierce examples, to show that it is not from my ignorance of the existence of such compositions that they do not appear in this volume. There is a rebel song illustrative of the *tenderness* I have alluded to, and giving, also, the *other* aspect of feeling. The rebel is supposed to contemplate flight to a foreign land ; he dare not appear in his native place again, and he exclaims—

“ Then farewell father, and mother too,
And sister Mary :—I have but you !—
A thousand guineas you would lay down
If I might walk in Wexford town.”

I think there is great tenderness in this verse. But he must not walk in Wexford town, for there are those there who are singing a fierce song on the other side of the question, the refrain of which is—

“ Holy water,
Slaughter, slaughter,
Sprinkle the Catholics every one ;
We'll cut them asunder,
And make them lie under,
And Protestant boys shall carry the day.”

Well, the fugitive who has sung the plaintive strain has not done his song yet ; he contemplates coming back to Ireland on some future day, and, after lamenting his hard lot in being expatriated, he concludes with a promise displaying quite as much ferocity as his antagonists—

“ But if I live, and that I come home,
I will whet my pike on their orange bones.”

But political vengeance is not exhausted in *this* world : the *next* is looked forward to for its aggravation. The Celtic race, I imagine, are fond of an appeal to the “ *courts below* :” Rhadamanthus in preference to the Lord Chancellor—coalsack *versus* woolsack. In one of the Scotch Jacobite songs, the hatred borne to the Duke of Cumberland is thus expressed—

“ The Deil sat girnin’ in the neuk,
Ryving sticks to roast the Duke.”

Mr. Thomas Crofton Croker, in one of his translations of an Irish Keen (*Caoine*), makes part of the lamentation over the dead run thus—

“ The Condons of Cloughlea
That was sold by a piper,
May he caper in hell
To his tune—the false viper !”

Here the grotesque, so inherent in the Irish character, mingles with the vengeful. But those lines are far surpassed by a verse of an Irish rebel ballad, that concludes thus ; and for wild vigour of fancy, and intensity of hatred, I know nothing to match it—

“ The tree of Liberty is planted
In the flames of burning hell,
And the fruit that grows upon it
Is the souls of Orangemen.”

And here concludes our section of the specimens of the songs of parties, and I think it will be admitted there was no love lost between them.





MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

It is almost needless for an editor to remind the reader, that much cannot be said in the way of introduction to a section which is headed "Miscellaneous." It may be inferred that the compositions given under such a heading do not treat so exclusively of one subject—have not such special points of character, as to mark them, at once, for classification under particular heads; but let it not be therefore supposed that, like Pope's women, they

"Have no character at all."

Far from it, as the examples given will sufficiently prove.

Our miscellany is not “a mixed party”—that thing which is not considered respectable, and at which everybody agrees nobody should appear. By no means. It has variety, it is true, but no portion of the company need be ashamed to mix with the other, though they be not all of the same class, or equally high in rank.

Neither is this last section a beating-up of raw recruits to fill our columns. On the contrary, here will be found some of the choicest of our levies ; and among these I will venture to particularise Mr. Ferguson’s celebrated ode, “The Forging of the Anchor,” which is, without doubt, one of the finest things in the English language.

In writing the introduction to the last section of this book, I feel as if I were parting from a dear old acquaintance. The work became, as I have said in the preface, a labour of love as it progressed ; and in the calm of some rich summer sunset, which might, not inaptly, be likened to the golden glories that hang round the old minstrelsy of my native land, or by the winter fire of my little library, it has been my companion for more than a year, and in such companionship many were the thoughtful pleasant hours. If it be not all it ought to be, I can only blame my incapacity ; for I candidly confess I have not spared either time or toil to make it worthy of the object I had in view—an honourable testimonial to **THE GENIUS OF IRELAND.**



THE FORESTER'S COMPLAINT.

SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

The post of honour in this section is Mr. Ferguson's—his verses lead the van; and here he appears, not in a translation, but an original poem. An expression of admiration for his genius in general, and an acknowledgement of indebtedness to him, will be found appended to his noble ode, "The Forging of the Anchor," p. 312.

THROUGH our wild wood-walks here
 Sunbright and shady,
 Free as the forest deer
 Roams a lone lady :
 Far from her castle-keep,
 Down i' the valley,
 Roams she, by dingle deep,
 Green holme and alley ;
 With her sweet presence bright
 Gladd'ning my dwelling—
 Oh, fair her face of light,
 Past the tongue's telling !
 Woe was me
 E'er to see
 Beauty so shining ;
 Ever since, hourly,
 Have I been pining !

In our blithe sports' debates
 Down by the river,
 I, of my merry mates,
 Foremost was ever ;
 Skilfullest with my flute,
 Leading the maidens
 Heark'ning by moonlight mute
 To its sweet cadence ;
 Sprightliest in the dance
 Tripping together—
 Such a one was I once
 E'er she came hither !
 Woe was me
 E'er to see
 Beauty so shining ;
 Ever since, hourly,
 Have I been pining !

Loud now my comrades laugh
 As I pass by them ;
 Broadsword and quarter-staff—
 No more I ply them.

Coy now the maidens frown,
 Wanting their dances ;
 How can their faces brown
 Win one, who fancies
 Even an angel's face
 Dark to be seen would
 Be, by the Lily-grace
 Gladd'ning the greenwood ?
 Woe was me
 E'er to see
 Beauty so shining,
 Ever since, hourly,
 Have I been pining !

Wolf, by my broken bow
 Idle is lying,
 While through the woods I go,
 All the day, sighing ;
 Tracing her footsteps small
 Through the moss'd cover,
 Hiding then, breathless all,
 At the sight of her,
 Lest my rude gazing should
 From her haunt scare her—
 Oh, what a solitude
 Wanting her, here were !
 Woe was me
 E'er to see
 Beauty so shining ;
 Ever since, hourly,
 Have I been pining !



THE BRIDAL WAKE.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE priest stood at the marriage board—
 The marriage cake was made,
 With meat the marriage chest was stored,
 Decked was the marriage bed.
 The old man sat beside the fire,
 The mother sat by him,
 The white bride was in gay attire,
 But her dark eye was dim.
 Ululah ! Ululah !
 The night falls quick, the sun is set,
 Her love is on the water yet.

I saw a red cloud in the west,
 Against the morning light,
 Heaven shield the youth that she loves best
 From evil chance to-night.
 The door flings wide ! loud moans the gale,
 Wild fear her bosom fills,
 It is, it is the Banshee's wail ! *
 Over the darkened hills.
 Ululah ! Ululah !
 The day is past ! the night is dark !
 The waves are mounting round his bark.

The guests sit round the bridal bed,
 And break the bridal cake ;
 But they sit by the dead man's head,
 And hold his wedding wake.
 The bride is praying in her room,
 The place is silent all !
 A fearful call ! a sudden doom !
 Bridal and funeral.
 Ululah ! Ululah !
 A youth to Kilfiehera's † ta'en,
 That never will return again.

* The Banshee (*bean sighe*), she-fairy, or woman-fairy, is a spiritual attendant on families of ancient Irish descent only, and her wail prognosticates the death of some one of the family. Mr. Crofton Croker, in his "Specimens of the Keen of the South of Ireland," printed for the Percy Society, gives some verses, translated from the Irish, illustrative of the subject.

"The prosperous Saxons
 Were seized with affright,
 In Tralee they packed up,
 And made ready for flight.
 For there a shrill voice
 At the door of each hall
 Was heard, and they fancied
 Foretelling their fall.

"At Dingle the merchants
 In terror forsook
 Their ships and their business ;
 They trembled and shook.
 Some fled to concealment—
 The fools thus to fly !
 For no trader a Banshee
 Will utter a cry."

The last verse is quoted, as Mr. Croker informs us, by Dr. O'Brien, in his Irish Dictionary, "to show that the Banshee is solely a spiritual aristocratic appendage." The verses are from a Keen on Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry.

† The name of a churchyard near Kilkee.



THE CONVICT OF CLONMELL.

Translated from the Irish by J. J. CALLANAN.

Our sympathies are strongly stirred by this ballad in favour of the convict. The contrast between his thraldom and the liberty and sports he pines after is very dramatic. In every country where death or imprisonment is inflicted for political offences, there is always great general commiseration for the condemned. Such has been the case in Ireland. Such is the case in Italy; and that fact makes Italy, at this moment, an object of European interest.

How hard is my fortune,
And vain my repining!
The strong rope of fate
For this young neck is twining.
My strength is departed;
My cheek sunk and sallow;
While I languish in chains,
In the gaol of Clonmala.*

No boy in the village
Was ever yet milder;
I'd play with a child,
And my sport would be wilder;
I'd dance without tiring
From morning till even,
And the goal-ball I'd strike †
To the lightning of heaven.

At my bed-foot decaying
My hurlbat is lying,
Through the boys of the village
My goal-ball is flying;
My horse 'mong the neighbours
Neglected may fallow—
While I pine in my chains,
In the gaol of Clonmala.

Next Sunday the patron
At home will be keeping, ‡
And the young active hurlers
The field will be sweeping;
With the dance of fair maidens
The evening they'll hallow,
While this heart, once so gay,
Shall lie cold in Clonmala.

* *Cluan-meala*—the sweet retreat; literally, the recess of honey.

† The gaol-ball is that employed in the game of hurling, a pastime of universal practice throughout Ireland, and one demanding great activity, and giving occasion for the exercise not only of agility, but strength; hence the prisoner's boast of the height to which he would drive the ball.

‡ Keeping the patron (pronounced by the peasantry *pattern*) means the observance of a patron saint's day.

A SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

J. F. WALLER, LL.D.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning ;
 Close by the window young Eileen is spinning ;
 Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother, sitting,
 Is croning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting—
 “Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping.”—
 “ ‘Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping.”
 “Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing.”—
 “ ‘Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying.”

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot’s stirring.
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

“ What’s that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder ? ”—
 “ ‘Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under.”
 “ What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
 And singing all wrong that old song of ‘The Coolun ? ’ ”—
 There’s a form at the casement—the form of her true love—
 And he whispers, with face bent, “ I’m waiting for you, love ;
 Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
 We’ll rove in the grove while the moon’s shining brightly.”

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot’s stirring ;
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
 Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers ;
 A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother ;
 Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
 Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round ;
 Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel’s sound ;
 Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
 The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover.

Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings ;
 Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings ;
 Ere the reel and the wheel stopped their ringing and moving,
 Thro’ the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.





THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A

This collection of songs is much enriched by many admirable translations from the Irish by Mr. Ferguson. And why are Mr. Ferguson's translations so good?—Because he is a poet himself. His original productions, given in this volume, prove, however, that though his merits are great in currying up another man's Pegasus, he is always greatest in riding his own horse. His "Forester's Complaint" is of great beauty, and the following noble Ode has already achieved so high a reputation that any notice of mine would be impertinent, further than to thank the author, as I do, for all the pleasure I have derived, "over and over again," from its varied beauties, its vigour and tenderness—from the truthful minuteness of opening detail to the final breadth of treatment—while, between these two points, a fertility of illustrated imagery is exhibited, as rapid and as telling as the blows of his own anchorsmiths.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged—'tis at a white heat now :
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased—tho' on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play thro' the sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leatheren panoply, their broad hands only bare—
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle-chains, the black mound heaves
below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe :

It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a glow !
 'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high sun shines not so !
 The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show ;
 The roof-ribs swarth, the cendent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
 Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe.
 As, quivering thro' his fleece of flame, the sailing monster, slow
 Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow.

"Hurrah !" they shout, "leap out—leap out ;" bang, bang the
 sledges go :

Hurrah ! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low—
 A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow,
 The leatherne mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders strow
 The ground around : at every bound the sweltering fountains flow,
 And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke pant "ho !"

Leap out, leap out, my masters ; leap out and lay on load !
 Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad ;
 For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
 And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road—
 The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean pour'd
 From stem to stern, sea after sea : the mainmast by the board ;
 The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains'
 But courage still, brave mariners—the bower yet remains,
 And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky high ;
 Then moves his head, as tho' he said, "Fear nothing—here am I."

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time ;
 Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime.
 But, while you sling your sledges, sing—and let the burthen be,
 The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we !

Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red ;
 Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped ;
 Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
 For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay ;
 Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
 For the yeo-heave-o' and the heave-away, and the sighing seaman's
 cheer ?

When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from love and home ;
 And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

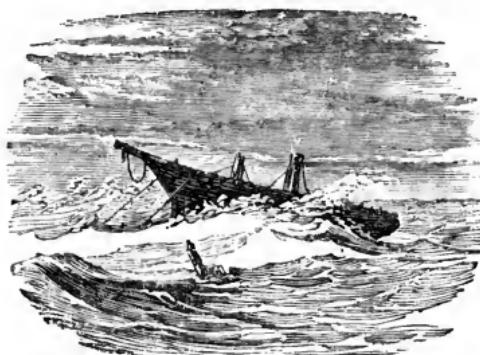
In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last ;
 A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
 O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
 What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea !
 O deep Sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou ?
 The hoary-monster's palaces ! methinks what joy 't were now
 To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
 And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails !

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea unicorn,
 And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn ;
 To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn ;
 And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws to scorn :—
 To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
 He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles,
 Till, snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls ;
 Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals
 Of his back-browsing ocean-calves ; or, haply in a cove,
 Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,
 To find the long-hair'd mermaidens : or, hard by icy lands,
 To wrestle with the Sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine ?
 The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line ;
 And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
 Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play—
 But shamer of our little sports ! forgive the name I gave—
 A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-kings' hall, couldst thou but understand
 Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
 Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
 With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend—
 Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round
 thee,
 Thine iron side would swell with pride ; thou'dst leap within the sea !

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
 To shed their blood so freely for the love of Father-land—
 Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave,
 So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
 Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
 Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes among !



THE WAKE OF THE ABSENT.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

It is a custom among the peasantry in some parts of Ireland, when any member of a family has been lost at sea (or in any other way which renders the performance of the customary funeral rite impossible), to celebrate the "wake," exactly in the same way as if the corpse were actually present.

THE dismal yew, and cypress tall,
 Wave o'er the churchyard lone,
 Where rest our friends and fathers all,
 Beneath the funeral stone.
 Unvexed in holy ground they sleep,
 Oh, early lost ! o'er thee
 No sorrowing friend shall ever weep,
 Nor stranger bend the knee,
*Mo Chuma !** lorn am I !
 Hoarse dashing rolls the salt sea wave,
 Over our perished darling's grave—

The winds the sullen deep that tore,
 His death-song chanted loud,
 The weeds that line the clifted shore
 Were all his burial shroud.
 For friendly wail and holy dirge,
 And long lament of love,
 Around him roared the angry surge,
 The curlew screamed above,
Mo Chuma ! lorn am I !
 My grief would turn to rapture now,
 Might I but touch that pallid brow.

The stream-born bubbles soonest burst
 That earliest left the source :
 Buds earliest blown are faded first,
 In nature's wonted course :
 With guarded pace her seasons creep,
 By slow decay expire ;
 The young above the aged weep,
 The son above the sire :
Mo Chuma ! lorn am I !
 That death a backward course should hold,
 To smite the young and spare the old.

* *Mo Chuma*—My grief ; or, Woe is me !

GRACE NUGENT.

CAROLAN. Translated by SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

BRIGHTEST blossom of the spring,
 Grace, the sprightly girl, I sing ;
 Grace who bore the palm of mind
 From all the rest of womankind :
 Whomsoe'er the fates decree,
 Happy fate for life to be,
 Day and night my Coolun* near,
 Ache or pain need never fear.

Her neck outdoes the stately swan,
 Her radiant face the summer dawn ;
 Ah, happy thrice the youth for whom
 The fates design that branch of bloom !
 Pleasant are your words benign,
 Rich those azure eyes of thine ;
 Ye who see my queen beware
 Those twisted links of golden hair !

Hardiman, in his "Irish Minstrelsy," remarks that "our Irish poets, like the Arabians, have delighted in description of female hair,"—and he alludes to Byron, in his "Giaour," maintaining the Oriental character of his poem by celebrating the beauty of his heroine's hair—

" Her hair in hyacinthian flow,
 When left to roll its folds below ;
 As midst her handmaids in the hall
 She stood superior to them all ;
 Hath swept the marble where her feet
 Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet,
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth
 It fell and caught one stain of earth."

Hardiman gives a further example of his Arabian admiration by quoting a translation from the Arabic by Professor Carlyle—

" Thro' midnight gloom my Leila stray'd,
 Her ebon locks around her play'd ;
 So dark they waved—so black they curl'd,
 Another night o'erspread the world."

Pretty well for dark hair!—But our Irish bards are not easily outdone ; and here is one who thus celebrates the blackness of his mistress's hair, even at the risk of wounding "ears polite":—

" Your talk is so *quare*,
 And your sweet curly hair
 Is as black as the Devil."

* Coolun means a fine head of hair, and the term is often used as one of endearment. The Irish bards loved to praise fine hair (for which, by the way, the Irish are remarkable), both in poetry and music. There is a sweet Irish air, called "Nancy of the Branching Tresses."

This is what I fain would say
 To the bird-voiced lady gay *—
 Never yet conceived the heart
 Joy that Grace cannot impart :
 Fold of jewels ! case of pearls !
 Coolun of the circling curls !
 More I say not, but no less
 Drink your health and happiness.



SONG OF THE STREAMS.

Mrs. DOWNING.

WE'RE rushing, we're rushing,
 All freely and bright ;
 The sunbeam is flushing
 Our waves with its light ;

* This "bird-voiced lady" (how sweet the epithet !) was a fair daughter of the Nugent of Castle Nugent, Columbre. By the way, I knew a certain bird-voiced lady who, in giving evidence before a magistrate on the subject of a burglary, complained that, on hearing the thieves in the house, she opened a window, and called for "the watch," but they neglected her call. "Madam," said the gallant magistrate, "I suppose they mistook your call for the voice of the nightingale."

Oh ! long the dark winter
 In ice chains hath bound us,
 But now the fair hand
 Of the spring tide is round us.*

We're glancing away,
 From the height of the mountain
 We're leaving our spray,
 On the calm valley fountain ;
 Through the depth of the glen,
 In the shade of the woods,
 We're murmuring our music,
 And mingling our floods.

We're sparkling along,
 Over granite and green ;
 We're heard but in song,
 And in light we are seen ;
 The brushwood is stemming,
 Our tides as they flow ;
 And the young flowers are gemming,
 Wherever we go.

Hark to the sounds
 Of our waters afar,
 As they break through the bounds
 Where the wild willows are !
 Oh ! fresh from the chain
 Of the winter wind gushing,
 In the beauty of spring tide,
 We're rushing, we're rushing !

GLENFINNISHK.

JOSEPH O'LEARY.

GLENFINNISHK,† where thy waters mix with Arraglen's wild tide,
 'Tis sweet, at hush of evening, to wander by thy side !
 'Tis sweet to hear the night-winds sigh along Macrona's wood,
 And mingle their wild music with the murmur of thy flood !

* Goethe, in "Faustus," employs a pleasing image to indicate the action of Spring in overcoming the power of Winter—

"The warm and vivifying glance of Spring
 Has melted the cold fetters of the brooks."

† Glenfinnishk (the glen of the fair waters), in the county of Cork.

'Tis sweet, when in the deep blue vault the morn is shining bright,
To watch where thy clear waters are breaking into light ;
To mark the starry sparks that o'er thy smoother surface gleam,
As if some fairy hand were flinging diamonds on thy stream !

Oh ! if departed spirits e'er to this dark world return,
'Tis in some lonely, lovely spot like this they would sojourn ;
Whate'er their mystic rites may be, no human eye is here,
Save mine, to mark their mystery—no human voice is near.

At such an hour, in such a scene, I could forget my birth—
I could forget I e'er have been, or am, a thing of earth ;
Shake off the fleshly bonds that hold my soul in thrall, and be
Even like themselves, a spirit, as boundless and as free !

Ye shadowy race ! if we believe the tales of legends old,
Ye sometimes hold high converse with those of mortal mould :
Oh ! come, whilst now my soul is free, and bear me in your train,
Ne'er to return to misery and this dark world again !



THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.*

Translated from the Irish, by E. WALSH.

WHAT mortal conflict drove me here to roam,
Though many a maid I've left behind at home ;
Forth from the house where dwelt my heart's dear hope
I was turned by the hag at the twisting of the rope !

If thou be mine, be mine both day and night,
If thou be mine, be mine in all men's sight,
If thou be mine, be mine o'er all beside—
And oh, that thou wert now my wedded bride !

In Sligo first I did my love behold,
In Galway town I spent with her my gold—
But by this hand, if thus they me pursue,
I'll teach these dames to dance a measure new !

* This song is of no intrinsic value, but becomes interesting from the following note appended to it by the translator :—

" This is said to be the original song composed to that delightful tune, 'The Twisting of the Rope.' Tradition thus speaks of its origin : A Connaught harper, having once put up at the residence of a rich farmer, began to pay such attentions to the young woman of the house as greatly displeased her mother, who instantly conceived a plan

FOR I AM DESOLATE.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE Christmas light* is burning bright
 In many a village pane,
 And many a cottage rings to-night
 With many a merry strain.
 Young boys and girls run laughing by,
 Their hearts and eyes elate ;
 I can but think on mine, and sigh,
 For I am desolate !

There's none to watch in our old cot
 Beside the holy light,
 No tongue to bless the silent spot
 Against the parting night.†
 I've closed the door, and hither come
 To mourn my lonely fate ;
 I cannot bear my own old home,
 It is so desolate !

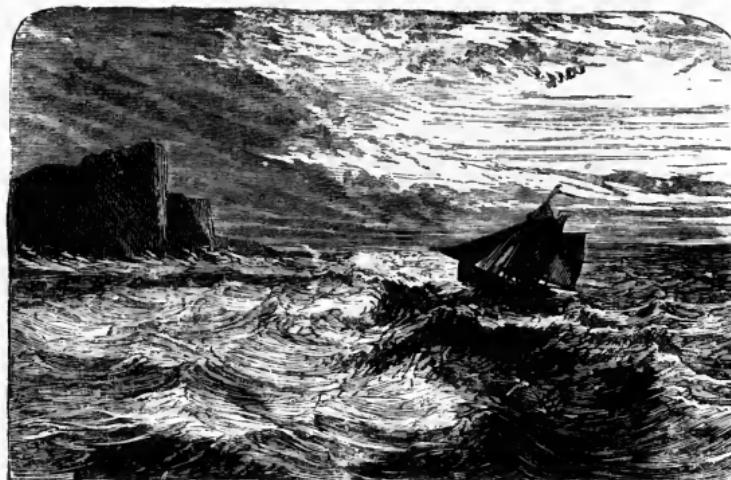
I saw my father's eyes grow dim,
 And clasp'd my mother's knee ;
 I saw my mother follow him,
 My husband wept with me.
 My husband did not long remain,
 His child was left me yet ;
 But now my heart's last love is slain,
 And I am desolate !

for the summary ejectment of the minstrel. She provided some hay, and requested the harper to twist the rope which she set about making. As the work progressed and the rope lengthened, the harper, of course, retired backward, till he went beyond the door of the dwelling, when the crafty matron suddenly shut the door in his face, and then threw his harp out at the window. The version sung in the south of Ireland has some additional stanzas, but I give the song as it is found in Hardiman's 'Minstrelsy,' vol. i., where it is left untranslated."

* At sunset on Christmas eve, in Irish houses, a large candle is lighted, which it is a kind of impiety to snuff, touch, or use for any ordinary purpose.

† It is the custom in Irish Catholic families to sit up till midnight on Christmas eve, in order to join in the devotion of the midnight mass. One of Carleton's powerful tales is founded on this custom, and is entitled *The Midnight Mass*.





BOATMAN'S HYMN.

From the Irish. Translated by SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

There are other translations of this fine old Irish burst of poetry, but Mr. Ferguson's is incomparably the best.

BARK that bears me through foam and squall,
You in the storm are my castle wall ;
Though the sea should redden from bottom to top,
From tiller to mast she takes no drop.

On the tide top, the tide top,
Wherry aroon,* my land and store !
On the tide top, the tide top,
She is the boat can sail *go-leor*.†

She dresses herself, and goes gliding on,
Like a dame in her robes of the Indian lawn ;
For God has blessed her, gunnel and wale—
And oh ! if you saw her stretch out to the gale,
On the tide top, the tide top, &c.

Whillan,‡ ahoy ! old heart of stone,
Stooping so black o'er the beach alone,
Answer me well—On the bursting brine
Saw you ever a bark like mine ?
On the tide top, the tide top, &c.

* "Aroon" is a term of endearment.

† The Irish *go-leor*, in this place, may find its equivalent in the English phrase,
"Enough and to spare."

‡ The name of a rock in Blacksod Bay. This shows the poem to be of Sligo origin.

Says Whillan—Since first I was made of stone.
 I have looked abroad o'er the beach alone—
 But, till to-day, on the bursting brine
 Saw I never a bark like thine !

On the tide top, the tide top, &c.

God of the air ! the seamen shout
 When they see us tossing the brine about :
 Give us the shelter of strand or rock,
 Or through and through us she goes with a shock !

On the tide top, the tide top, &c.

How full of spirit, how descriptive, how exulting is this fine burst, which I should suppose to belong to an early period, from the antique outline about it. The appeal to the rock, and the rock echoing, as it were, an answer nearly in the words in which it was addressed, is quite Oriental in its character, indicating the source of the Irish language. In the last verse, the fear the boat inspires in all who lie in her track, that she will go "through and through" them, partakes also of eastern hyperbole. This would have been just the boat for "Barny O'Reardon,"—if I may be allowed to allude to him—when he cautioned all before him to "get out of his nor'-east coorse !"



SONG.

From "The Buccaneer."

Mrs. S. C. HALL.

Here, again, a poetical trifle enables the editor to enrich his pages with a name more noted in prose than in verse—a name holding a distinguished place in the literature of Ireland ; and while the works of Mrs. Hall are as amusing as those of most authors, she contrives to make them useful also. Many a piece of good advice is given to the people of her native land, many an incentive to self-reliance, and industry, and prudence ; but done so gently, in a spirit so sweet and womanly, that it never offends ; and while she exposes errors that lie on the surface of Irish character, she never forgets to represent the many excellent qualities that lie deeper. Some of her tales of the Irish peasantry are exquisitely touching—sunny and shadowy, like the people themselves. I have already, in a previous brief allusion, spoken of Mrs. Hall as one of the most gifted of Ireland's daughters, and borne witness to her name being celebrated abroad, and beloved at home.

O'ER the clear quiet waters
 My gondola glides,
 And gently it wakens
 The slumbering tides,
 All nature is waiting
 Beneath and above,
 While earth and while heaven
 Are breathing of love !

In vain are they breathing,
 Earth—heaven—to me,
 Though their beauty and calmness
 Are whispers of thee,
 For the bright sky must darken,
 The earth must be grey,
 Ere the deep gloom that saddens
 My soul pass away!

But see, the last day-beam
 Grows pale—ere it die,
 And the dark clouds are passing
 All over the sky,
 I hear thy light footsteps,
 Thy fair form I see—
 Ah ! the twilight has told thee
 Who watches for thee !



THE LEAVES SO GREEN.

WHEN life hath left this senseless clay,
 By all but thee forgot ;
 Oh ! bear me, dearest, far away,
 To some green lonely spot :
 Where none with careless step may tread
 The grass upon my grave,
 But gently o'er my narrow bed
 “ The leaves so green ” may wave.

The wild flowers, too, I loved so well,
 Shall breathe their sweetness there,
 While thrush and blackbird's song shall swell
 Amid the fragrant air.
 No noisy burst of joy or woe
 Will there disturb my rest,
 But silent tears in secret flow
 From those who loved me best.

The crowded town and haunts of men
 I never loved to tread,
 To sheltered vale or lonely glen
 My weary spirit fled.
 There lay me, dearest, far away,
 By other eyes unseen,
 Where gleams of sunshine rarely stray,
 Beneath “ the leaves so green.”

NED OF THE HILL.

From "Songs and Ballads," by SAMUEL LOVER.

Many legends are extant of this romantic minstrel freebooter, whose predatory achievements sometimes extended to the hearts of the gentle sex.

DARK is the evening, and silent the hour,
 Who is the minstrel by yonder lone tower ?
 His harp all so tenderly touching with skill ;
 Oh, who should it be, but Ned of the Hill ?
 Who sings, "Lady love, come to me now,
 Come and live merrily under the bough,
 And I'll pillow thy head,
 Where the fairies tread,
 If thou wilt but wed with Ned of the Hill !"

Ned of the Hill has no castle nor hall,
 Nor spearmen nor bowmen to come at his call ;
 But one little archer, of exquisite skill,
 Has shot a bright shaft for Ned of the Hill,
 Who sings, "Lady love, come to me now,
 Come and live merrily under the bough,
 And I'll pillow thy head,
 Where the fairies tread,
 If thou wilt but wed with Ned of the hill !"

'Tis hard to escape from that fair lady's bower,
 For high is the window, and guarded the tower ;
 "But there's always a *way* where there is a *will*,"
 So Ellen is off with Ned of the Hill !
 Who sings, "Lady love, thou art mine now !
 We will live merrily under the bough,
 And I'll pillow thy head,
 Where the fairies tread,
 For Ellen is wed to Ned of the Hill !"

I am sorry to say the termination of the love suit, pictured in this ballad, was not so happy as imagination framed it. After the warmth of fiction, here is the coldness of reality. Edmond O'Ryan was the name of this minstrel outlaw, familiarly known as "Ned of the Hill." His memory is still affectionately cherished by the Irish peasant, in song and legend. He has a double claim to the affections of a warm-hearted and imaginative people—he was a martyr and a minstrel. He lost his property by following the fortunes of the Stuarts, and became an outlaw chieftain ; and it would seem that upon this change of fortune he was forsaken by the lady of his love, if we may judge from a passionate strain of complaint he pours forth in his own native Irish. But in all this plaint, and a long one too, he never laments his loss of property. No ; the loss of that false woman's heart was his only regret : there is something excessively touching in this. The original Irish poem is called "Edmond O'Ryan's Love Elegy," and has been admirably translated by Miss Brooke ; but, though every verse is beauti-

ful, it is too long for insertion at length here, and only a few lines and verses are given. One stanza justifies my *own* line—

“ We will live merrily under the bough.”

For Edmond himself says, more elaborately, that if his love were with him—

“ Sweet would seem the holly shade,
Bright the clustering berries growing ;
And, in scented bloom array'd,
Apple blossoms* round us blowing.”

He thus passionately describes his feelings upon being deserted—

“ O, sickness past all medicine's art,—
O sorrow every grief exceeding,
O wound that in my breaking heart,
Cureless, deep, to death art bleeding.”

He then apostrophises the nightingale, and exclaims—

“ Mine, O hapless bird, thy fate !
The plunder'd nest, the lonely sorrow !
The lost, the lov'd harmonius mate !
The wailing night—the cheerless morrow !”

This, I think, must be acknowledged as very pathetic, particularly in the second line—there is something almost painfully expressive of bereavement and desolation in

“ The plunder'd nest—the lonely sorrow.”

Finally, notwithstanding his wrongs, he says, with a devotedness that deserved a better requital—

“ Still my heart its faith shall prove,
And its last sigh shall breathe to bless thee !”

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

At early dawn I once had been
Where Lene's † blue waters flow,
When summer bid the groves be green,
The lamp of light to glow—
As on by bower, and town, and tower,
And wide-spread fields I stray,
I meet a maid in the greenwood shade,
At the dawning of the day.

Her feet and beauteous head were bare,
No mantle fair she wore,
But down her waist fell golden hair
That swept the tall grass o'er ;
With milking-pail she sought the vale,
And bright her charms' display,
Outshining far the morning star,
At the dawning of the day.

* The frequency of allusion to the apple blossom is remarkable in the poetry of the native Irish.

† Lene, Killarney.

Beside me sat that maid divine,
 Where grassy banks outspread—
 “ Oh, let me call thee ever mine,
 Dear maid ! ” I sportive said.
 “ False man, for shame ! why bring me blame ? ”
 She cried, and burst away—
 The sun’s first light pursued her flight,
 At the dawning of the day.

This “ dawning of the day ” is a favourite refrain to Irish songs. I have heard such in some variety, and a “ milking-pail ” is always present in them. One of my earliest remembrances is hearing my nurse sing such a song, and the refrain, throughout, of that song was wed to the milking-pail in this couplet—

“ With her milking-pail all in her hand
 At the dawning of the day.”

The melody to which this song is sung is very sweet.

DESERTER’S MEDITATION.

“ As Mr. Curran was travelling upon an unfrequented road, he perceived a man in a soldier’s dress sitting by the roadside, and apparently much exhausted by fatigue and agitation. He invited him to take a seat in his chaise, and soon discovered that he was a deserter. Having stopped at a small inn for refreshment, Mr. Curran observed to the soldier that he had committed an offence of which the penalty was death, and that his chance of escaping it was but small. “ Tell me, then,” continued he, “ whether you feel disposed to pass the little remnant of life that is left you in penitence and fasting, or whether you would prefer to drown your sorrow in a merry glass ? ” The following is the deserter’s answer, which Mr. Curran, in composing it, adapted to a plaintive Irish air.”—*Life of Curran by his son, W. H. Curran.*

IF sadly thinking, with spirits sinking,
 Could more than drinking my cares compose,
 A cure for sorrow from sighs I’d borrow,
 And hope to-morrow would end my woes.
 But as in wailing there’s nought availing,
 And Death unfailing will strike the blow,
 Then for that reason, and for a season,
 Let us be merry before we go !

To joy a stranger, a way-worn ranger,
 In ev’ry danger my course I’ve run ;
 Now hope all ending, and Death befriending,
 His last aid lending, my cares are done :
 No more a rover, or hapless lover,
 My griefs are over—my glass runs low ;
 Then for that reason, and for a season,
 Let us be merry before we go !

MAIRGRÉAD NI CHEALLEADH.

EDWARD WALSH.

This ballad is founded on the story of Daniel O'Keeffe, an outlaw famous in the traditions of the county of Cork, where his name is still associated with several localities. It is related that O'Keeffe's beautiful mistress, Margaret Kelly (*Mairgréad ni Chealleadh*), tempted by a large reward, undertook to deliver him into the hands of the English soldiers ; but O'Keeffe, having discovered in her possession a document revealing her perfidy, in a frenzy of indignation stabbed her to the heart with his *skian*. He lived in the time of William III., and is represented to have been a gentleman and a poet.—*Author's note.*

At the dance in the village
 Thy white foot was fleetest ;
 Thy voice 'mid the concert
 Of maidens was sweetest ;
 The swell of thy white breast
 Made rich lovers follow ;
 And thy raven hair bound them,
 Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Thy neck was, lost maid !
 Than the ceanabhan* whiter ;
 And the glow of thy cheek
 Than the monadan† brighter :
 But death's chain hath bound thee,
 Thine eye's glazed and hollow
 That shone like a sun-burst,
 Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

No more shall mine ear drink
 Thy melody swelling ;
 Nor thy beamy eye brighten
 The outlaw's dark dwelling ;
 Or thy soft heaving bosom
 My destiny hallow,
 With thy twining arms round me,
 Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

The moss couch I brought thee
 To-day from the mountain,
 Has drunk the last drop
 Of thy young heart's red fountain,

* A plant found in bogs, the top of which bears a substance resembling cotton, and as white as snow.

† The monadan is a red berry, growing on an humble creeping plant found on wild marshy mountains.

For this good *skian** beside me
 Struck deep and rung hollow
 In thy bosom of treason,
 Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

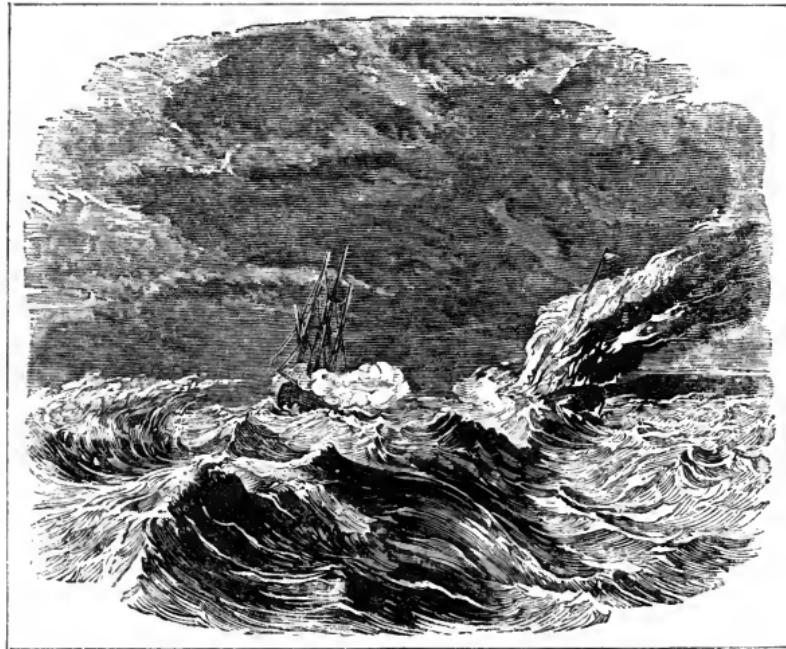
With strings of rich pearls
 Thy white neck was laden,
 And thy fingers with spoils
 Of the Sasanach maiden :
 Such rich silks enrob'd not
 The proud dames of Mallow—
 Such pure gold they wore not
 As Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Alas ! that my loved one
 Her outlaw would injure—
 Alas ! that he e'er proved
 Her treason's avenger !
 That this right hand should make thee
 A bed cold and hollow,
 When in death's sleep it laid thee,
 Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

And while to this lone cave
 My deep grief I'm venting,
 The Saxon's keen bandog
 My foosteps is scenting :
 But true men await me
 Afar in Duhallow,
 Farewell, cave of slaughter
 And Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

* A knife ; pronounced as if written skeen. We may infer the *skian* was of high repute of old, for mention of it is made in ancient English ballads. Robin Hood, that celebrated outlaw, designated in ancient annals as "*Of all theees the prince and the most gentle theefe*," is invested with an "*Iryshe knife*" by the minstrel ; and we may suppose the prince of thieves would have the best. In the ballad of "*Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne*," Robin makes use of this knife on Guy, and afterwards uses it to loose "*Little John*" from the bonds of the enemy.

" But Robin pulled forth an Irysh knife,
 And losed John hand and foote,
 And gave him Sir Guye's bowe into his hand,
 And bade it be his boote."



THE MID WATCH.

SHERIDAN.

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,
And chilling mists hang o'er the darkened main,
Then sailors think of their far-distant home,
And of those friends they ne'er may see again ;
But when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun
Should any thought of them come o'er your mind ;
Think, only, should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Their hearts to hear
That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
And sighs to think how it may fare with you :
Oh, when the fight's begun,
You serving at your gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind :
Think, only, should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Their hearts to hear
That her own true sailor he was one.

This is a charming song, and full of sweet sentiment, and has, therefore, enjoyed great popularity. Moore, in his Life of Sheridan, notices the inadmissible rhyme.

“ But when the fight’s begun,
Each serving at his gun.”

And, strange to say, he tells us Sheridan would insist upon it the rhyme was good. Now, clearly, it is not. The sound here is not a *match* for a preceding sound, but *identical* with it, and, therefore, not a rhyme. Indeed, Sheridan seems to have been very careless as to rhymes throughout this otherwise perfect composition; for, in the first verse, the word “ *mind*,” in the seventh line, does not rhyme to anything.

CAITRIN, THE DAUGHTER OF JOHN.

From the Irish.

The very title of this ballad is of antique mould—no surname—she is Catharine, the daughter of John. Her Christian name, even, is mentioned only once. She is the cold virgin—or a splendid jewel—light of the poet—fairest of beauty’s train—the harp’s inspiration—and, finally, “ Bright swan of Lough Glynn.” This has the ring of the old metal about it.

SING the Hunter of Bera,* who from Ballagh came hither,
Our gates opened wide to his coming at noon,
And the virgin whose coldness did suitors’ hopes wither,
The snow-waisted Caitrin, the daughter of John !

There are tall sons of bravery that pine in her slavery ;
Her eye all beguiling—small lips like the rose ;
She’s a jewel all splendid, of brightest hues blended,
Each gold-wreathed ringlet to her white ankle flows !

Now why should we wonder if thousands surrender,
Like Connor to Deirdre,† their hearts to her chain ;
Guiding light of the poet, of sun-glancing splendour,
The fairest in Erin of beauty’s bright train !

O’er her kindred and nation she holds highest station,
Dispensing rich guerdons to minstrels of song ;
Clan-Murray’s fair darling—my harp’s inspiration,
Bright swan of Lough Glynn, beauteous daughter of John !

* *Bera* means the old O’Sullivan Country in the south-west of Cork. The head of the family is still called O’Sullivan *Bear* by the peasantry. Hence the name of the fine harbour in that locality, *Bearhaven*. The scenery in this region is very fine.

† Allusion to Deirdre is frequently made by the Irish minstrels. A sketch of her strange story and fate is given in this volume. See “ *Deirdre*. ”

THE FETCH.

JOHN BANIM.

In Ireland, a Fetch is the supernatural *fac simile* of some individual, which comes to insure to its original a happy longevity, or immediate dissolution. If seen in the morning, the one event is predicted ; if in the evening, the other.—*Author's note.*

THE mother died when the child was born,
 And left me her baby to keep ;
 I rocked its cradle the night and morn,
 Or, silent, hung o'er it to weep.

'Twas a sickly child through its infancy,
 Its cheeks were so ashy pale ;
 Till it broke from my arms to walk in glee,
 Out in the sharp, fresh gale.

And then my little girl grew strong,
 And laughed the hours away ;
 Or sung me the merry lark's mountain song,
 Which he taught her at break of day.

When she wreathed her hair in thicket bowers,
 With the hedge-rose and hare-bell blue,
 I called her my May, in her crown of flowers,
 And her smile so soft and new.

And the rose, I thought, never shamed her cheek,
 But rosy and rosier made it ;
 And her eye of blue did more brightly break,
 Through the bluebell that strove to shade it.

One evening I left her asleep in her smiles,
 And walked through the mountains lonely ;
 I was far from my darling, ah ! many long miles,
 And I thought of her, and her only !

She darkened my path, like a troubled dream,
 In that solitude far and drear ;
 I spoke to my child ! but she did not seem
 To hearken with human ear.

She only looked with a dead, dead eye,
 And a wan, wan cheek of sorrow,
 I knew her Fetch ! she was called to die
 And she died upon the morrow.

THE LOST PATH.

THOMAS DAVIS.

SWEET thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be
 All comfort else has flown ;
 For every hope was false to me,
 And here I am alone.
 What thoughts were mine in early youth !
 Like some old Irish song,
 Brimful of love, and life, and truth,
 My spirit gush'd along.

I hoped to right my native isle,
 I hoped a soldier's fame,
 I hoped to rest in woman's smile,
 And win a minstrel's name.
 Oh ! little have I served my land,
 No laurels press my brow,
 I have no woman's heart or hand,
 Nor minstrel honours now.

But fancy has a magic power,
 It brings me wreath and crown,
 And woman's love, the self-same hour
 It smites oppression down.
 Sweet thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,
 I have no joy beside ;
 Oh ! throng around, and be to me
 Power, country, fame, and bride.



WHOEVER SHE BE, I LOVE HER.

From the Irish. Translated by EDWARD WALSH.

THROUGH pleasure's bowers I wildly flew,
 Deceiving maids, if tales be true,
 Till love's lorn anguish made me rue
 That one young Fair-neck saw me,
 Whose modest mien did awe me,
 Who left my life to hover
 O'er death's dark shade—
 The stainless maid,
 Who'er she be, I love her !

Her hair like quivering foliage flows,
 Her heart no thought of evil knows,
 Her face with purest virtue glows,
 Her fame all hate defying—
 While for her crowds are dying,
 And round death's threshold hover,
 Where I, for one,
 Am nearly gone—
 Who'er she be, I love her !

What beauteous teeth, and lip, and neck,
 And eye, and brow the maiden deck !
 What red and white her cheek bespeck !
 Like wave-pois'd swan, she's fairest,
 In virtue high she's rarest ;
 In her may none discover
 One deed to blame—
 Mild, modest dame,
 Who'er she be, I love her !

But since soft ties are round us wove,
 Which nought but death can e'er remove,
 That balsam-bearing lip of love
 That spell-bound left me dying—
 Now far together flying
 The ocean billows over,
 Who can divide
 From me my bride ?
 Whoe'er she be, I love her !

But first to Eirne's lovely lake,
 Where maids are gay, our course we'll take,
 Where generous chiefs bright banquets make,
 And purple wine is flowing ;
 Then from our dear friends going,
 We'll sail the ocean over,
 I and my dame
 Of stainless fame—
 Whoe'er she be, I love her !

Her secret name I'll not impart,
 Although she pierced my wandering heart,
 With such a death-dispensing dart
 As love-sick left me lying,
 In fiery torment dying,
 Till pity mild did move her—
 But wine of Spain
 To her we'll drain,
 Whoe'er she be, I love her !



MARY OF TIPPERARY.

SAMUEL LOVER.

FROM sweet Tipperary
See light-hearted Mary,
Her step, like a fairy, scarce ruffles the dew,
As she joyously springs,
And as joyously sings,
Disdaining such things as a stocking or shoe ;
For she goes bare-footed—
Like Venus, or Cupid,
And who'd be so stupid to put her in silk,
When her sweet foot and her ankle
The dewdrops bespangle,
As she trips o'er the lawn,
At the blush of the dawn,
As she trips o'er the lawn with her full pail of milk.

For the dance when array'd,
 See this bright mountain maid,
 If her hair she would braid with young beauty's fond lure,
 O'er some clear fountain stooping,
 Her dark tresses looping,—
 Diana herself ne'er had mirror more pure !
 How lovely that toilet !
 Would fashion dare soil it
 With paint, or with patches, when Nature bestows
 A beauty more simple,
 In mirth's artless dimple ?
 Heaven's light in her eye—
 The soft blue of the sky—
 Heaven's light in her eye, and a blush like the rose !

THE SEA.

Mrs. DOWNING.

I LOVE it, I love it,
 Whatever its hue—
 Be it dark be it bright,
 Be it green, be it blue ;
 In whirlwind or calm,
 Let it chance as it will.
 In sunshine or storm,
 It is dear to me still.

I love it when glassy,
 And shadowy and shining,
 The bark and the oar
 On its wave are reclining—
 When lute-sounds of song
 O'er its bosom are stealing—
 When lightnings are flashing,
 When thunders are pealing.

I love it when resting
 In dawn's misty light,
 The white sails are cresting
 The foam-billows height ;
 When, dim in the starlight,
 It breaks into spray—
 When broadly and brightly
 'Tis flashing in day.

But oh ! when the green
 Island shores are at rest,
 When the last glowing ray
 Fades away from the west,
 With silence and moonlight
 About and above it,
 Then, then, most of all,
 Oh ! I love it, I love it !



LEADING THE CALVES.

From the Irish.

ONE evening mild, in summer weather,
 My calves in the wild wood tending,
 I saw a maid, in whom together
 All beauty's charms were blending—
 “ Permit our flocks to mix,” I said,
 “ ‘Tis what a maiden mild would,
 And when the shades of night are fled
 We'll lead our calves from the wild wood.

“ There grows a tree in the wild wood's breast,
 We'll stay till morn beneath it,
 Where songs of birds invite to rest,
 And leaves and flowers enwreath it—
 Mild, modest maid, 'tis not amiss ;
 'Twas thus we met in childhood ;
 To thee at morn my hand I'll kiss,*
 And lead the calves through the wild wood !

“ With calves I sought the pastures wild ;
 They've stray'd beyond my keeping—
 At home my father calls his child,
 And my dear mother's weeping—
 The forester, if here they stray,
 Perhaps, in friendship mild, would
 Permit our stay till the dawn of day,
 When we'll lead our calves from the wild wood.”

* The literal meaning of this line, in the original, is, you will receive a kiss from me out of the top of my hand. It shows that the custom of kissing hands in salutation has prevailed among the Irish peasantry.

THE FIRST CUCKOO IN SPRING.

J. F. WALLER, LL.D.

This song is written to a charming air, called "My Bonnie Cuckoo," given in "Bunting's Ancient Music of Ireland" (Dublin, 1840). The cuckoo's musical interval is given in the air, and the Italic passages in the song are most ingeniously adapted to the melody. -

ONE sweet eve in spring, as the daylight died,
Mave sat in her bow'r by her father's side ;
(*Cuckoo, Cuckoo !*) so soft and so clear,
Sang the bonnie cuckoo from a thicket near :
(*Cuckoo, Cuckoo !*) "Do listen, my dear,
'Tis the first cuckoo's note I have heard this year."

The maiden smiled archly, then sighed—" 'Tis long,
I've waited and watched for that sweet bird's song ; "
(*Cuckoo, Cuckoo !*) "Ere winter he'll roam
With some beloved mate to his distant home."
(*Cuckoo, Cuckoo !*) "Ah, would I might roam
With that bonnie cuckoo to his distant home."

The old man he frowned at the maid, and said,
"What puts such wild thoughts in your foolish head ?"
(*Cuckoo, Cuckoo !*) "No maid should desire
To roam from her own native land and sire."
(*Cuckoo, Cuckoo !*) "I don't love a note
That comes from that foreign bird's weary throat."

" The blackbird and throstle, I love their song,
They cheer us through summer and autumn long ; "
(*Cuckoo, Cuckoo !*) "And then they ne'er roam,
But they mate and they live all the year at home : "
(*Cuckoo, Cuckoo !*) " 'Tis still the same note
That comes from that foreign bird's weary throat."

The old man he sleeps in the drowsy air,
While soft from his side steals his daughter fair.
(*Cuckoo, Cuckoo !*) There's a bird in the grove
That sings a sweet song all young maidens love.
(*Cuckoo, Cuckoo !*) Says the bird from the grove—
" I'm weary cuckooing this hour, my love."

The old man he dreams that the cuckoo sings
Close up to his ears very wondrous things :
(*Cuckoo, Cuckoo !*) "I love your dear Mave,
And won her young heart just without your leave."
(*Cuckoo, Cuckoo !*) "She is willing to roam
From her own beloved nest to my distant home."

Half in fear, half in anger, her sire awakes,
 As her lip on his brow a soft farewell takes.
 (Cuckoo, Cuckoo !) The old man is alone,
 For vision, and cuckoo, and child are gone :
 (Cuckoo Cuckoo !) A sweet voice whispers near—
 “ We'll be back with the cuckoo in spring next year.”

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

SAMUEL LOVER.

It is said Fays have the power to assume various shapes for the purpose of luring mortals into Fairyland. Hunters seem to have been particularly the objects of the lady-fairies' fancies.

GAILY through the mountain glen
 The hunter's horn did ring,
 As the milk-white doe
 Escaped his bow,
 Down by the haunted spring ;
 In vain his silver horn he wound,—
 'Twas echo answered back :
 For neither groom nor baying hound
 Was on the hunter's track ;
 In vain he sought the milk-white doe
 That made him stray, and 'scaped his bow,
 For, save himself, no living thing
 Was by the silent haunted spring.

The purple heath-bells, blooming fair,
 Their fragrance round did fling,
 As the hunter lay,
 At close of day,
 Down by the haunted spring ;
 A lady fair, in robe of white,
 To greet the hunter came ;
 She kiss'd a cup with jewels bright,
 And pledged him by his name ;
 “ Oh, lady fair ! ” the hunter cried,
 “ Be thou my love, my blooming bride—
 A bride that well might grace a king !
 Fair lady of the haunted spring.”

In the fountain clear she stoop'd,
 And forth she drew a ring ;
 And that loved knight
 His faith did plight
 Down by the haunted spring :—

But since that day his chase did stray,
 The hunter ne'er was seen,
 And legends tell, he now doth dwell
 Within the hills so green ; *
 But still the milk-white doe appears,
 And wakes the peasants' evening fears,
 While distant bugles faintly ring
 Around the lonely haunted spring.



MAURYEEN.

THE cottage is here as of old I remember,
 The pathway is worn as it always hath been ;
 On the turf piled hearth there still lives a bright ember,
 But where is Mauryeen ?

The same pleasant prospect still lies before me,—
 The river—the mountain—the valley of green ;
 And heaven itself (a bright blessing !) is o'er me :
 But where is Mauryeen ?

Lost ! lost ! like a dream that hath come and departed
 (Ah, why are the loved and the lost ever seen ?)
 She has fallen—hath flown—with a lover false-hearted—
 So mourn for Mauryeen !

And she who so loved her is slain—(the poor mother !)
 Struck dead in a day by a shadow unseen ;
 And the home we once loved is the home of another—
 And lost is Mauryeen !

Sweet Shannon, a moment by thee let me ponder—
 A moment look back on the things that have been ;
 Then away to the world, where the ruin'd ones wander,
 To seek for Mauryeen !

Pale peasant, perhaps, 'neath the frown of high heaven,
 She roams the dark deserts of sorrow unseen,
 Unpitied—unknown ; but I—I shall know even
 The ghost of Mauryeen !

* In Ireland, the fairies are said to abide in the "green hills."



TOM MOODY.

ANDREW CHERRY.

Andrew Cherry was born in Limerick, January 11, 1762. He received a respectable education at a grammar school there—was intended for holy orders, but his father meeting with misfortunes, Cherry was bound to a printer. He went on the stage, and, after all the vicissitudes attending a stroller's life, made reputation, and graduated from the provinces up to Dublin, and thence to London, and was received with much applause. He became manager of the Swansea theatre ; and there, in my boyhood, I saw Edmund Kean perform before he made his great name in London. Cherry produced ten dramatic pieces, of which the incidental songs are of fair average merit ; but the one that follows is not only Cherry's best, but among the very best of its class, possessing a tenderness of sentiment rare in this class of composition, and touching the feelings after a manner that reminds us of that other celebrated sporting song, "The High-mettled Racer," of Dibdin.

You all knew Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well ;
The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell ;
A more able sportsman ne'er followed a hound,
Through a country well known to him fifty miles round.
No hound ever open'd with Tom near the wood,
But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if 'twere good ;
And all with attention would eagerly mark,
When he cheer'd up the pack, "Hark ! to Rookwood, hark ! hark !
High !—wind him ! and cross him ;
Now, Rattler, boy !—Hark !"

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunter's green dress'd,
 Supported poor Tom to an "earth" made for rest ;
 His horse, which he styled his Old Soul, next appear'd,
 On whose forehead the brush of the last fox was rear'd :
 Whip, cap, boots, and spurs, in a trophy were bound,
 And here and there follow'd an old straggling hound.
 Ah ! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace,
 Nor the welkin resound to the burst in the chase !

With "High over!—now press him !
 Tally-ho !—Tally-ho !"

Thus Tom spoke his friends ere he gave up his breath :
 "Since I see you're resolved to be in at the death,
 One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave—
 Give a rattling view-hollow thrice over my grave ;
 And unless at that warning I lift up my head,
 My boys you may fairly conclude I am dead !"
 Honest Tom was obey'd, and the shout rent the sky,
 For every voice join'd in the tally-ho cry,
 Tally-ho !—Hark forward !
 Tally-ho !—Tally-ho !

HE WAS FAMED FOR DEEDS OF ARMS.

ANDREW CHERRY.

Here is another specimen of Cherry's muse, by no means equal to the former, but it gave the opportunity of effect in being sung, and hence, was a favourite song of the late Mr. Braham, that great English singer, who has left no equal behind him.

HE was famed for deeds of arms,
 She a maid of envied charms ;
 She to him her love imparts,
 One pure flame pervades both hearts ;
 Honour calls him to the field,
 Love to conquest, now, must yield—
 Sweet maid ! he cries, again I'll come to thee,
 When the glad trumpet sounds a victory !

Battle, now, with fury glows ;
 Hostile blood in torrents flows ;
 His duty tells him to depart ;
 She pressed her hero to her heart ;
 And, now, the trumpet sounds to arms ;
 Amid the clash of rude alarms—
 Sweet maid, he cries, again I'll come to thee,
 When the glad trumpet sounds a victory !

He with love and conquest burns,
 Both subdue his mind by turns !
 Death the soldier, now, enthrals !
 With his wounds the hero falls !
 She, disdaining war's alarms,
 Rushed, and caught him in her arms !
 Oh ! death, he cries, thou'rt welcome now to me !
 For, hark ! the trumpet sounds a victory !

THE BAY OF BISCAY.

ANDREW CHERRY.

Here is a third song of Cherry's, which has, at least, the merit of being graphic—and to that may be attributed most likely its great popularity, assisted, no doubt, by Davy's pleasing and effective music. This was also one of Braham's favourites, and one of the very few sea-songs of Irish origin.

LOUD roar'd the dreadful thunder,
 The rain a deluge showers,
 The clouds were rent asunder
 By lightning's vivid powers :
 The night both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day, there she lay
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Now dash'd upon the billow,
 Our opening timbers creak :
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow.
 None stops the dreadful leak ;
 To cling to slipp'ry shrouds
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay, till next day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !

At length the wish'd-for morrow
 Broke thro' the hazy sky ;
 Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
 Each heav'd a bitter sigh ;
 The dismal wreck to view
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay, on that day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent,
 When Heaven, all-bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent ;
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers :
 Now we sail, with the gale,
 From the Bay of Biscay, O !



D E I R D R E.

From the Irish.

Deirdre, the daughter of Felimy, the son of Dall, was exquisitely beautiful. At her birth it was prophesied she should prove the ruin of Ulster. The king, Connor MacNessa, caused her to be educated with great care, and in guarded seclusion, intending to make her his queen ; but Deirdre preferred the young Naisi, one of the sons of Usnach, to the old king, and, snatching a favourable opportunity, threw a rose to Naisi, which, according to the custom of that day, bound him in honour to marry her ; and though he anticipated ruin from the abduction of the king's intended wife, he said to his brothers—who also dreaded the consequences of the act—that he would “ rather live in misfortune than in dishonour,” and that he should be “ disgraced before the men of Erin for ever if he did not take her, after that which she had done.” The three brothers—all great warriors—fled from Ireland to Alba (Scotland), and found safety on the banks of Loch Etive. The absence of such distinguished heroes was felt to be a national loss, and the king sent a messenger to them, promising forgiveness to all. Naisi trusted in the king's word ; but Deirdre feared treachery, and before leaving their sylvan retreat, the only safe and happy one in Deirdre's belief, she is supposed to utter this passionate farewell—

FAREWELL to fair Alba,* high house of the sun ;
 Farewell to the mountain, the cliff, and the dun ;
 Dun Sweeny, adieu ! for my love cannot stay,
 And tarry I must not, when love cries “ away.”

Glen Vashan ! Glen Vashan ! where roebucks run free,
 Where my love used to feed on the red-deer with me,
 Where, rocked on thy waters, while stormy winds blew,
 My love used to slumber—Glen Vashan, adieu !

Glendaro ! Glendaro ! where birchen boughs weep,
 Honey dew at high noon to the Nightingale's sleep ;
 Where my love used to lead me to hear the cuckoo,
 'Mong the high hazel bushes—Glendaro, adieu !

* It will be observed that there is no mention of *Scotland* throughout the entire of this antique romance, prose or verse. The country is called *Alba*—its ancient name.

Glenurchy ! Glenurchy ! where loudly and long,
 My love used to wake up the woods with his song,
 While the son of the rock,* from the depths of the dell,
 Laughed sweetly in answer—Glenurchy, farewell !

Glen Etive ! Glen Etive ! where dappled does roam,
 Where I leave the green sheeling, I first called a home,
 Where with me my true love delighted to dwell,
 The sun made his mansion †—Glen Etive, farewell !

Farewell to Inch Draynagh ; adieu to the roar
 Of blue billows bursting in light on the shore ;
 Dun Fiagh, farewell ! for my love cannot stay,
 And tarry I must not, when love cries “away.”

On arriving in Ireland, they are conducted to Emania, and lodged in the house of the Red Branch. King Connor inquires if Deirdre be still lovely, “if her beauty yet lives upon her?” and a messenger tells him she is still “the fairest woman on the ridge of the world.” The house is then surrounded by the soldiers of the king, while Naisi and Deirdre are *playing at chess*. The brothers, finding they are betrayed, rush out, and do prodigies of valour. Ardan slays “three hundred men of might,” Ainli kills twice as many, and then Naisi joins the fray, which is thus described :—“Till the sands of the sea, the dewdrops of the meadows, the leaves of the forest, or the stars of heaven be counted, it is not possible to tell the numbers of heads and hands and lopped limbs of heroes that there lay bare and red from the hands of Naisi and his brothers of the plain.” They then spread the links of their joined bucklers round Deirdre, and bounding forth “like three eagles,” swept down on the troops of Connor, making tremendous havoc, until Cathbad, the Druid, throws a spell over them, “like a sea of thick gums, that clogged their limbs,” and the sons of Usnach are then put to death, and Deirdre, standing over their grave, sings the funeral song, and then flings herself into the grave and expires. The prophecy was fulfilled, for Connor’s treachery and murderous act alienated all hearts from him, and the downfall of his house was accomplished. Such is a very brief outline of this story, which, as Mr. Ferguson remarks, “has possessed an extraordinary charm for the people of Ireland for better than a thousand years.”

Here is the funeral wail over the loved and the brave, by the beautiful and fatal Deirdre.

DEIRDRE'S LAMENT FOR THE SONS OF USNACH.

Translated from the Irish by S. FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

THE lions of the hill are gone,
 And I am left alone—alone ;
 Dig the grave both wide and deep,
 For I am sick, and fain would sleep.

* “Son of the rock :” the echo.—How charmingly fanciful !

† She calls Glen Etive *Bally-Graine*, or “Suntown.”

The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone—alone ;
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side.

The dragons of the rock are sleeping—
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping ;
Dig the grave, and make it ready,
Lay me on my true love's body.

Lay their spears and bucklers bright
By the warriors' sides aright ;
Many a day the three before me
On their linked bucklers bore me.

Lay upon the low grave floor,
'Neath each head, the blue claymore ;
Many a time the noble three
Reddened these blue blades for me.

Lay the collars, as is meet,
Of their greyhounds at their feet ;
Many a time for me have they
Brought the tall red deer to bay.

In the falcon's jesses throw
Hook and arrow, line and bow ;
Never again by stream or plain
Shall the gentle woodsmen go.

Sweet companions, were ye ever
Harsh to me, your sister ?—never.
Woods, and wilds, and misty valleys,
Were with you as good's a palace.

Oh ! to hear my true love singing,*
Sweet as sounds of trumpets ringing ;
Like the sway of ocean swelling,
Rolled his deep voice round our dwelling

Oh ! to hear the echoes pealing
Round our green and fairy sheeling,
When the three with soaring chorus,
Made the skylark silent o'er us.

* In the original tale, speaking of the brothers, it is said, "Sweet, in truth, was the music of the sons of Usnach. The cattle, listening to it, milked over two-thirds more than was their wont." Modern dairymen increase their cow's milk from pipes of another sort.

Echo, now sleep morn and even—
 Lark, alone enchant the heaven ;
 Ardan's lips are scant of breath,
 Naisi's tongue is cold in death.

Stag, exult on glen and mountain,
 Salmon, leap from loch to fountain ;
 Heron, in the free air warm ye,
 Usnach's sons will never harm ye.

Erin's stay no more ye are,
 Rulers of the ridge of war ;
 Never more 'twill be your fate
 To keep the beam of battle straight.

Woe is me ! by fraud and wrong,
 Traitors false, and tyrants strong,
 Fell Clan Usnach bought and sold,
 For Barach's feast and Connor's gold.

Woe to Eman, roof and wall !
 Woe to Red Branch, hearth and hall !
 Tenfold woe and black dishonour
 To the foul and false Clan Connor.

Dig the grave both wide and deep,
 Sick I am, and fain would sleep !
 Dig the grave and make it ready,
 Lay me on my true love's body.



THE RAKES OF MALLOW.

Air—"Sandy lent the Man his Mull."

Some hundred years ago Mallow was a fashionable watering-place, and enjoyed the title of "Irish Bath," according to Dr. Smith, who wrote about it in those days. But, to judge by the following song, the rakes of Mallow did not trouble the water much.

BEAUVING, belling, dancing, drinking,
 Breaking windows, damning, sinking,
 Ever raking, never thinking,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

Spending faster than it comes,
 Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns,
 Bacchus' true begotten sons,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

One time nought but claret drinking,
 Then like politicians thinking
 To raise the sinking funds when sinking,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

When at home with dadda dying,
 Still for Mallow-water crying ;
 But where there is good claret plying
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

Living short but merry lives,
 Going where the devil drives,
 Having sweethearts, but no wives,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
 Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
 Wishing to spend all their days in
 Raking as at Mallow.

Then to end this raking life
 They get sober, take a wife,
 Ever after live in strife,
 And wish again for Mallow.

LAST WISH.

FRANCIS DAVIS.

Oh ! gather me the flowers fair,
 And strew them o'er my bed,
 They'll soothe me, mother, while I stay,
 They'll deck me when I'm dead ;
 But throw the white rose far away,
 For Willie's brow was fair ;
 Nor bring the leaf of golden tint,
 To tell of Willie's hair.

I drew the curls across his brow,
 My heart beat quick and sore ;
 I gazed upon that frozen smile
 'Till I could gaze no more :
 And when I knelt beside his grave,
 Fain, fain were tears to flow ;
 But something whisper'd to my heart,
 You'll soon be full as low.

Oh ! there's a spot at Devis' foot
 Where longer lies the dew,
 And there are daisies purer white,
 And violets deeper blue ;

Look on them kindly as you pass,
 But touch no flower there,
 For Willie said they bloomed for him,
 To twine in Annie's hair.

Then draw the curtains closer round,
 And hide from me the skies :
 I cannot bear that sunny blue,
 So like my Willie's eyes :
 And raise ye up this swimming head,
 My last dear wish to crave :
 Now mother, mother, mind ye this—
 Lay me in Willie's grave !

THE LAMENTATION OF HUGH REYNOLDS.

A Street Ballad.

The Hugh Reynolds, who is the hero of this ballad (which is clearly genuine), was guilty of abduction. It is generally believed, in Ireland, that abduction is an offence never committed without an implied consent on the part of the woman, and sympathy always exists in favour of the criminal who is brought to justice by the woman swearing against him afterwards, on his trial, as it appears she did in this case.

My name it is Hugh Reynolds, I come of honest parents,
 Near Cavan I was born, as plainly you may see ;
 By loving of a maid, one Catherine MacCabe,
 My life has been betrayed ; she's a dear maid to me.*

The country were bewailing my doleful situation,
 But still I'd expectation this maid would set me free ;
 But, oh ! she was ungrateful, her parents proved deceitful,
 And though I loved her faithful, she's a dear maid to me.

Young men and tender maidens, throughout this Irish nation,
 Who hear my lamentation, I hope you'll pray for me ;
 The truth I will unfold, that my precious blood she sold,
 In the grave I must lie cold ; she's a dear maid to me.

For now my glass is run, and the hour it is come,
 And I must die for love, and the height of loyalty ;
 I thought it was no harm to embrace her in my arms,
 Or take her from her parents ; but she's a dear maid to me.

* This phrase must be taken idiomatically. As, if a man were killed in a fox chase, the Irish peasant would say, "it was a dear hunting to him;" so Hugh says of the girl that costs him his life, "She's a dear maid to me."

Adieu my loving father, and you my tender mother,
 Farewell my dearest brother, who has suffered sore for me ;
 With irons I'm surrounded, in grief I lie confounded,
 By perjury unbounded ; she's a dear maid to me.

Now, I can say no more ; to the Law-board I must go,
 There to take the last farewell of my friends and counterie ;
 May the angels, shining bright, receive my soul this night,
 And convey me into Heaven to the blessed Trinity.

I would call the English reader's attention to the triple rhymes through this ballad, and though the rhymes be not always perfect, they are sufficiently close (vowel rhymes) to ring on the ear. The word in the first line, at the caesural point, rhymes to the final word, which is again rhymed to at the caesural point of the second or alternate line, as thus :—

“ The truth I will unfold, that my precious blood she sold,
 In the grave I must lie cold ; she's a dear maid to me.”

If the rhymes were always as perfect as these, any one conversant with metrical structure will see that they might be given in three separate lines with an alternate fourth and eighth ; but as that would tax the rhymer too heavily, he adopts the expedient of writing a quatrain of which only the second and fourth lines must rhyme, *of necessity* leaving him free to rhyme as often and as closely as he can, throughout the first and third, as thus, in the first verse :—

“ By loving of a maid, one Catherine MacCabe,
 My life has been betrayed, she's a dear maid to me.”

It is with a view to the English reader I have made this note, and given an example (once for all) of what I have spoken of frequently in this volume as a peculiarity in genuine Irish songs. The Irish reader, I hope, will not, therefore, think me guilty of an editorial intrusion, and mistake an intended courtesy for a mere impertinence.

WILLY REILLY.

This ballad has ever been a great favourite in Ireland, particularly in the North, where the incident is said to have occurred on which it is founded ; and as the hero and the heroine were of different religious communions, a certain party spirit became engaged in the feelings excited by this ballad, which, doubtless, increased its popularity. But, setting aside any other cause than its own intrinsic qualities, it is no wonder it found an abiding place in the hearts of the people : it is full of tenderness, and has great dramatic power.

“ OH ! rise up, Willy Reilly, and come along with me,
 I mean for to go with you and leave this counterie,
 To leave my father's dwelling-house, his houses and free land ;”
 And away goes Willy Reilly and his dear *Coolen Bawn*.*

They go by hills and mountains, and by yon lonesome plain,
 Through shady groves and valleys all dangers to refrain ;
 But her father followed after with a well-arm'd band,
 And taken was poor Reilly and his dear *Coolen Bawn*.

* Fair young girl.

It's home then she was taken, and in her closet bound,
 Poor Reilly all in Sligo jail lay on the stony ground,
 'Till at the bar of justice before the judge he'd stand,
 For nothing but the stealing of his dear *Coolen Bawn*.

“ Now, in the cold, cold iron, my hands and feet are bound,
 I'm handcuffed like a murderer, and tied unto the ground,
 But all the toil and slavery I'm willing for to stand,
 Still hoping to be succoured by my dear *Coolen Bawn*.”

The jailor's son to Reilly goes, and thus to him did say,
 ‘ Oh ! get up, Willy Reilly, you must appear this day,
 For great Squire Foillard's anger you never can withstand,
 I'm afeard* you'll suffer sorely for your dear *Coolen Bawn*.’

Now Willy's dress'd from top to toe all in a suit of green,
 His hair hangs o'er his shoulders most glorious to be seen ;
 He's tall and straight and comely as any could be found,
 He's fit for Foillard's daughter, was she heiress to a crown,

“ This is the news, young Reilly, last night that I did hear,
 The lady's oath will hang you, or else will set you clear ;”
 “ If that be so,” says Reilly, “ her pleasure I will stand,
 Still hoping to be succoured by my dear *Coolen Bawn*.”

The Judge he said, “ This lady being in her tender youth,
 If Reilly has deluded her, she will declare the truth ;”
 Then, like a moving beauty bright before him she did stand,
 “ You're welcome there my heart's delight and dear *Coolen Bawn*. ”

“ Oh, gentlemen,” Squire Foillard said, “ With pity look on me,
 This villain came amongst us to disgrace our family ;
 And by his base contrivances this villainy was planned—
 If I don't get satisfaction I'll quit this Irish land.”

The lady with a tear began, and thus replied she,—
 “ The fault is none of Reilly's, the blame lies all on me ;
 I forced him for to leave his place and come along with me,
 I loved him out of measure, which wrought our destiny.”

Out bespoke the noble Fox,† at the table he stood by,
 “ Oh ! gentlemen, consider on this extremity ;
 To hang a man for love is a murder you may see,
 So spare the life of Reilly, let him leave this counterie.”

* Afraid. *Afeard* is the universal pronunciation of this word among the peasantry in Ireland to this day, and is but the retention of the old English mode—witness Shakespeare :—

“ Fye, my Lord, fye—a soldier and afeard ?”—*Macbeth*.

† The prisoner's counsel.

“ Good, my lord, he stole from her, her diamonds and her rings,
 Gold watch and silver buckles, and many precious things,
 Which cost me in bright guineas more than five hundred pounds ;
 I'll have the life of Reilly should I lose ten thousand pounds.

“ Good, my lord, I gave them him as tokens of true love,
 And when we are a-parting I will them all remove,
 If you have got them, Reilly, pray send them home to me.”
 “ I will, my loving lady, with many thanks to thee.”

“ There is a ring among them I allow yourself to wear,
 With thirty locket diamonds well set in silver fair,
 And as a true love-token wear it on your right hand,
 That you'll think on my poor broken heart when you're in a foreign
 land.”

Then out spoke noble Fox, “ You may let the prisoner go,
 The lady's oath has cleared him, as the jury all may know ;
 She has released her own true love, she has renewed his name,
 May her honour bright gain high estate, and her offspring rise to
 fame ! ”

S E R E N A D E.

J. J. CALLANAN.

THE blue waves are sleeping,
 The breezes are still,
 The light dews are weeping
 Soft tears on the hill.
 The moon in mild beauty
 Shines brightly above ;
 Then come to the casement,
 Oh ! Mary, my love.

No form from the lattice
 Did ever recline
 Over Italy's waters
 More lovely than thine.
 Then come to the window,
 And shed from above
 One glance from thy bright eye—
 One smile of thy love.

From the storms of this world
 How gladly I'd fly
 To the calm of that breast—
 To the heaven of that eye.
 How deeply I love thee
 'Twere useless to tell,
 Farewell then, my dear one,
 My Mary—farewell !

SONGS OF OUR LAND.

Air—“Old Langolee.”

SONGS of our land, ye are with us for ever :

The power and the splendour of thrones pass away,
But yours is the might of some deep-rolling river,
Still flowing in freshness thro’ things that decay.

Ye treasure the voices of long-vanish’d ages ;

Like our time-honour’d towers, in beauty ye stand ;
Ye bring us the bright thoughts of poets and sages,
And keep them among us, old songs of our land.

The bards may go down to the place of their slumbers,

The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the grave,
But far in the future the power of their numbers

Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and brave.

It will waken an echo in souls deep and lonely,

Like voices of reeds by the winter-wind fann’d ;
It will call up a spirit of freedom, when only

Her breathings are heard in the songs of our land.

For they keep a record of those, the true-hearted,

Who fell with the cause they had vowed to maintain ;
They show us bright shadows of glory departed,

Of love unrewarded, and hope that was vain ;
The page may be lost, and the pen long forsaken,

And weeds may grow wild o’er the brave heart and hand ;
But ye are still left when all else hath been taken,

Like streams in the desert—sweet songs of our land.

Songs of our land,—to the land of the stranger

Ye followed the heart-broken exile afar ;

Ye went with the wand’rer through distance and danger,

And gladdened his desolate path, like a star ;

The breath of his mountains, in summers long vanished,

And visions that passed like a wave from the strand,
And hope for his country—the joy of the banished,

Were borne to him oft in the songs of our land.

When spring-time is come, with its fresh burst of glory,

To bid the green heart of the forest rejoice ;

The pine of the mountain, with age growing hoary,

In lofty solemnity gives forth its voice.

So, tuneful thro’ ages, the harp of our nation

Hath answered with pride to the bard’s gifted hand,
And, breaking the silence of dark desolation,

Bids us love and exult in the songs of our land.

METRICAL TALES

BY

SAMUEL LOVER.



P R E F A C E.

WE are told of two ladies who sought to outshine each other at every point of rivalry, even to that of dress, and one of them, believing that the gorgeous and the extravagant had been tried *à l'outrance*, determined, on a certain occasion, to try the effect of contrast, and dressed herself accordingly in all the simplicity of white muslin, and by that very simplicity achieved a conquest.

Even so these metrical tales are introduced to society. They affect not the majestic ; they do not

“In scepter'd pall come sweeping by ;”

they do not march in stately Iambic measure, but are content with the easy gait of the Anapestic ; they are not gorgeously arrayed, neither weft nor woof of their clothing being of golden thread or Tyrian dye ; in short, like the lady in muslin, it is on their simplicity alone they must depend for any favour they may win.

It has been said that of late poetry has gone out of fashion ; that this is essentially an age of utility ; that amid rapidly-increasing and wonderful realities, the spirit of romance has departed, and fiction has been superseded by the greater wonders of fact. Poets, however, are a wilful race, and, notwithstanding all the evil forebodings of prosers, would not be gainsaid—they *would* break a lance in the lists of fame. We

have had, accordingly, knights of many new orders: "Satanic"—"Spasmodic"—"Metaphysical"—and so forth; and now,

"Nobles and heralds, by your leave,"

an old knight of an older order asks permission to run a course for the honour of the lady in white muslin.

But, allegory apart, and to say a few plain words to this so-called prosaic age, the matter of fact is this:—I have great faith in the universal love of rhyme. I think it is inherent in our nature to be pleased with measured sound; and if with measure there is also syllabic echo (I mean rhyme), I think the pleasure is increased; and it is this belief that has tempted me to try the experiment of telling a few simple stories in simple rhyme, and testing if the nineteenth century be not as open as the earlier ones to be pleased with composition something after the fashion of the ancient ballads. And though not adopting their structure as to stanza, and though incapable of equalling the exquisite tenderness in which many of them abound, I have endeavoured to adhere to their unaffected simplicity.

SAMUEL LOVER.

BARNES, LONDON, *November 1, 1859.*





THE FISHERMAN.

The Fisherman who is the hero of the following tale is not merely a creature of imagination, for the self-denying spirit which forms the staple of the story is, I am happy to say, in accordance with fact; and the last magnanimous achievement of the poor Fisherman is *literally true*. Magnanimous may seem an inflated word to employ in connection with so humble a subject, but it is believed that the reader, on arriving at the end of the story, will not think the epithet unwarrantable.

'TWAS down by the shore of the steep coast of Kerry
Dwelt a young Irish Fisherman—mournful, or merry,
As the fast-changing flow of his feelings might be ;
Just as tempests of winter will darken the sea,
Or the breeze and the sunshine of summer will chase
In ripples and brightness along its fair face.

And what made the darkness of young Donoghue !
'Twas the sense of a sorrow-steeped poverty grew,
Like the dripping sea-weed by the storm-beaten shore,
And clung fast to the heart sorrow's tide had run o'er.

And what made his brightness ! A lovely young girl—
The prize of his fancy—more precious than pearl ;
And if diving the sea could have made the boy win it,
Were it fifty miles deep, he'd have surely been in it.

But parents are thoughtful, as lovers are blind ;
And tho' Dermot and Peggy were both of a mind,
The father and mother, on either side, thought
That over-young weddings with sorrow were fraught
To those who were fast bound in poverty's fetter ;
So the mother would only consent he should get her
When “times were more promising.” O ! where's the lover
Broke promise so often as Time hath done, ever ?
And poor Dermot, as promising periods drew nigher,
Found “Owld Father Time” was a “mighty big liar.”

Young Donoghue's friends used to rally him often,
Why to marriage he could not his sweet Peggy soften ;
They said, “Marry at once, and take chance, like the rest.”¹
But young Donoghue, while a sigh swelled his breast,
Would laugh off their taunts, and say, “Better to wait
Than ‘marry in haste, and repent’ when too late.”

’Twas thus that he *spoke*, but the *thoughts* were more deep
That kept him awake when the world was asleep ;
He thought of the joys that would bless him, if she
Were the wife of his bosom—his *cushla ma chree* ;²
But, suddenly, conscience would sternly reprove,
And balance the scale between passion and love,
“By wedding his darlin’ what would he be doin’
But playing the guide where the road led to ruin ?”
And then by his manly resolve he would profit,
And, closing his eyes, say—“I must not think of it.”

But fancy would trouble his feverish rest,
For in dreams the sweet vision still haunted his breast ;
He saw his beloved one, bewitching, as when,
Fresh, fair, round, and lovely, she tripped down the glen,
Her blush like the morn, and her hair dark as night,
Her brow's playful shadow o'er eyes gleaming bright,
Her lip like the rose, and her neck like the lily,
Her tongue's ready taunt making suitors look silly—
All suitors but one—and to him the sweet tongue
With accents of tenderness ever was strung,
And the eye and the brow forgot coquetry's art,
And were open'd—to let him look into her heart.

¹ See Notes at the end of the Volume.

O, dream too delicious!—he'd start and awake,
And again summon courage the dream to forsake—
First, his arms open'd wide to clasp beauties of air,
And then chasten'd thought clasp'd his hands in deep pray'r,
And he vow'd that he never would darken the brow
That glow'd with the light of mirth's witchery now.

And Peggy knew this—and she lov'd him the more;
And oft, when poor Dermot was stretch'd on the shore
And lost in sad thought—pretty Peggy, perchance
Half pleased, and half pitying, might furtively glance
From the cliff overhead—and her sensitive heart
Could divine what he felt—and, with delicate art,



She would gather the flowers from the dark cliff, and pass
 Round some pebble a primitive tie of wild grass,
 And, attaching her nosegay, would fling it from high,
 And the flow'rs fell on Dermot, as though from the sky :—
 From the sky ?—say from Heaven : for the dew ne'er did drop
 From the fountain on high on the summer-scorch'd crop,
 More assuaging its fervour, refreshing its might,
 Than those flow'rs dropp'd on him from that Heaven-crown'd
 height !

Then would Dermot take heart—and he thought some fine day
 Would reward him, at last, for this cruel delay ;
 He had heard it remarked, “ It was no use to fret,”
 And believed there was “ great luck in store for him yet ; ”³
 And, seeing that nothing is e'er got by wishing,
 He thought he'd “ get up out o' that,” and go fishing ;
 But even then, Fancy still played her sly part :
 The net seemed a woman—each herring a heart.

And thus it went on—weeks and months passed away,

And Peggy, the pride of the glen,
 Grew fairer and fairer with every day,

And was courted by all sorts of men.

The long, and the short, and the fat, and the lean,
 In Peggy's long list of admirers were seen,
 But Dermot, in all these great hosts round her thronging,
 If he was not the longest, at least was most longing ;
 Longing—though vista of hope seem'd no clearer,
 Longing for time that came never the nearer.

O, longing !—thou love-lure !—with magical art
 Engend'ring the sultry mirage of the heart
 That flatters while flying, allures to betray,
 Exciting the thirst which it cannot allay !

Poor Dermot !—What projects prodigious would start
 From the fanciful fumes of that furnace, his heart,
 To haunt his poor brain !—Could he seize on some chance
 That might better his lot ?—Or his fortune advance
 By some feat of great prowess—some high-daring deed ?
 And what danger could daunt him—with Peggy the meed !
 Some think we're surrounded by mystical pow'rs,
 Who work into shape the wild dreams of lone hours,
 And 'twould seem that such spirits were willing to test
 The forces of evil and good in the breast
 Of the deep-loving dreamer—soon doom'd to a trial
 For mortals the hardest of all—self-denial.
 But if spirits of darkness do wait, as 'tis said,
 To pilot our way, if towards wrong we would tread,
 O ! watching us, also, are spirits of light
 To shed a bright ray on our pathway when right !⁴

Now Dermot, as old village chroniclers tell,
 Between the two legions was tried pretty well ;—
 They both had a pull at him.—Which did prevail
 You shall see very soon—so, to finish my tale.

One winter's day, when the sea rolled black,
 With a fringe of white on its foamy track,
 A storm-toss'd ship by the Skelligs past,⁵
 With shattered sail and shiver'd mast ;
 Vainly she strives to weather the shore—
 Brave ship, thy course on the ocean's o'er ;
 Nor sail, nor helm, nor mariner's might,
 Can save thee from being a wreck this night.

The fishermen crowd with coil and rope,
 To the cliff where the doom'd ones drive ;
 For a while on the earth and the sea was hope,
 But nought with the might of the storm could cope—
 'Twas a scene that the heart might rive ;
 The faces of hardy fishermen paled,
 And women shrieked, and children wail'd,
 While the old village priest lent his hand to the toil,
 Heaving the cable and casting the coil,
 Cheering his flock with his voice and his blessing,
 While deep invocations to Heaven addressing,
 And when mortal might could no more essay,
 He exhorted his children to kneel and pray.⁶

A sight more solemn was seldom seen,
 Than that on the stormy cliff, I ween :
 They might not cast down to the sea a rope—
 But to Heaven they could raise the holy hope !
 And down they knelt in that stormy night ;
 The lightning's flash was the altar's light,
 And they felt as they knelt on the drenched sod,
 The thunder, as 'twere the voice of God.
 With awful burst and solemn roll
 Calling away the sinful soul ;
 And trembling they pray
 For the castaway,
 And many a bead they tell,
 As over the billows madly-rolling
 The screaming sea-mew circling went,
 While the wailing wind was strangely blent
 With the clang of the chapel bell—
 Tolling, tolling, solemnly tolling
 The mariners' funeral knell.

When morning dawn'd, the storm was gone,
 But the thundering waves kept rolling on ;
 And the eyes of the village were set on the sea,
 To mark how much of the wreck might be.
 Her naked ribs stand gaunt and grim,
 While planks and spars in riot swim,
 And, among them floating, can Dermot scan
 A part of the wreck of the merchantman ;
 'Twas a laden cask.—The father and son
 By a glance implied what might yet be done !
 'Twas wine—the rich wine of sunny Spain,⁷
 If Dermot a cask of that wine could gain,
 With the gold he should get for his stormy prize
 The dream of his heart he might realise ;
 He then might wed Peggy !—The thought and the act
 Of the father and son were as one ; they track'd
 Down the cliff their swift way, and as swiftly their boat
 They launch through the foam, on the waves they're afloat—
 Have a care how you pull !—not a stroke must you miss !
 The brave buoyant boat down the wat'ry abyss
 Sweeps deeply and swiftly, then up the white crest
 Of the wave overhanging, she lifts her broad breast,
 And casts off the foam—like a sea-bird, whose feather
 Is made for the storming of hurricane weather.

High heaves the huge wine-cask ! they pull might and main,
 As near and more near on the waif they gain,
 And a coil and a grapple unerringly threw
 The hand of the lover—well done, Donoghue !
 The cask is secured !—How his heart bounded then !
 He'd have not changed his lot with the proudest of men,
 As, lashing his prize to the stern of the boat,
 With a heart-wild hurrah Dermot opened his throat,
 And then bent his sinewy arm to the oar,
 To pull his rich prize where the tide swept on shore ;
 But while with fond triumph his bosom beat high,
 While hope swell'd his heart and joy flashed in his eye,
 He heard o'er the waters a wild wailing cry,
 And he hung on the oar with a paralys'd dread :—
 For the cry was a cry might have waken'd the dead,
 As up rose a fragment of wreck o'er the wave,
 Where a man clung for life—o'er a watery grave,
 Unless Dermot row back that wild shrieker to save.

With his prize at the stern, he can't row 'gainst the storm,
 Where the billows surge up round the drowning man's form.
 O ! what shall he do ?—If he cling to his prize,
 Then surely that poor shipwreck'd mariner dies.

If the prize he give up—then he loses a wife ;
 He then must abandon what's *dearer* than life,—
 So he looked to his father, with death on his cheek,
 He looked—for in vain had he striven to speak ;
 And his father said, “Dermot, my boy, I am old,
 I can bear for the rest of my life the keen cold
 Of poverty's blast—but for you, darling boy,
 With that rich cask of wine, there are long years of joy ;
 So do what you like—save the man—or the cask—
 God forgive me, if answering wrong what you ask.”

O ! could you have seen the dark look of despair
 Young Donoghue cast on his prize safely there,
 While he hears the shrill cry of the fast-sinking sailor,
 And pale as his cheek was—just then it grew paler !
 Fierce, fierce was the struggle—the foul fiend had nigh
 Made Donoghue deaf to the drowning man's cry,
 But Heaven heard the short prayer the young fisherman made
 To aid him—and swiftly he drew forth his blade,
 And the rough-handled knife of a fisherman wrought
 A victory more glorious than sword ever fought ;
 A victory o'er self, and a victory o'er love—
 That passion all passions supremely above—
 He cut the strong lashings that held his rich prize,
 He was deaf to the calls of his own heart's wild cries,
 While the cry of another that noble heart heeds—
 O ! talk not of laurel-crown'd conquerors' deeds,
 Compared with this fisherman'sfeat of the ocean,
 This single-soul'd triumph of Christian devotion !

High heaven is not slow in rewarding the good.
 When Dermot the drowning man saved from the flood,
 How his heart in its generous virtue grew brave,
 When he found 'twas his brother he'd snatch'd from the wave !
 His brother—who long had been absent at sea
 In a war-ship, and prize-money plenty made he ;
 The money was safe with the agent on shore—
 Let the wine-cask be lost in the breakers' wild roar,
 As the prize-money freely was shar'd with poor Dermot,
 And Hymen gave thirsty young Cupid a permit,
 For Peggy was married to brave Donoghue,
 The loving, unselfish, and manly and true ;
 And, to end, as tales ended in my boyish day,
 “ If they didn't live happy, that you and I may ! ” .



FATHER ROACH.

This story, like the foregoing, is founded on fact, and exhibits a trial of patience that one wonders human nature could support. Passive endurance we know is more difficult than active ; and that which is recorded in the following tale is strictly true. The main facts were communicated to me many years ago, in the course of one of many pleasant rambles through my native land, by a gentleman of the highest character, whose courtesy and store of anecdote rendered a visit to his house memorable—I speak of the late Christopher Bellew, Esq., of Mount Bellew, County of Galway.

FATHER Roach was a good Irish priest,
Who stood in his stocking-feet, six feet, at least.
I don't mean to say he'd six feet in his stockings ;
He only had two—so leave off with your mockings—

I know that you think I was making a blunder :
 If Paddy says lightning, you think he means thunder :
 So I'll say, in his boots, Father Roach stood to view
 A fine comely man, of six feet two.

O, a pattern was he of a true Irish priest,
 To carve the big goose at the big wedding feast,⁸
 To peel the big *pratie*, and take the big can,
 (With a very big picture upon it of "Dan,")⁹
 To pour out the punch for the bridegroom and bride,
 Who sat smiling and blushing on either side,
 While their health went around—and an innocent glee
 Rang merrily under the old roof-tree.

Father Roach had a very big parish,
 By the very big name of Knockdundherumdhariish,
 With plenty of bog, and with plenty of mountain—
 The miles he'd to travel would throuble you countin'.
 The duties were heavy—to go through them all ;
 Of the wedding and christ'ning, the mass, and sick-call—
 Up early, down late, was the good parish pastor—
 Few ponies than his were obliged to go faster.

He'd a big pair o' boots, and a purty big pony,
 The boots greased with fat—but the baste was but bony ;
 For the pride of the flesh was so far from the pastor,
 That the baste thought it manners to copy his master ;
 And, in this imitation, the baste, by degrees,
 Would sometimes attempt to go down on his knees ;
 But in this too-great freedom the Father soon stopp'd him
 With a dig of the spurs, or, if need be, he whopp'd him.

And Father Roach had a very big stick,
 Which could make very thin any crowd he found thick ;
 In a fair he would rush through the heat of the action,
 And scatter, like chaff to the wind, ev'ry faction.
 If the *leaders* escaped from the strong holy man,
 He made sure to be down on the *heads* of the clan,
 And the Blackfoot who courted each foeman's approach,
 Faith, 'tis hot-foot he'd fly from the stout Father Roach.¹⁰

Father Roach had a very big mouth,
 For the brave broad brogue of the beautiful South ;
 In saying the mass, sure his fine voice was famous,
 It would do your heart good just to hear his "OREMUS,"
 Which brought down the broad-shoulder'd boys to their knees,
 As *aisy* as winter shakes leaves from the trees :—
 But the rude blast of winter could never approach,
 The power of the sweet voice of good Father Roach.

Father Roach had a very big heart,
 And "a way of his own"—far surpassing all art ;
 His joke sometimes carried reproof to a clown ;¹²
 He could chide with a smile—as the thistle sheds down.
 He was simple, tho' sage—he was gentle, yet strong ;
 When he gave good advice, he ne'er made it too long,
 But just roll'd it up like a snowball, and pelted
 It into your ear—where, in softness, it melted.

The good Father's heart in its unworldly blindness,
 Overflowed with the milk of human kindness,
 And he gave it so freely, the wonder was great
 That it lasted so long—for, come early or late,
 The unfortunate had it. Now some people deem
 This milk is so precious, they keep it for cream ;
 But that's a mistake—for it spoils by degrees,
 And, tho' exquisite milk—it makes very bad cheese.

You will pause to inquire, and with wonder, perchance,
 How so many perfections are placed, at a glance
 In your view, of a poor Irish priest, who was fed
 On potatoes, perhaps, or, at most, griddle bread ;¹³
 Who ne'er rode in a coach, and whose simple abode
 Was a homely thatched cot, on a wild mountain road ;
 To whom dreams of a mitre had never occurred ;—
 I will tell you the cause, then,—and just in *one word*.

Father Roach had a MOTHER, who shed
 Round the innocent days of his infant bed,
 The influence holy, which early inclin'd
 In heavenward direction the boy's gentle mind,
 And stamp'd there the lessons its softness could take,
 Which, strengthened in manhood, no power could shake :—
 In vain might the Demon of Darkness approach
 The mother-made virtue of good Father Roach !

Father Roach had a brother beside ;
 His mother's own darling—his brother's fond pride ;
 Great things were expected from Frank, when the world
 Should see his broad banner of talent unfurl'd.
 But Fate cut him short—for the murderer's knife
 Abridg'd the young days of Frank's innocent life ;
 And the mass for *his* soul, was the only approach
 To comfort now left for the fond Father Roach.

Father Roach had a penitent grim
 Coming, of late, to confession to him ;
 He was rank in vice—he was steeped in crime.
 The reverend Father, in all his time,

So dark a confession had never known,
As that now made to th' Eternal Throne ;
And when he ask'd was the catalogue o'er,
The sinner replied—"I've a thrifle more."

"A trifle?—What mean you, dark sinner, say?
A trifle?—Oh, think of your dying day!
A trifle *more*?—What more dare meet
The terrible eye of the Judgment-seat
Then all I have heard?—The oath broken—the theft
Of a poor maiden's honour—t'was all she had left!
Say what have you done that worse could be?"
He whispered, "Your brother was murdered by me."

"O God!" groan'd the Priest, "but the trial is deep,
My own brother's murder a secret to keep,
And minister here to the murderer of mine—
But not *my* will, oh Father, but *thine*!"
Then the penitent said, "You will not betray?"
"What I?—thy confessor? Away, away!"
"Of penance, good Father, what cup shall I drink?"—
"Drink the dregs of thy life—live on, and *think*!"

The hypocrite penitent cunningly found
This means of suppressing suspicion around.
Would the murderer of Frank e'er confess to his brother?¹⁴
He, surely, was guiltless;—it must be some other.
And years roll'd on, and the only record
Twixt the murderer's hand and the eye of THE LORD,
Was that brother—by rule of his Church decreed
To silent knowledge of guilty deed.

Twenty or more of years pass'd away,
And locks once raven were growing gray,
And some, whom the Father once christen'd, now stood,
In the ripen'd bloom of womanhood,
And held at the font *their* babies' brow
For the holy sign and the sponsor's vow;
And grandmothers smil'd by their wedded girls;
But the eyes, once diamond—the teeth, once pearls,
The casket of beauty no longer grace;
Mem'ry, fond mem'ry alone, might trace
Through the mist of years a dreamy light
Gleaming afar from the gems once bright.

O, Time! how varied is thy sway
"Twixt beauty's growth and dim decay!
By fine degrees beneath thy hand,
Does latent loveliness expand;

The coral casket richer grows
 With its second pearly dow'r,
 The brilliant eye still brighter glows
 With the maiden's ripening hour—
 So gifted are ye of Time, fair girls;
 But time, while his gifts he deals,
 From the sunken socket the diamond steals,
 And takes back to his waves the pearls!

* * * *

It was just at this time that a man, rather sallow,
 Whose cold eye burn'd dim in his features of tallow,
 Was seen, at a cross-way, to mark the approach
 Of the kind-hearted parish priest, good Father Roach.
 A deep salutation he render'd the Father,
 Who return'd it but coldly, and seem'd as he'd rather
 Avoid the same track—so he struck o'er a hill;
 But the sallow intruder *would* follow him still.

“ Father,” said he, “ as I'm going your way,
 A word on the road to your Reverence I'd say.
 Of late so entirely I've altered my plan,
 Indeed, holy sir, I'm a different man;
 I'm thinking of wedding, and bettering my lot—”
 The father replied, “ You had better not.”
 “ Indeed, reverend sir, my wild oats are all sown.”
 “ But perhaps,” said the Priest, “ they are not yet *grown* :—

“ At least, they're not *reap'd*,”—and his look became keener;
 “ And ask not a woman to be your gleaner.
 You have my advice !” The Priest strode on,
 And silence ensued, as one by one
 They pass'd through a deep defile, which wound
 Through the lonely hills—and the solemn profound
 Of the silence was broken alone by the cranch
 Of their hurried tread on some wither'd branch.
 The sallow man followed the Priest so fast,
 That the setting sun their one shadow cast.
 “ Why press,” said the Priest, “ so close to me ?”
 The follower answer'd convulsively,
 As, gasping and pale, through the hollow he hurried,
 “ 'Tis here, close by, poor Frank is buried—”
 “ *What* Frank ?” said the Priest—“ *What* Frank !” cried the other;
 “ Why, he whom I slew—your brother—your brother !”

“ Great God !” cried the Priest—“ in Thine own good time,
 Thou liftest the veil from the hidden crime,—

Within the confessional, dastard—the seal
 Was set on my lips, which might never reveal
 What *there* was spoken—but now the sun,
 The daylight hears what thine arm hath done,¹⁵
 And now, under Heaven, my arm shall bring,
 Thy felon neck to the hempen string !”
 Pale was the murd’rer, and paler the Priest.
 Oh, Destiny!—rich was indeed thy feast,
 In that awful hour!—The victim stood
 His own accuser;—the Pastor good,
 Freed from the chain of silence, spoke;
 No more the confessional’s terrible yoke
 Made him run, neck and neck, with a murderer in peace
 And the villain’s life had run out its lease.

The jail, the trial, conviction came,
 And honour was given to the poor Priest’s name,
 Who held, for years, the secret dread,
 Of a murderer living—a brother dead,
 And still, by the rule of his church compell’d,
 The awful mystery in silence held,
 Till the murderer himself did the secret broach—
 A triumph to justice and Father Roach.





THE BLACKSMITH.

If this story be not founded, like the preceding ones, on fact, at least it has claim to verisimilitude. During the period of "Whiteboy" disturbances in Ireland, special enactments were passed, by which opportunities were but too temptingly afforded to the vicious to implicate the innocent. Along with this extra legal severity, the ordinary course of justice was set aside; the law did not wait for its accustomed assizes, but Special Commissions were held, dispensing judgments so fast that the accused had in many cases no time to collect evidence to rebut a charge, and the rapidity with which execution followed judgment utterly paralysed the wholesome agency of respite of sentence. There can be little doubt that the "form and pressure of the time" gave opportunities to scoundrels to make the oppressive laws of those days subservient to many a base purpose; and that hundreds of innocent people were transported.

FAINTLY glitters the last red ray,
Tinting the flickering leaves that play
On the swaying boughs of the old grey trees,
That groan as they rock in the fitful breeze.
Deep in their shadow a watcher lies,
The beam of the lynx in his eager eyes;
But twilight darkens—the eye can't mark—

And the ear grows keen to the mental "hark,"
 And the rustling leaf is unwelcome o'erhead,
 Lest it baffle the sound of the coming tread.

There's a stir in the thicket—a footstep outside,
 And the coming one stops in his rapid stride,
 As, rising before him like spectre from tomb,
 'Tis a *man*—not a *woman*—appears through the gloom,
 And he holds hard his breath, and he clinches the hand,
 As he halts to the low-muttered summons of "Stand!"
 "Who dares to impede me?"

"Who dares to invade
 With guilty purpose the quiet glade?
 'Tis the brother you meet of the girl you pursue:—
 Now give over that chase, or the deed you shall rue!"
 "Back, ruffian! nor venture on me a command!"
 And a hosrewhip was raised—but the vigorous hand
 Of young Phaidrig, the blacksmith, a blow struck so sure
 That it fell'd to the earth the Squireen of Knocklure.

Remember, I pray you, the difference that lies
 Between Squire and Squireen. To the former applies
 High birth and high feeling; the latter would ape,
 Like the frog in the fable, a loftier shape,
 But as little succeeds:—thus are lords aped by flunkies,
 And lions by jackals, and mankind by monkeys.
 Our Squireen was that thing as a "middleman" known,
 An agent—the tyrant of lands not his own.
 The unscrupulous servant of all who could serve him,
 The means of advancement could never unnerve him,
 To get up in the world, nothing balked his temerity,
 No matter how he might go down to posterity;
 High pay and low pleasures he loved—nothing pure
 But pure whiskey could please the Squireen of Knocklure.
 The Blacksmith's fair sister had caught his foul eye:
 The watchful young brother did quickly descry
 The sly-baited lures that were laid to ensnare
 Her heart in a hope that might end in despair—
 Such hope as too often the maiden entralls,
 Through a villain's false vows, till she trusts and she falls—
 So to save from pollution the simple and pure,
 Stern warning was giv'n to the knave of Knocklure,
 Till Phaidrig, at last, in his passion's fierce glow,
 The threat of the horsewhip chastised with a blow.

A vengeance demoniac the Squireen now planned,
 In fetters to palsy the brave brother's hand;
 In the dead of the night loaded arms he conceal'd
 In the ridge of potatoes in Phaidrig's own field;¹⁶

Then the Smith he denounced as a Whiteboy. A search
 For the fire-arms conceal'd, tore up many a perch
 Of the poor Blacksmith's garden. What he had intended
 Life's prop, was not only uprooted, but blended
 With seed of destruction!—The proof-seeking spade
 Found the engines of death with the staff of life laid!
 'Twas enough.—Undeniable proof 'twas declared
 That Phaidrig in Whiteboy conspiracy shared,
 The Blacksmith was seized, fetter'd, sworn 'gainst, and thrown
 In a dungeon that echoed his innocent groan.

Those were days when the name of a Whiteboy brought fear
 To the passion or judgment—the heart or the ear
 Of the bravest and calmest—when Mercy aloof
 Stood silent, and babbling suspicion seemed proof.
 Then Justice looked more to her sword than her scale,
 Then ready unfurled was the transport-ship's sail
 To hurry the doom'd beyond respite or hope:—¹⁷
 If their destiny's thread did not end in a rope!
 Phaidrig soon was on trial.—When called on to plead
 In defence to this charge of a dark lawless deed,
 This hiding of arms, he replied, “The Squireen
 Showed the place of concealment; no witness has been
 To prove he was *told* of the arms being there;
 Now how did he know it? That question is fair—
 But unanswered. The old proverb says—‘They who hide
 Can find.’—'Twas the villain himself, who has lied
 On the Gospels he kiss'd, that conceal'd the arms there;
 My name thro' the country is blameless and fair;
 My character's spotless.—Can any one say
 I was found among Whiteboys by night or by day?
 'Twas the Squireen himself who contrived it: my curse
 Be upon him this day—for I know there is worse
 In his heart, yet to do. There's an innocent girl
 He's hunting to ruin—my heart's dearest pearl
 Is that same—and he seeks for my banishment now,
 To brand with a darker disgrace *her* young brow;
 If I'm sent o'er the sea, she'll be thrown on the world,
 Lone, helpless, and starving;—the sail once unfurl'd
 That bears me from her and from home far away,
 Will leave that poor girl to the villain a prey!
 That's the truth, my Lord Judge—before Heaven and men
 I am innocent!—Lowly the murmurs ran then
 Round the court; indignation and pity, perchance,
 Glowed deep in some bosoms, or gleamed in some glance,
 But THE ARMS left the timorous jury no choice;
 They found “GUILTY”—and then rose the Judge's mild voice,
 “Transportation” the sentence—but softly 'twas said—
 (Like summer wind waving the grass o'er the dead).¹⁸

And Phaidrig, though stout, felt his heart's current freeze
 When he heard himself banished beyond "the far seas."
 "Oh, hang me at once," he exclaimed ; "I don't care
 For life, now that life leaves me only despair ;
 In felon chains, far from the land of my birth,
 I will envy the dead that sleep cold in the earth !"
 He was hurried away, while on many a pale lip
 Hung prophecies dark of "that unlucky ship"
 That should carry him. " Didn't he ask for his death ?
 And sure Heav'n hears the pray'r of the innocent breath.
 Since the poor boy's not *plazed* with the sentence they found,
 Maybe God will be good to him—and he'll be *dhrown'd* ! "¹⁹

Now the villain Squireen had it "all his own way,
 Like the bull in the china-shop." Every day
 Saw him richer and richer, and prouder and prouder ;
 He began to dress finer, began to talk louder ;
 Got places of honour and places of trust ;
 And went it *so* fast, that the proverb, "needs must,"
 Was whisper'd ; but he, proverbs wise proudly spurning,
 Thought his was the road that should ne'er have a turning.
 But, "Pride has its fall," is another old saying ;
 Retribution *will* come, though her visit delaying ;
 Though various the ways of her devious approach,
She'll come—though her visit be paid in a coach ;
 And however disguised be the domino rare,
 The mask falls at last—RETRIBUTION IS THERE !

The Squireen lived high, drank champagne ev'ry day,
 "Tally ho ! " in the morning ; at night, "hip, hurrah ! "
 In reckless profusion the low rascal revell'd ;
 The true "beggar on horseback"—you know where he travell'd.
 But riot is costly—with gold it is fed,
 And the Squireen's affairs got involved, it is said ;
 And time made things worse. Then, in wild speculation
 He plunged, and got deeper. Next came *pec-ulation*—
 There is but one letter in difference—what then ?
 If one letter's no matter, what matter for ten ?
 One letter's as good as another—one man
 Can write the same name that another man can ;
 And the Squireen, *forgetting his own name*, one day
 Wrote another man's name,—with a "promise to pay ;"—
 All was up with the Squireen—the "Hue and Cry" spread,
 With "Five Hundred Reward" on the miscreant's head ;
 His last desp'rate chance was a precipitate flight,
 In the darkness—his own kindred darkness—of night.

But what of the Blacksmith?—The exil'd one, cast
 From the peace of his home to the wild ocean blast?
 Was he drown'd?—as the pitying prophecy ran;
 Did he die?—as was wished by the heart-broken man.
 No! Heaven bade him live, and to witness a sign
 Of that warning so terrible—“VENGEANCE IS MINE!”²⁰
 He return'd to his home—to that well-beloved spot
 Where first he drew breath—his own wild mountain cot.
 To that spot had his spirit oft flown o'er the deep
 When the soul of the captive found freedom in sleep;
 Oh! pleasure too bitterly purchased with pain,
 When from fancy-wrought freedom he woke in his chain
 To labour in penal restraint all the day,
 And pine for his sea-girdled home far away!—
 But now 'tis no dream—the last hill is o'erpast,
 He sees the thatch'd roof of his cottage, at last,
 And the smoke from the old wattled chimney declares
 The hearth is unquenched that had burn'd bright for years.
 With varied emotion his bosom is swayed,
 As his faltering step o'er the threshold's delayed:—
 Shall the face of a stranger now meet him, where once
 His presence was hail'd with a mother's fond glance,
 With the welcoming kiss of a sister ador'd?
 A sister!—ah! misery's linked with that word,
 For that sister he found—but fast dying. A boy
 Was beside her. A tremulous flicker of joy
 In the deep-sunken eye of the dying one burn'd;
 Recognition it flash'd on the exile returned,
 But with mingled expression was struggling the flame—
 'Twas partly affection, and partly 'twas shame,
 As she falter'd “Thank God, that I see you once more,
 Though there's more than my death you arrive to deplore;
 Yet kiss me, my brother!—Oh, kiss and forgive—
 Then welcome be death!—I had rather not live
 Now *you* have return'd;—for 'tis better to die
 Than linger a living reproach in *your* eye:
 And *you'll* guard the poor orphan—yes, Phaidrig, *ma chree*,
 Save from ruin my child, though you could not save me.
 Don't think hard of my mem'ry—forgive me the shame
 I brought—through a villain's deceit—on our name:
 When the flow'rs o'er my grave the soft summer shall bring,
 Then in *your* heart the pale flow'r of pity may spring.”
 No word she spoke more—and no words utter'd he—
 They were choked by his grief; but he sank on his knee,
 And down his pale face the big silent tears roll—
 That tribute which misery wrings from the soul,
 And he press'd her cold hand, and the last look she gave
 Was the sunset of love o'er the gloom of the grave.

The old forge still existed, where, days long ago,
 The anvil rang loud to the Smith's lusty blow,
 But the blows are less rapid, less vigorous now,
 And a grey-haired man wipes labour's damp from his brow.
 But he cares for the boy ; who, with love, gives him aid
 With his young 'prentice hand in the smithy's small trade,
 Whose stock was but scanty ;—and iron, one day,
 Being lack'd by the Blacksmith—the boy went his way,
 Saying, “Wait for a minute, there's something I found
 Th' other day, that will do for the work, I'll be bound.”
 And he brought back a gun-barrel.—Dark was the look
 Of the Blacksmith, as slowly the weapon he took :
 “Where got you this, boy ?” “Just behind the house here ;
 It must have been buried for many a year,
 For the stock was all rotten, the barrel was rusty—”
 “Say no more,” said the Smith. Bitter Memory, trusty
 As watch-dog that barks at the sight of a foe,
 Sprang up at this curs'd momento of woe,
 And the hard-sinewed Smith drew his hand o'er his eyes,
 And the boy asks him why—but he never replies.

* * * * *

Hark ! hark !—take heed !
 What rapidly rings down the road ?
 'Tis the clattering hoof of a foaming steed,
 And the rider pale is sore in need,
 As he 'lights at the Smith's abode ;
 For the horse has cast a shoe,
 And the rider has far to go—
 From the gallows he flies,
 If o'er taken, he dies,
 And hard behind is the foe
 Tracking him fast, and tracking him sure !
 'Tis the forger—the scoundrel Squireen of Knocklure !
 Flying from justice, he flies to the spot
 Where, did justice not strike him, then justice were not :—
 As the straw to the whirlpool—the moth to the flame—
 Fate beckons her victim to death and to shame !

Wild was the look which the Blacksmith cast,
 As his deadliest foe o'er his threshold past,
 And hastily ordered a shoe for his horse ;
 But Phaidrig stood motionless—pale as a corse,
 While the boy, unconscious of cause to hate
 (The chosen minister, called by Fate),
 Placed the gun in the fire, and the flame he blew
 From the rusty barrel to mould a shoe.
 Fierce, as the glow of the forge's fire,
 Flashed Phaidrig's glances of speechless ire,

As the Squireen, who counted the moments that flew,
 Cried, "Quick, fellow, quick, for my horse a shoe!"
 But Phaidrig's glances the fiercer grew,
 While the fugitive knew not the wreck of that frame,
 So handsome once in its youthful fame,
 That frame *he* had crush'd with a convict's chain,
 That fame *he* had tarnish'd with felon stain.

"And so you forget me?" the Blacksmith cried.
 The voice rolled backward the chilling tide
 Of the curdling blood on the villain's heart,
 And he heard the sound with a fearful start;
 But, with the strong nerve of the bad and the bold,
 He rallied—and pull'd out a purse of gold,
 And said, "Of the past it is vain to tell,
 Shoe me my horse, and I'll pay you well."



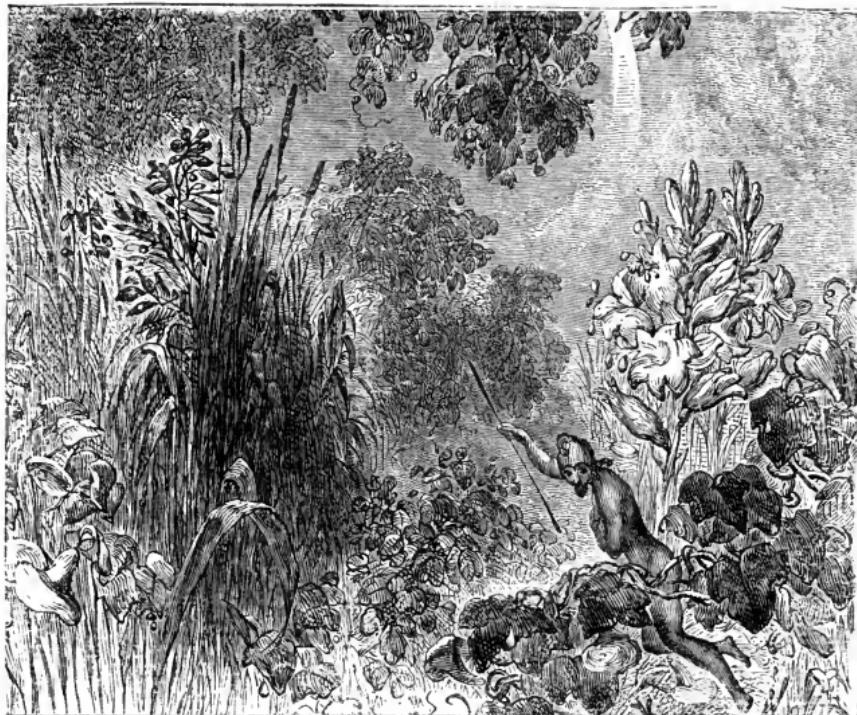
"Work for you?—no, never!—unless belike
 To rivet your fetters this hand might strike,
 Or to drive a nail in your gallows-tree—

That's the only work you shall have from me—
 When you swing, I'll be loud in the crowd 'shall hoot you.'"
 "Silence, you dog—or, by Heaven, I'll shoot you!"
 And a pistol he drew—but the startled child
 Rushed in between, with an outcry wild,
 "Don't shoot—don't shoot! oh, master sweet!
 The iron is now in the fire to heat,
 "Twill soon be ready, the horse shall be shod."
 The Squireen returned but a curse and a nod,
 Nor knew that the base-born child before him
 Was his own that a ruined woman bore him;
 And the gun-barrel, too, in that glowing fire,
 Was his own—one of those he had hid to conspire
 'Gainst the Blacksmith's life; but Heaven decreed
 His own should result from the darksome deed,
 For the barrel grows red—the charge ignites—
 Explodes!—and the guilty Squireen bites
 The dust where he falls. Oh, judgment dread?
 His own traitor weapon the death-shot sped,
 By his own child it was found, and laid
 In the wrong'd one's fire—the gathering shade
 Of his doom was completed.—Fate's shadows had spread
 Like a thunder-cloud o'er his guilty head,
 And the thunder burst, and the lightning fell,
 Where his dark deeds were done, in the mountain dell.

The pursuit was fast on the hunted Squireen;
 The reeking horse at the forge is seen—
 There's a shout on the hill, there's a rush down the glen,
 And the forge is crowded with armed men;
 With dying breath, the victim allowed

 The truth of the startling tale
 The Blacksmith told to the greedy crowd,
 Who for gold had track'd the trail.
 Vain golden hope—vain speed was there;
 The game lay low in his crimson lair;
 To the vengeance of earth no victim was giv'n,
 'Twas claim'd by the higher tribunal of Heaven!





THE DEW-DROP.

PART I.

A DEW-DROP, once,
In a summer's night,
Was touched by the wand
Of a faithless sprite,

As the moon in her change,
Shot a trembling ray
Down the bosky dell
Where the dew-drop lay ;

And tainted with change
By the wild-wood sprite,
Was the dew-drop, till then
So pure and so bright.

For what might be pure,
If 'twere not the dew ?
A gift from the skies
Earth's sweets to renew.

What may be bright
 As the dew-drops are ?
 Kindred are they
 To the evening star.

Blest is the dew
 When the day's begun,
 It flies to the kiss
 Of the godlike sun.

Blest is the dew
 At the evening hour,
 Taking its rest
 In some grateful flower,

That gives forth its odour,
 To welcome the fall
 Of the dew-drop that sinks
 In the balmy thrall.

Enfolded in fragrance,
 Entranc'd it lies,
 Till the morning's dawn,
 When it lightly flies

From the balmy lips
 Of the waking flower,
 Which droops through the day,
 When the dew-drop's away,
 And mourns the delay
 Of the evening hour.

O, how the sprite-struck
 Dew-drop stray'd
 'Mong the wildest flow'rs
 Of the wild-wood glade !

Toying with all,
 She was constant to none ;
 Though she held her faith
 To the lordly sun.

She sought a new couch
 As the eve grew dim,
 But at morning she ever
 Returned to him.

The fond rose pined
 In its hidden heart
 While the dew-drop play'd
 Her changeful part.

And though it was kiss'd
 By some dew-drop bright,
 Griev'd that it was not
 The one of last night.

The leaf-shelter'd lily,
 Pale "flow'r of the vale,"
 The love-plaint felt
 Of the nightingale;

Whose song never bore
 So much meaning as now :—
 O sympathy!—subtle
 In teaching art thou.

The violet (heart-like),
 The sweeter for grief,
 Sigh'd forth its balm
 In its own relief;

While its jealous companions
 Conceiv'd it blest,
 And envied the pang
 Of an aching breast.

Thus, eve after eve,
 Did the dew-drop betray
 Some leaflet that smiled
 On the pendant spray;

And blossoms that sprang
 From a healthful root,
 Faded in grief,
 And produced no fruit.

But what cared she?
 Who was always caress'd,
 As she sank in delight
 On some fresh flower's breast.

Though it died the next night,
 She could pass it, and say,
 " Poor thing—'twas my love
 Of yesterday."

At last, in her pride,
 She so faithless got,
 She even forsook
 The forget-me-not.

And Nature frown'd
On the bright coquette,
And sternly said—
“ I will teach thee yet
A lesson so hard
Thou wilt not forget !”



PART II.

THE roses of summer
Are past and gone,
And sweet things are dying
One by one ;

But autumn is bringing,
 In richer suits,
 To match with his sunsets,
 His glowing fruits ;

And the flowers the dew-drop
 Deserted now,
 For the richer caress
 Of the clustering bough.

So dainty a dew-drop
 A leaf would not suit,
 For her nothing less
 Would suffice, than the fruit.

The bloom of the plum
 And the nect'rine's perfume
 Were deserted, in turn,
 A fresh love to assume ;

And, as each she gave up,
 If her consciense *did* preach,
 Her ready excuse
 Was the down of the peach.

But fruits will be gathered
 Ere autumn shall close ;
 Then, where in her pride
 May the dew-drop repose ?

Nor a bud, nor a flower,
 Nor a leaf is there now ;
 They are gone whom she slighted—
 There's nought but the bough.

And the dew-drop would now
 Keep her mansion of air,
 With her bright lord the sun,
 Nor, at evening, repair

To the desolate earth ;
 Where no lovers remain
 But grasses so humble,
 And brambles so plain,

So crooked, so knotty,
 So jagged and bare—
Indeed would the dew
 Keep her mansion of air !

But Nature looked dark,
 And her mandate gave,
 And the autumn dew
 Was her winter slave,

When the lordly sun
 Had his journey sped,
 Far in the south,
 Towards ocean's bed ;

And short was the time
 That he held the sky,
 His oriflamb waving
 Nor long nor high ;

And the dew-drop lay
 In the dark cold hours,
 Embraced by the weeds
 That survived the flowers.

Oh ! chill was her tear,
 As she thought of the night
 She had wept in pure joy
 At her rose's delight ;

While now for the morning
 She sigh'd ;—that its ray
 Should bear her from loathsome
 Embraces away.

Like a laggard it came ;
 And so briefly it shone,
 She scarce reach'd the sky
 Ere her bright lord was gone ;

And downward again
 Among weeds was she borne,
 To linger in pain
 Till her bright lord's return.

And Nature frown'd
 On the bright coquette,
 And again she said—
 “I will teach thee yet,
 A lesson so hard
 Thou wilt never forget !”





PART III.

THROUGH the bare branches
Sigh'd the chill breeze,
As the sun went down
Where the leafless trees

Are darkly standing,
Like skeletons grim,
'Gainst the fading light
Of the west, grown dim;

And colder and colder
 The embers decay
 That were glowing red
 With the fire of day,

Till darkness wrapp'd
 In her mantle drear,
 The withering forms
 Of the dying year.

Thus bleak and black
 Was the face of the world,
 When Winter his silvery
 Banner unfurled,

His sprites sending forth
 In their glittering array,
 To seize in the night
 Each fantastical spray ;

And the fern in the wood,
 And the rush by the stream,
 Were sparkling with gems
 In the morning beam.

So charm'd was the stream
 With the beauty around,
 That it stopp'd in its course,
 And it utter'd no sound ;

In the silent entrancement
 Of Winter's embrace,
 It sought not to wander
 From that charm'd place ;

For better it loved
 With old Winter to be,
 In the di'mond-hung woods,
 Than be lost in the sea.

But the dew-drop's home
 Was in yon bright sky,
 And when in the sunbeam
 She sought to fly,

Chain'd to a weed
 Was the bright frail thing,
 And she might not mount
 On her morning wing.

“ Ha ! ha !” laugh’d Nature,
 “ I’ve caught thee now ;
 Bride of old Winter,
 Bright thing, art thou !

“ Think of how many
 A flower for thee,
 Hath wasted its heart
 In despondency.

“ Now where thou’rt fetter’d
 Thou *must* remain ;
 Let thy pride rejoice
 In so *bright* a chain.”

“ True,” said the dew-drop,
 “ Is all thou’st told,
 My fetters are bright—
 But ah, *so cold* !

“ Rather than sparkle
 In diamond chain,
 I’d dwell with the humblest
 Flower again ;

“ And never would rove
 From a constant bliss,
 If I might ’scape
 From a fate like this ;

“ In glittering misery
 Bid me not sleep !
 Mother, oh, let me
 Melt and weep !

“ Weep in the breast
 Of my chosen flower,
 And for ever renounce
 My changeful hour ;

“ For tho’ to the skies
 I shall daily spring,
 At the sunrise bright,
 On my rainbow wing,

“ To my flower I’ll return
 At golden even,
 With a love refresh’d
 At the fount of heaven !”

The Spirit of Spring
Was listening near ;
The captive dew-drop
She came to cheer !

Her fetter she broke,
And the chosen flower
Was given to the dew-drop
In happy hour.

And, true to her faith,
Did the dew-drop come,
When the honey-bee,
With his evening hum,

Was bidding farewell
To the rose, which he taught,
By his fondness, to know
'Twas with sweetness fraught.

And the rose thought the bee
Was a silly thing,
To fly from the dew
With his heavy wing ;

For "Ah !" sighed the rose,
As it hung on the bough,
" Bright dew-drop, there's nothing
So sweet as thou !"



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE CROOKED STICK.

JULIA was lovely and winning—
And Julia had lovers in plenty,
They outnumber'd her years
More than twice, it appears—
She killed fifty before she was twenty.
Young Harry
Had asked her to marry ;
But Julia could never decide,
Thus early, on being a bride ;
With such ample choice,
She would not give her voice,
In wedlock so soon to be tied ;
And though she liked Hal, thought it better to wait,
Before she would finally fix on her fate ;
For though “ Harry was every way worthy ” to get her,
Perhaps she might see some one else she liked better.

Hal, discarded by Venus, went over to Mars ;
And set off to the war in a troop of hussars ;
To sabres and bullets exposing a life
Made wretched to him by the want of a wife ;
But Death would not take what fair Julia refused ;
And, in fact, Harry thought himself very ill used
By “ Death and the Lady ”—till Time's precious ointment,
Cured the wound Julia made,
And the soldier's bold blade
Soon won him a colonel's appointment ;
And then he went home, by hard service made sager,
And found Julia had married a yellow old major.
For the sake of old times, Harry called on the lady,
Who was now on *that* side of *this* life they call “ shady ! ”
Which, though pleasant in streets, in the summer's bright sun,
On life's path is *not* pleasant—when summer's all done.
He took her hand kindly—and hoped she was well—
And looked with a tender regret on his belle !

“ Ah, Julia ! how’s this ?—I would not give you pain,
 But I think I may ask, without being thought vain,
 How the girl who refused to let Harry encage her,
 Could consent to be trapped by a yellow old major ? ”

“ Come dine here,” said she—“ and at evening we’ll take,
 On horseback a ride through the hazlewood brake ;
 And as I’ve lost my whip—you must go to the wood,
 And cut me a riding switch, handsome and good,
 Something nice—such a one as I’ll keep for your sake,
 As a token of friendship ; but pray do not make
 Your absence too long—for we dine, sharp, at six ;
 But you’ll see, before then, many beautiful sticks.”

Harry went on this mission, to rifle the riches
 Of the hazlewood brake—and saw such lovely switches,
 But none good enough to present, as a token,
 To her who, “ lang syne,” had his burning heart broken ;
 The wood was passed through—and no switch yet selected,
 When “ six o’clock,” suddenly, Hal recollect ed,
 And took out his watch :—but ten minutes to spare—
 He employed those ten minutes with scrupulous care,
 But, spite of his pains, the best switch he selected
 Did not equal, by much, many first he rejected ;
 He eye’d it askance—and he bent it—and shook it—
 And owned, with a shrug, ‘twas a *leetle* bit crooked,
 He returned, and told Julia the state of the case,
 When she (a faint smile lighting up a sad face)
 Said, “ Harry, your walk through the hazelwood brake
 Is my history—a lesson that many might take ;
 At first, you saw beautiful sticks by the score,
 And hoped to get better, with such ‘ plenty more,’
 But at the last moment—no time left to pick—
 You were forced to put up with a crooked stick.”

Oh Woman !—designed for the conquest of hearts,
 To your own native charms add not too many arts ;
 If a poet’s quaint rhyme might dare offer advice,
 You should be nice all over—but not over-nice.
 I don’t wish a lady so wondrously quick
 As to sharpen her knife for the very first stick ;
 But—for one good enough—it were best not o’erlook it,
 Lest, in seeking too straight ones—you get but the crooked.



TO MARY.

As in the calmest day the pine-tree gives
 A soft low murmur to the wooing wind,
 When other trees are silent—so love lives
 In the close covert of the loftier mind,
 Responding to the gentlest sigh would wake
 Love's answer, and his magic music make.

'Twas thus I woo'd thee—softly and afraid :
 For no rude breath could win response from thee,
 Mine own retiring, timid, bashful maid ;
 And hence I dedicate the slender tree
 To dearest memories of the tenting fine
 I woo'd thee with—as Zephyr woos the pine.

And hence I love with thee through woods to wander,
 Whose fairy flowers thy slight foot scarcely bends,
 Growing, as time steals o'er us, only fonder,
 Following, mayhap, some streamlet as it tends
 To a lone lake—full as our hearts, and calm,
 O'er which the op'ning summer sheds its balm.

Soft is the breeze—so soft, the very lake
 Hath not a ripple on its mirror face ;
 And hence, a double beauty doth it make,
 Another forest in its depths we trace,
 The sky's repeated in reflected kiss :—
 So loving hearts can double ev'ry bliss.

The sun is high—we seek refreshing shade,
 Beneath the pines we choose a flowery seat :
 And, while a whisper in their boughs is made,
 Couching, with fondness, at thy tiny feet,
 I'll whisper *thee*, while sheltering from the sun—
 " Sweet Mary, thus I woo'd thee, thus I won."





THE FLOODED HUT OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

ON the wide-rolling river, at eve, set the sun,
And the long-toiling day of the woodman was done,
And he flung down the axe that had felled the huge tree,
And his own little daughter he placed on his knee ;
She looked up, with smiles, at a dovecot o'erhead—
Where, circling around, flew the pigeons she fed ;
And more fondly the sire clasp'd his child to his breast—
As he kiss'd her—and called her the bird of *his* nest.

The wide-rolling river rose high in the night,
The wide-rolling river, at morn, show'd its might,
For it leap'd o'er its bounds, and invaded the wood
Where the humble abode of the wood-cutter stood.
All was danger around, and no aid was in view,
And higher and higher the wild waters grew,

And the child—looking up at the dovecot in air,
 Cried, “Father—oh father, I wish we were there !”
 “ My child,” said the father, “ that dovecot of thine
 Should enliven our faith in the Mercy Divine ;
 ’Twas a dove that brought Noah the sweet branch of peace,
 To show him the anger of Heaven did cease :
 Then kneel, my lov’d child, by thy fond father’s side,
 And pray that our hut may in safety abide,
 And then, from all fear may our bosoms be proof—
 While the dove of the deluge is over our roof.”²¹



NYMPH OF NIAGARA,

WRITTEN ON LAKE ONTARIO, IMMEDIATELY AFTER LEAVING THE FALLS.

NYMPH of Niagara ! Sprite of the mist !
 With a wild magic my brow thou hast kiss’d ;
 I am thy slave, and my mistress art thou,
 For thy wild kiss of magic is yet on my brow.

I feel it, as first when I knelt before thee,
 With thy emerald robe flowing brightly and free,²²
 Fringed with the spray-pearls, and floating in mist—
 Thus ’twas my brow with wild magic you kiss’d.

Thine am I still ;—and I’ll never forget
 The moment the spell on my spirit was set—
 Thy chain but a foam-wreath—yet stronger by far
 Than the manacle, steel-wrought, for captive of war ;

For the steel it will rust, and the war will be o'er,
 And the manacled captive be free as before ;
 While the foam-wreath will bind me for ever to thee !—
 I love the enslavement—and would not be free !

Nymph of Niagara, play with the breeze,
 Sport with the fawns 'mid the old forest trees ;
 Blush into rainbows at kiss of the sun,
 From the gleam of his dawn till his bright course be run ;

I'll not be jealous—for pure is thy sporting,
 Heaven-born is all that around thee is courting—
 Still will I love thee, sweet sprite of the mist,
 As first when my brow with wild magic you kiss'd !

THE FLOWER OF NIGHT.²³

THERE is an Indian tree, they say,
 Whose timid flow'r avoids the light,
 Concealing thus from tell-tale day
 The beauties it unfolds at night.
 So many a thought may hidden lie,
 So sighs unbreath'd by day may be,
 Which, freely, 'neath the starry sky
 In secret faith I give to thee :—
 The love that strays
 Thro' pleasure's ways,
 Is like the flow'rs that love the light ;
 But love that's deep,
 And faith will keep,
 Is like the flow'r that blooms at night.

Then do not blame my careless mien
 Amid this world of maskers gay,
 I would not let my heart be seen—
 I wear a mask as well as they.
 Ah, who would wish the gay should smile
 At passion too refined for them ?—
 And therefore I with blameless guile
 Conceal within my heart the gem :—
 The love that strays
 Thro' pleasure's ways,
 Is like the flow'rs that love the light ;
 But love that's deep,
 And faith will keep,
 Is like the flower that blooms at night.

THE FORSAKEN.

LET us talk of grief no more
 Till the bat is flying ;
 Fitter mem'ry's sadd'ning lore
 When the day is dying,
 When the joyous sun hath fled,
 And weeping dews around are shed :
 Sad things are most fitly said,
 When the night wind's sighing.

Sighing round some lonely tow'r
 Where, within, is mourning ;
 And on the hearth, at midnight hour,
 Low the brands are burning.
 There the embers, fading fast
 (Relics of a glowing past),
 Tell of fires too fierce to last :—
 Love knows no returning.

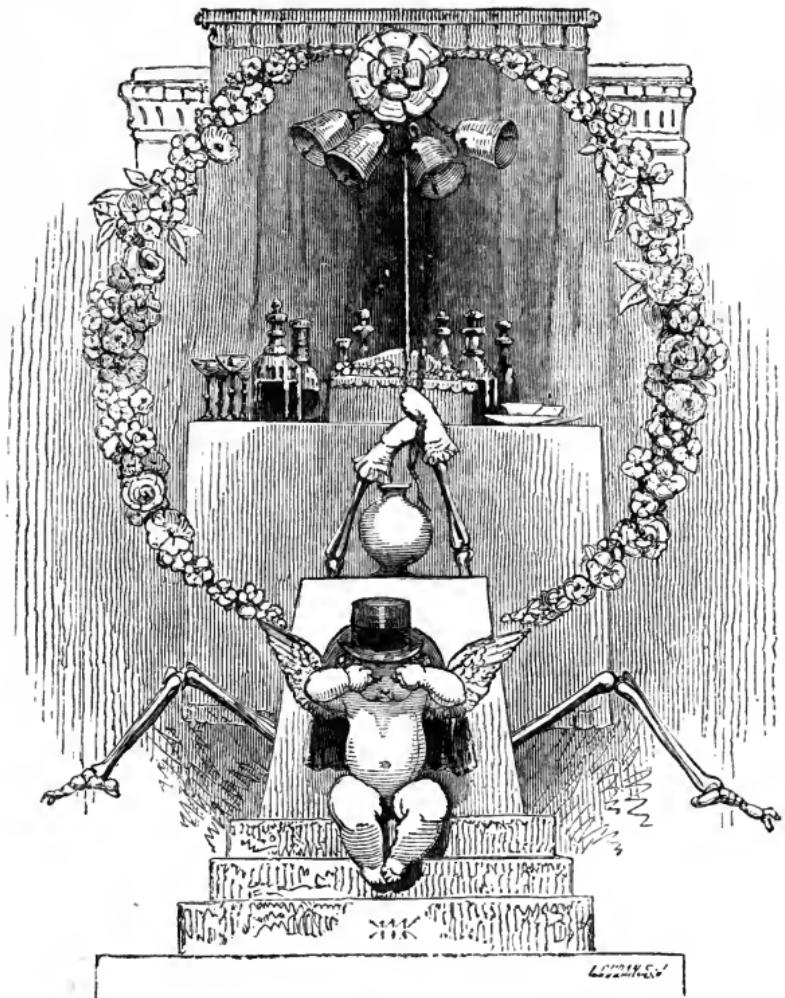
YEARNING.

FAR shore, far shore—*how* far
 O'er the tide of Time you seem ;—
 Where is the mystic star
 To guide o'er the waters far—
 To that shore of my fancy's dream ?

Far shore, far shore, on thee
 Are the flowers in endless bloom ?
 Or there may the desert be,
 With the deadly Upas tree,
 Where the seeker but finds a tomb ?

A voice from the deep replied—
 “ Ask not what lies before
 (Vain wish, by Heaven denied) ;
 Thy bark a restless tide
 Will bear, as it others bore.

“ Dream not of shores so far,
 Heed not a siren's song,
 Seek not for mystic star—
 Trust to the means that are—
 Be thy voyage or short, or long.”



LOVE AND DEATH,

A FABLE FROM AESOP.

VERSIFIED AND DI-VERSIFIED.

CUPID, one day, was surprised in a shower of rain
(He's a delicate fellow);
So, for shelter, he ran to a shadowy grotto hard by,
For he had no umbrella.
He thought he might rest while the storm was in action, so he
Lapp'd one wing o'er his head,
The other he folded so nicely beneath him, and slept
On his own feather bed.
Oh Cupid! you stupid, what were you about
To lie down in that cave?—
'Twas as good as a grave—
As he soon found out.

For the arch where the Archer repos'd was the cavern of Death,
 Who had stol'n out, unknown,
 To unfasten the portals of life with his *skeleton* keys,
 In St. Mary-le-bone.
 Soon he returned, and Love, waking, to see the grim king
 With terror did shiver,
 And, in a hurry arising, his arrows he dropt
 In a *quake* from his *quiver*.
 Oh Cupid ! you stupid, 'twas silly to fly ;
 Death could not hurt you :—
 For love, when 'tis true,
 It never can die !

Now the arrows of Death were all lying about on the ground,
 And with Cupid's did mix,
 And, ever since, Cupid and Death are unconsciously playing
 Most unlucky tricks ;
 For Love, having gather'd some arrows of Death with his own,
 Sometimes makes a hit
 At the “*gallery* of beauty,” but finds that his mistaken shaft
 Drives some belle to “*the pit*.”
 Oh ! Cupid, you stupid, why spoil thus your quiver,
 And send to the *heart*
 Some poisonous dart,
 That was meant for the *liver* ?

And Death, as unconsciously shooting Love's arrows around,
 To bring down the old ones,
 Sees grandads and dowagers wondrously *warm'd* into love,
 That he meant to be *cold* ones.
 Oh ! mischievous medley of Love and of Death :—which is worse
 (Tis a question perplexing) ;
 To be too young to die, or be too old to love ?—both perverse,
 Are confoundedly vexing.
 Oh Cupid !—how sadly grotesque is the view
 Of white gloves and favours
 To Death, for his labours,
 And hat-bands to you !



APPENDIX.

SINCE CŒLIA'S MY FOE, p. 38.

SONG TO THE "IRISH TUNE."

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is for the soprano voice, and the bottom three staves are for the piano. The music is in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal line begins with "Since Cœlia's my foe, to a de-sert I'll go; Where some ri-ver for e-ver shall e-cho my woe. The trees shall ap-pear more re-lent-ing than her, In the mor-ning a-dorn-ing each". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and rhythmic patterns.

leaf with a tear. When I make my sad

moan to the rocks all a - lone, From each

wil - low will fol - low some pi - ti - ful groan; But with

si - lent dis -dain she re-quites all my pain, To my

mourn - ing re - turn - ing no an - swer a - gain.

In this setting of the air those conversant with Irish music will perceive that the two last bars, in each part, were *Anglicized*, to suit the taste of the time. The air should conclude with a triple repetition of the tonic—a characteristic feature of Irish tunes. Since writing the introductory note (p. 38), I have ascertained that in a manuscript of Music for the Viol de Gamba, formerly in the possession of Mr. Andrew Blaikie, of Paisley, bearing date 1692, the tune is entitled "King James' March to *Ireland*." In another, dated 1706, which was recently in the possession of Mr. David Laing (and now in that of Doctor Rimbault), it appears as "King James' March to *Dublin*." Now, it is most probable that King James, at a time when it was so important to him to excite Irish feeling, would employ Irish airs on his Irish marches; and I think it may be said that, when the earliest known Scottish settings of the air have *Ireland* and *Dublin* as essential points of the title, Scottish editors might have paused before they so confidently claimed it. This remark is not unworthy of notice as collateral evidence—if collateral evidence were needed,—which it is not; for the fact of the air being popular in London, as "THE IRISH TUNE," long before there is any provable trace of it in Scotland, conclusively invalidates the Scottish claim, and establishes, beyond all cavil, the right of Ireland to this charming melody.

THE WOODS OF CAILLINO, p. 161.

See curious note to—p. 162. Here follow the notes of the Shakespearian commentators.

From MALONE'S SHAKSPEARE. Edited by BOSWELL.

PISTOL. Quality? Callino, castore me! art thou a gentleman?*

We should read this nonsense thus :

" Quality, cality—construe me, art thou a gentleman? "

i.e. tell me, let me understand whether thou be'st a gentleman.—WARBURTON.

MR. EDWARDS, in his MS. notes, proposes to read :

" Quality, call you me? construe me," &c.—STEEVENS.

The alteration proposed by Mr. Edwards has been too hastily adopted. Pistol, who does not understand French, imagines the prisoner to be speaking of his own quality. The line should therefore have been thus :

" Quality!—calmly; construe me, art thou a gentleman?"—RITSON.

The words in the folio (where alone they are found)—" Qualitee calmie custure me," appeared such nonsense, that some emendation was here a matter of necessity, and accordingly that made by the joint efforts of Dr. Warburton and Mr. Edwards has been adopted in mine and the late editions. But, since, I have found reason to believe that the old copy is very nearly right, and that a much slighter emendation than that which has been made will suffice. In a book entitled "A Handful of Pleasant Delites, containing sundrie new Sonets, newly devised to the newest Tunes," &c., by Clement Robertson and others, 16mo, 1584, is "a Sonet of a Lover in the Praise of his Lady, to *Calen o custure me*, sang at every line's end—

When as I view your comely grace, *Calen o*, &c.

* Quality, call you me?—Construe me.] The old copy reads
" Quallitie calmie custure me."—STEEVENS.

Pistol, therefore, we see, is only repeating the burden of an old song, and the words should be undoubtedly printed—

“ Quality ! *Calen o custure me.* Art thou a gentleman ? ” &c.

He elsewhere has quoted the old ballad beginning—

“ Where is the life that late I led ? ”

With what propriety the present words are introduced, it is not necessary to inquire. Pistol is not very scrupulous in his quotations.

It may also be observed, that *construe me* is not Shakspeare's phraseology, but—*construe to me*. So, in Twelfth-Night :—“ I will *construe to them* whence you come,” &c.—MALONE.

Construe me, though not the phraseology of our author's more chastised characters, might agree sufficiently with that of Pistol. Mr. Malone's discovery is a very curious one, and when (as probably will be the case) some further ray of light is thrown on the unintelligible words, *Calen*, &c., I will be the first to vote it into the text.—STEEVENS.

“ Callino, Custore me ” is an old Irish song, which is preserved in Playford's Musical Companion, 673 :—

CANTUS PRIMUS.

Cal - li - no, cal - li - no, cal - li - no cas - to - re me.
E - va ee, e - va ce, loo, loo, loo, loo, lee.

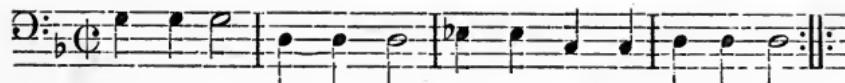
CANTUS SECUNDUS.

Cal - li - no, cal - li - no, cal - li - no, cas - to - re me.
E - va ee, e - va ee, loo, loo, loo, loo, lee.

MEDIUS.

Cal - li - no, cal - li - no, cal - li - no, cas - to - re me.
E - va ee, e - va ee, loo, loo, loo, loo, loo, loo, loo,

BASSUS.



Cal - li - no, cal - li - no, cal - li - no cas - to - re me.



E - va ee, e . va ee, loo, loo, loo, lee.

The words, as I learn from Mr. Finnegan, master of the school established in London for the education of the Irish poor, mean, "Little girl of my heart, for ever and ever." They have, it is true, no great connection with the poor Frenchman's supplications, nor were they meant to have any. Pistol, instead of attending to him, contemptuously hums a song.—BOSWELL.

From J. PAYNE COLLIER'S SHAKSPEARE. Extract.

—“He heard the French soldier speak a foreign jargon, and he replied by the first foreign words that occurred to him, being the Irish burden of an old ballad. Boswell pointed out the air, and the true reading, and thus put an end to the doubt as to an expression which had puzzled commentators.”

In CHARLES KNIGHT'S SHAKSPEARE the note on *Calen o*, &c., stands thus:—

“In the folio we find ‘Calmie custure me,’ which has been turned, in the modern editions, into ‘call you me?—construe me.’ Malone found out the enigma. In ‘A Handful of Plesant Delites’ (1584) we have ‘Sundry new Sonets, in divers kinds of meeter, newly devised to the newest tunes that are now in use to be sung:’ and amongst others, ‘A Sonet of a Lover in the praise of his Lady; to “Calen o custure me:” sung at everie line’s end.’ When the French soldier says *Quali tē*, Pistol, by the somewhat similar sound, is reminded of the song of *Calen o*;—or, as it is given in Playford’s ‘Musical Companion,’ *Calli-no*. Boswell, who gives the music of the *refrain*, which he says means ‘Little girl of my heart, for ever and ever,’ adds that the words ‘have no great connexion with the Frenchman’s supplication.’—Certainly not. But the similarity of sound, as in subsequent cases, suggested the words to Pistol.”

In SINGER and LLOYD'S SHAKSPEARE, after alluding to the jargon of old copies, the note proceeds thus:—

“Malone found *Calen o custure me*, mentioned as the burden of an old Irish song, which is printed in ‘A Handful of Plesant Delites.’ 1584. And Mr. Boswell discovered that it is an old Irish song, which is printed in Playford’s Musical Companion, 1667 or 1673—

‘Callino, Callino, Callino castore me,
Eva ee, Eva ee, loo, loo, loo, lee.’

The words are said to mean, ‘Little girl of my heart, for ever and ever.’ They have,” &c. (quoting what is already quoted before from Boswell.)

In all these foregoing notes it will be perceived that the gibberish, *Callino castore me*, was allowed to remain gibberish by all the commentators up to the present time, when the true Irish orthography occurred to me, as given in my note to “The Woods of Caillino,” p. 162.—EDITOR.

Here is the second piece of music referred to in p. 163.

CALLENO.

From Wm. Ballett's Lute Book. D 1. 21. Trin. Coll. Dub.

Given in modern notation, from the lute tablature of the original.

CALLENO.



In the first four bars of the above, there is a singular likeness to the air of "Malbrook."



BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Attempt of Doctor Marshall to claim the authorship of the ode, alluded to in note, p. 212. Here follows the parody in which the Doctor is quizzed:—

PARODY

ON THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

"Not a drum was heard."

Not a *sous* had he got—not a guinea or note,
And he look'd confoundedly flurried,
And he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the landlady after him hurried.

We *saw* him again at dead of night,
When home from the club returning;
We *twigg'd* the Doctor beneath the light
Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

As bare and exposed to the midnight dews,
Reclin'd in the gutter we found him;
And he look'd like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his MARSHALL cloak around him.

"The Doctor's as drunk as the D—," we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow;
We rais'd him, and sigh'd at the thought that his head
Would consumedly ache on the morrow!

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and daughter
To give him, next morning, a couple of red-
Herrings and soda water.

Loudly they talk'd of his money that's gone,
 And his lady began to upbraid him ;
 But little he reck'd, so they let him snore on,
 'Neath the counterpane, just as we laid him !

We tuck'd him in, and had hardly done
 When, beneath the window calling,
 We heard the rough voice of a son-of-a-gun
 Of a watchman "one o'clock" bawling !

Slowly and sadly we walk'd down
 From his room in the uppermost story ;
 A rush-light we plac'd on the cold hearth-stone,
 And left him alone in his glory !

It is a strong proof of the interest excited by the ode that, forty-three years after the event it celebrated, questions were asked as to truth of the details of the funeral. The Rev. H. J. Symons, who performed the funeral service, answers :

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.—It had been generally supposed that the interment of General Sir John Moore, who fell at the Battle of Corunna, in 1809, took place *during the night* ; a mistake which, doubtless, arose from the justly-admired lines by Wolfe becoming more widely known and remembered than the official account of this interesting event in the *Narrative of the Campaign*, by the brother of Sir John Moore. In Wolfe's monody the hero is represented to have been buried

"By the straggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lanterns dimly burning."

an error of description which has, doubtless, been extended by many pictorial illustrations of the sad scene. Thus the matter rested, until in *Notes and Queries*, for June 19, 1852, a correspondent inquired whether it was a matter of fact that they buried Moore "darkly at dead of night," which produced a reply from the Rev. H. J. Symons, Vicar of Hereford, the clergyman on that memorable occasion, and who relates:—"I was Chaplain to the brigade of Guards attached to the army under the command of the late Sir John Moore : and it fell to my lot to attend him in his last moments. During the battle he was conveyed from the field by a sergeant of the 42nd, and some soldiers of that regiment and of the Guards, and I followed them into the quarters of the General, on the quay at Corunna, where he was laid on a mattress on the floor ; and I remained with him till his death, when I was kneeling by his side. After which it was the subject of deliberation whether his corpse should be conveyed to England, or be buried on the spot ; which was not determined before I left the General's quarters. I resolved, therefore, not to embark with the troops, but remained on shore till the morning, when, on going to his quarters, I found that his body had been removed during the night to the quarters of Colonel Graham, in the citadel, by the officers of his staff, from whence it was borne by them, assisted by myself, to the grave which had been prepared for it on one of the bastions of the citadel. It being now daylight, the enemy discovered that the troops had been withdrawing and embarking during the night. A fire was opened by them shortly after upon the ships which were still in the harbour. The funeral service was, therefore, performed without delay, as we were exposed to the fire of the enemy's guns ; and after having shed a tear over the remains of the departed General, whose body we wrapt

With his martial cloak around him,
 there having been no means to provide a coffin—the earth closed upon him, and
 We left him alone in his glory!"

The following are the names of the officers who were present, and who assisted to bear the body of Sir John Moore to his grave:—Lord Lynedoch (then Colonel Graham); Lord Seaton (then Major Colborne); General (then Colonel) Anderson; Major (now General) Sir C. Napier; Captains (now Colonels) Percy and Stanhope; and Rev. H. J. Symons, A.M., Chaplain to the Guards, by whom the funeral service was performed. This interesting notification of what might hereafter have passed for historic fact has lately been quoted in a review of a sermon preached last year before the camp at Aldershot, by the Chaplain, to whose lot it fell “to attend that lamented General, Sir John Moore, in his last moments—to assist in bearing his body to the grave—and to perform the funeral service over his remains.”

While this volume was in the course of compilation, and a few days after the above note had been selected for use, it was almost startling to see that the Rev. Mr. Symons himself was no more.

SUDDEN DEATH,

OF A CLERGYMAN IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.—The sudden death of H. J. Symons, LL.D., who has for the last few months been officiating at Pelham, near Gainsborough, during the absence of the Rev. Mr. Doherty, took place on the 21st inst. in a railway carriage. The deceased took a ticket at Blyton, distance about a quarter of a mile from his residence, by the 8.45 train for Gainsborough. In order to reach the station, however, before the arrival of the train, he had, it would seem, exerted himself very much, for when he entered the carriage he was noticed, by some of the passengers, to be in a state of apparently complete exhaustion. He requested a gentleman who was sitting next the door to change places with him, saying at the same time he felt hot, and wished to get a little air. This request being immediately acceded to, the worthy doctor took up his position near the window. Very soon after the deceased's face was observed to assume a very unnatural appearance, and just as the train reached the Spital-road bridge he gave one deep drawn gasp—his head fell upon his breast—the breath of life fled—the relentless hand of death seized upon him, and he was a corpse. As soon as the train arrived at the Gainsborough station the utmost despatch was used in getting the body from the train, and in sending for a doctor. Dr. Duigan was promptly on the spot, but pronounced life to be quite extinct. He gave it as his opinion that death had resulted from disease of the heart, accelerated by undue exertion. Deceased was a late fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. He was also late vicar of Hereford, and chaplain to her Majesty's Forces and to the late Dukes of Kent and Cambridge. Deceased read the funeral service at the burial of the celebrated Sir John Moore at Corunna.—*Observer*, March 29th, 1857.



NOTE S.

THE FISHERMAN.

NOTE 1—Page 358.

Marry at once, and take chance like the rest.

The improvidence of the Irish in their early marriages has been often made the subject of indiscriminate censure by writers who are only too willing to find fault with poor Pat, and either overlook or will not see any countervailing argument in his favour. That improvident marriages often lead to distress cannot be denied, but let it be remembered, at the same time, that they prevent what is worse than distress—crime. Parliamentary inquiry has proved that crime of the particular character to which allusion is here made is more rare in Ireland than in any other part of the kingdom—perhaps, it may be said, than in any other part of the world—and while using the general term “crime,” it must be remembered that there are many branches of it, the branches much worse, by-the-by, than the main offence; for the first crime is consistent, at least, with humanity, though it is humanity under the penalty of the fall, while the after crimes are abhorrent to our nature. The daily Police Reports of England give such melancholy evidence of a criminal state of society on this point that, in comparison, the improvident marriages of Ireland may be looked upon as beneficial rather than censurable. A quotation from the Leviathan journal of London will form an appropriate conclusion to this note, and offer a strong argument in its support. In an article touching one of our statistical tables (I think a report of the Registrar-General), this passage occurs:—“There cannot be a worse indication of a people’s social state than the decay or neglect of the marriage institution. The home and the family are at the bottom of all national virtues, and if these foundations of good citizenship are impaired, the whole superstructure is in danger.”—*The Times*, September 28, 1859.

NOTE 2—Page 358.

Cushla ma chree.

It would be hard to find a more touching term of endearment than this, “vein of my heart.” The true spelling in the Celtic is *chuisle mo chroidhe*; but the vulgar spelling may be considered pardonable, if not preferable, in familiar usage.

NOTE 3—Page 360.

*He had heard it remarked, “It was no use to fret,”
And believed there was “great luck in store for him yet.”*

There is something very touching in the hopefulness of the Irish peasantry, in the midst of all their poverty and other trials; and the two sayings quoted above are frequently heard amongst this light-hearted people. As to Pat’s aspirations for luck,

he is accused of sometimes making a blunder in giving them expression, when he crowns a cup to Fortune, and exclaims, "The worse luck now, the *more* another time!"

NOTE 4—Page 360.

Some think we're surrounded by mystical powr's,

*But if spirits of darkness do wait, as 'tis said,
To pilot our way, if towards wrong we would tread,
O ! watching us, also, are spirits of light,
To shed a bright ray on our pathway when right !*

How prevalent this belief in attendant spirits has ever been, and still is, we have proof from the earliest times to our own. And this belief is no proof of a weak mind, for one of the greatest philosophers of antiquity held it—Socrates had his demon. Nor is the belief confined to Paganism, for a Christian of high mental power has recorded a similar credence. Alexander Pope thus writes to a friend :—"Like the trust we have in benevolent spirits, who, though we never see or hear them, we think are constantly praying for us." And this passage Doctor Johnson has quoted in his dictionary, the Doctor himself sharing in the belief with Pope. But, to go to the highest authority, is it not recorded in Holy Writ that the harp of David was employed to charm away the evil spirit that made terrible the dark hour of Saul?

NOTE 5—Page 261.

A storm-toss'd ship by the Skelligs pass'd !

These bold masses of rock, standing some miles from the coast of Kerry, rise abruptly from the sea at so acute an angle as to resemble a double obelisk or acute pyramid, in some views, and hence are looked for as a landmark by mariners. The point is of such importance to seafarers that a lighthouse is established here, and therefore many a ship, storm-tossed or otherwise, passes the Skelligs, where so heavy a sea runs in general that the lighthouse has to be well furnished with supplies of provisions, as sometimes, for six consecutive weeks, it is impossible for any craft to approach the solitary landing-place on these desolate crags.

NOTE 6—Page 361.

He exhorted his children to kneel and pray.

This is not an imaginary incident. Just such a scene was witnessed by a friend of mine, who communicated this fact to me many years ago, and it made too deep an impression on my memory ever to be forgotten.

NOTE 7—Page 362.

'Twas wine—the rich wine of sunny Spain !

How they should know this cask contained wine, and not only wine, but pronounced to be the wine of Spain, may seem a stretch of the author's imagination, or that too much is assumed for the acuteness of his fellow-countrymen ; but the inference of the fishermen will be acknowledged as perfectly natural, when it is stated that a mercantile intercourse between Spain and Galway has existed for a very long time, and that along the western coast of Ireland that fact is perfectly well understood ; but many a cast-away cask of wine, before and since O'Donoghue's day, might have enlightened stupider fellows than Irish fishermen are in general, without any special knowledge of Galway importations.

FATHER ROACH.

NOTE 8—Page 365.

To carve the big goose at the big wedding feast.

The festivities attendant on the rustic wedding in Ireland are never considered complete without the presence of the priest, who holds presidential authority.

NOTE 9—Page 365.

With a very big picture upon it of "Dan."

"Dan" signifies Daniel O'Connell, whose portraits, in the times alluded to, abounded throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom, and in Ireland very generally on drinking vessels. The above diminutive of his potent name was that by which the peasantry of Ireland loved to designate him. It was short, and could pass the more rapidly from lip to lip of the people whose principal theme of conversation he constituted; and as they loved as well as honoured him, the familiarity of the term was more consonant with affection. It may be generally remarked that great men are seldom designated in public parlance by their proper names. The great Napoleon was familiarly known to the French army under the title of "The Little Corporal." The great English Admiral, Lord St. Vincent, was called "Billy Blue" in the fleet; and the illustrious Irishman, Wellington, was endeared to his soldiers under the significant and rather comical nickname of "Nosey."

NOTE 10—Page 365.

*"The miles he'd to thravel would throuble you countin',
The duties were heavy—to go through them all—
Of the wedding, the christ'ning, the mass, and sick call."*

This is not an overdrawn picture. In some of the wild districts of Ireland, the duties of the Roman Catholic priesthood are very onerous.

NOTE 11—Page 365.

*And the Blackfoot who courted each foeman's approach—
Faith 'tis hotfoot he'd fly from the stout Father Roach.*

"Blackfoot" was the name of one of the many factions that disturbed public peace in Ireland some forty years ago; and "hotfoot" is an Hibernian figure of speech denoting quick walking or running.

NOTE 12—Page 366.

*And "a way of his own"—far surpassing all art;
His joke sometimes carried reproof to a clown.*

"A way of his own" is an idiomatic phrase often heard in Ireland, and employed very much as the French use "Je ne sais quoi." As for a joke carrying reproof, that is a common mode of fence in Ireland, and no one understands it better than the Irish priest, himself a Celt, and "to the manner born;" and many a tough fellow, that would stand without flinching under a battery of serious rebuke, will wince under a witticism.

NOTE 13—Page 366.

Griddle bread.

The domestic utensil called "griddle" in Ireland goes by the name of "girdle" in Scotland, and is so spelt in Johnson's dictionary, with the definition "a round iron

plate for baking." The griddle bread of Ireland is a flat cake of about an inch and a half in thickness, generally made of whole wheaten meal mixed with water and without yeast.

NOTE 14—Page 367.

*The hypocrite penitent cunningly found
This means of suppressing suspicion around.
Would the murderer of Frank e'er confess to his brother ?*

Here was a very crafty culprit ; for while to the senses of the world in general it would appear impossible that the murderer would have chosen the brother of his victim for his confessor, yet that very act was the surest to paralyze the action of the person most interested in making a discovery, for even if any chance had afterwards thrown in the priest's way a clue to the mystery, yet he, having been already intrusted with the fatal secret under "the solemn seal of confession," was precluded from making any use of it, as a word, or a look of his, indicating or suggesting even a suspicion in the true direction, would have been a violation of the sacred trust reposed in him. The priest was, in fact, as the last line of the stanza states, committed "To silent knowledge of guilty deed."

NOTE 15—Page 369.

*But now the sun,
The daylight hears what thine arm hath done.*

The moment the culprit made an *open declaration* of having committed murder, his words reached the ear of the priest under a new condition, and left him a free agent to publish the guilt.

THE BLACKSMITH.

NOTE 16—Page 371.

*In the dead of the night loaded arms he conceal'd
In the ridge of potatoes in Phaidrig's own field.*

The concealment of arms, or any other thing that involved a violation of the law, was not uncommonly resorted to by informers of the period to which this story refers. The rigorous enactments of those days, and the unscrupulous manner in which they were carried out, offered tempting opportunities to any miscreant to inculpate an innocent man.

NOTE 17—Page 372.

*Then ready unfurled was the transport ship's sail,
To hurry the doom'd beyond respite or hope.*

This is no exaggeration. In those days of "Whiteboy prosecutions," the condemned were sent direct from the court-house dock on board the transport, with a view to strike terror through the land. In *these* days, it is often found difficult to obtain a conviction even for murder ; and should conviction be obtained, even then, with verdict recorded and sentence passed, we have seen appeal made for mercy. But at the period to which our tale refers, many an innocent man was "whistled down the wind" to the penal colonies.

NOTE 18—Page 372.

*And then rose the Judge's mild voice,
"Transportation" the sentence—but softly 'twas said
(Like the summer wind waving the grass o'er the dead).*

Such judges have been ; in whom the *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, has rendered their sentences but more terrible.

NOTE 19—Page 373.

*Heav'n hears the pray'r of the innocent breath ;
Since the poor boy's not plased with the sentence they found,
Maybe God will be good to him—and he'll be dhrown'd !*

This passage may seem grotesque to the English reader, but not to those conversant with Ireland. In the first place, there is a deep trust amongst the Irish people that "the prayer of the innocent" is never unavailing. In the second, the phrase "God will be good to him" is not of the author's making, but a national form of speech ; and that a grant of Divine favour should be inferred from the anticipated fact of a man being drowned is but one of those grotesque figures of speech that Ireland abounds in, but which, on investigation, and taken with the context, will be found to contain this meaning—that Heaven will grant the prayer of injured innocence.

NOTE 20—Page 374.

That warning so terrible—VENGEANCE IS MINE !

For it is written, *Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.*"—*Romans xii. 19*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

NOTE 21—Page 392.

While the dove of the deluge is over our roof.

The banks of the Mississippi are for the greater part singularly low, in consequence of which floodings of a fearful nature often take place throughout the forests along its margin. The lines to which this note refers were suggested by my witnessing such an inroad where two or three log-huts, in the midst of the flooded wilderness, hundreds of miles away from any town, awakened a sense of imminent danger and desolate helplessness that was absolutely painful. The vast sweep of the waters was sufficient to remind one of the days of Noah, and there was, in fact, a dovecot perched on the stump of a water-willow close by the gable of one of the houses, to complete the association of ideas.

NOTE 22—Page 392.

With thy emerald robe flowing brightly and free.

The brilliant green of the water as it flows in its greatest volume over the centre of the Horse-shoe Fall is among the many beauties that render renowned this matchless cataract.

NOTE 23—Page 393.

The Flower of Night.

The Singadi, or Night-Tree of Sumatra, puts forth flowers at sunset and throughout the night, which fade after sunrise.







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